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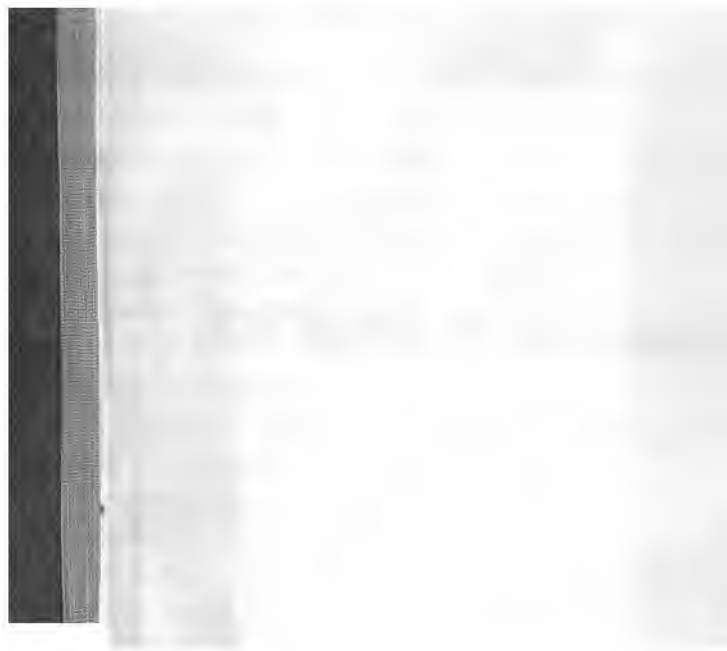
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THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.



THE

RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S;

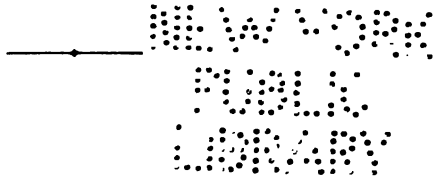
OR,

SUPERANNUATED.

BY

F. W. SHELTON, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "SALANDRE," ETC.



NEW YORK:

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P R E F A C E.

As a general thing, it may be considered true that explanation rarely suffices to explain, and that apology is not apologetic. Books will, for the most part, tell their own story and interpret themselves. Sometimes it may be advisable to preface a few words.

“Let me ask,”—says one, who comes up familiarly in the street, “Is that Rector of St. Bardolph’s intended to be a journal of personal experience?”—

If there be anything disagreeable or amiss, it is to have a direct question put to you without warning, for which you are imperatively required to render up an immediate aye, or nay. In this juncture you are like a bear poked at through the bars with a stick. Common politeness makes it necessary to return *some* answer, if it be only a growl, and Christian principle to avoid subter-

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fuge and give the true one; to sheer from which course, by the slightest variation of an hair, would be to tell a downright lie. Suppose that you do not wish to answer. There is then one remedy whereby to escape from the predicament into which you are brought. That is to be rude in return. This may be illustrated by the case of a country doctor. When he was going on his rounds he was very much annoyed by inquisitive people whom he met by the way, who would accost him, and compel him to rein up, and inquire what was the matter and whither he was going. The case is that of old Doctor Minime, who about sixty years ago, not far from the date of this narrative, used to be held in great esteem on the south shore of Long Island, a region of remarkable intelligence. There was not another physician of equal experience within fifty miles. One day, in an overpowering rain-storm, he was sent for to go in post-haste on a case of life and death. Off he went, with the top of his sulkey up, and his leathern apron upon his lap, which was soon filled with water like a basin, whacking a nag gifted with the virtue of endurance, like his master—a good, old, raw-boned beast, who would go through hail, and snow, and sleet, and face the Atlantic breakers and the north-east wind, only with his head a little down. The

doctor had advanced a mile or two, when just abreast of a gate, which led by a long avenue to a farm-house on the Hempstead moor, he was motioned to with great eagerness by an elderly woman, who at that moment opened the door of the house. She came out and walked through the storm with no covering on her head but a cap, whose strings fluttered in the wind. She arrived at the gate out of breath. "What is the matter?" said the practitioner; "is any one in your house at the point of death?" "Oh, no," said she, "but I see you a-drivin' so fast. *Do* tell, where are you goin' to?"—"It is none of your business,"—replied the Doctor, and on he drove.

Sometimes, however, you are appealed to in a formal manner, by writing. This is more annoying still, if you have good reasons for remaining under the rose. It is an impertinence which may cost you dear. For letters are a department of Letters in which few excel. The ingenuity of "non-committalism," which is a roundabout way of saying nothing, subjects you to sharp ridicule, and to the little venomous stings of sarcasm, which stick into you like arrows from the god of Love. But if you write, you must say what you mean with mathematical precision, which again is destructive to the ease of epistolary

correspondence, and will take away your reputation in that department, if you have any.

The following missive has been received:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :

(Before quoting the letter, however, as the matter is one of small moment, and there may not be a better chance of alluding to it, I would like to ask the use of addressing a clergyman in this form. It appears to me that it is a modern affectation, and I do not remember to have encountered it in olden epistles, although upon this point, I am perfectly willing to plead guilty to a mistake. Why not say "Sir," or "Dear Sir," or "Reverend Sir?" It appears to me that these terms of respect would suffice, but that there is something both exaggerated and ridiculous in the titulation of "Reverend *and* Dear." Not that I do not address my own letters after the prevailing fashion, but I call in question the fashion;—and another reason for it, is an objection to technical religious terms.)

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—In that narrative of yours, now publishing in the Evergreen Magazine, entitled "The Rector of St. Bardolph's," it strikes me that there are some characters whom I recognise at a glance. Do tell! Have you not intended our old friend up in Herkimer by ——, and our new friend in —— County by ——, and Mrs.

Petaskin by —— ? By informing me truly as to the above, you will greatly oblige,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Yours Truly,

REPLY.

Your delightful little epistle, including interrogations, "reached me duly in course of mail." Accept my thanks. I cannot better illustrate my intentions than by relating an anecdote of the excellent Rector of St. Vincent's, in the town of R——. Some years ago, being afflicted with bronchitis, he sailed to the Danish West Indies for the benefit of his health. One Sunday morning, having been invited by the Rector, who was absent, to officiate in the church of St. Kitt's, the excellent man, as the hour of service drew near, was greatly perplexed. The governor had not arrived, and he did not know whether the etiquette of the place required him to begin the service, or to wait until he came. The sexton was not at hand, and he decided, in order to be on the safe side, to wait. In the mean time, the bell having ceased to toll, he sat down and conned over his sermon, which was so composed that he thought that it would have a personal application to every sinner in the parish of St. Kitt's. It was not until he had entered the chancel and had proceeded some ways, that the Danish Governor arrived, and sat down in a red-lined pew.

The service being concluded, the governor approached, and took him kindly by the hand. He invited him to dine with him, "but," said he, "why did you not begin sooner? The service is so long that business often prevents me from coming until it is half over, but the sermon was excellent, and there was one grand rascal in the congregation whom it suited

exactly. "I kept my eye on him during the whole time."

"Oh, but," said Mr. M., on the spur of the moment, and *without waiting*, "governor, I hoped that the discourse might apply to you." "Oh! ah! oh!" said he, "ha! ha! ha! Give me your hand—come and dine with me."

"With pleasure," said the Rev. Mr. M.

The mail is now closing, and I have barely time to seal this, but believe me ever,

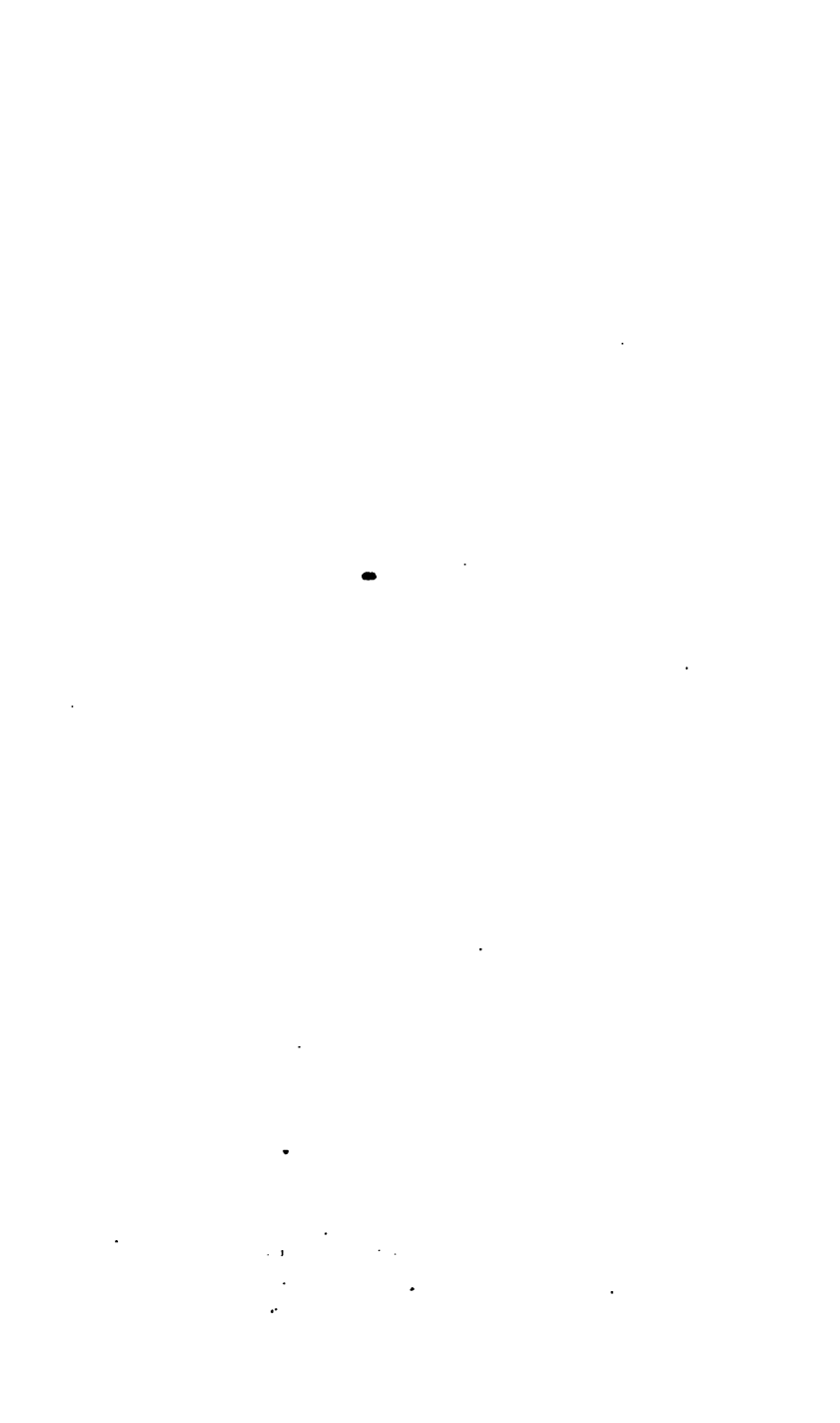
Reverend and Dear Sir,

Yours Truly,

In ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, it may be set down as a settled fact that it is a very rude thing to ask a direct question, and there are some good reasons for not answering it. But there are always exceptions to every good rule, as any one will perceive by studying the Latin grammar.

To the formal letter of my friend a reply has been already given, and to the question of my acquaintance in the street, I will render satisfaction in the like spirit. Half the difficulties which we have with men, and half the unhappinesses of life, arise from misapprehension. The humble narrative which is now offered, was not at first intended to be published in book form. It was written at long intervals, and under many disadvantages, but however wanting in artistic shape or ornament, there is nothing in it which has not been dictated by a desire to speak the

truth. Of the few personal sketches of a disagreeable kind that are contained herein, there is no outward mark by which they can be applied to any. They are, alas! the types of a multitude, not the designation of one or of a few. They are derived from general, not from peculiar observation. Otherwise, I should not have arrived even at the aim of a satire, and should have fallen below the dignity of a lampoon. Thus do I commit my humble pages to any fate which they may deserve, and will hold myself amenable and repentant for any sentiment contained therein which is opposed to the law of charity, and to the GOSPEL OF CHRIST!



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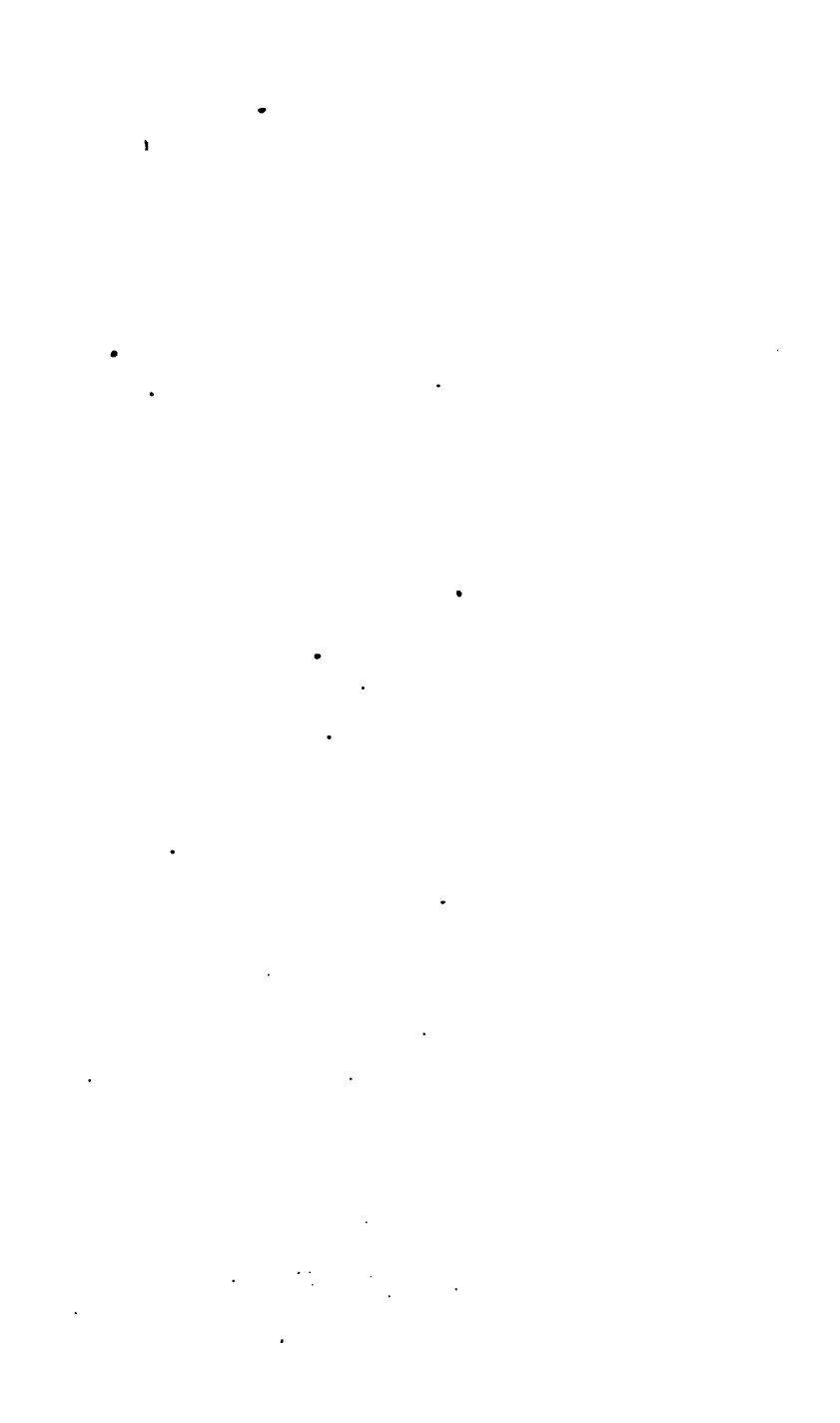
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THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.

CHAPTER I.

RELATING HOW AN OLD PARISH IS IN WANT OF A NEW MINISTER, AND HOW A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

WHAT an exceeding flutter and excitement was experienced in the little village of M — about sixty years ago, when it spread like leaven through the place that “our new minister” would be heard for the first time in the parish, on the next Lord’s Day! For a whole year, had that afflicted parish in the wilderness been without a Shepherd, during which time many sheep had gone astray to be recovered no more. They had been gathered into other folds, and had been feeding in strange pastures, disregarding their early and first love. The fixed habit of attending the services of the Church had become broken. Experience can alone show the irreparable damage of shut-

ting up a temple, consecrated to the service of God, for a single Lord's Day. If, as Herbert expresses it—

“ The Sundays of man's life
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the Eternal, Glorious King,”

Then will that beautiful chain by such neglect, be severed and broken.

The parish of M —, even at that time, desired a plausible and pains-taking *preacher*, who should have, like those who are most popular at this day, “grace in all his steps, heaven in his eye, in all his actions, dignity and love.” Hence, they had enticed a great many “candidates” to present themselves, who went off one after another disappointed and lowered in their own esteem. Much had they heard of the fame of the young Rector of Z. Z —, but when he was waited upon by a deputation of staid men, to preach as a candidate for the important parish of M —, now vacant by the death of their esteemed rector, he resolutely refused to accede to their request. This remarkable conduct only stimulated their curiosity to the highest bounds. But to call him without hearing him was a thing not to be thought of. Nevertheless, as his fame was wafted to them on every breeze,

they at last hit upon an expedient by which they might satiate their curiosity, and also save the parish from being saddled with an unacceptable man. Mr. Admuller was waited upon with a regular "call" drawn out in due form from the wardens and vestrymen, to "be their minister for *one year*." He simply read it, folded it, and confirmed the folds with his thumb and forefinger, and returned the document to the gentlemen who composed the committee of two. Such an invitation as that he could not consider for one moment. They went back surprised, and told their "experience." The upshot of the matter was, that this conduct confirmed them with a vague sense of his greatness, and he received a unanimous, unconditional invitation to come and stay as long as he pleased—which he accepted.

But what an intense excitement was felt to the extreme bounds of the parish, when our "new minister" was to preach his "first sermon." Even then, as now, the vicious sentiment prevailed, that the House of God was not a place where prayers were to be said, but where the fashions were to be shown forth, the sight gratified, and the ear tickled. The day was fine, not a seat was vacant; those who were denominated "poor church-goers," turned out from curiosity on the present occasion, and it is said that some "infidels" were present. The square

pews occupied by the "quality," were filled. Even the gallery, in which all the humble followers of the lowly One were too proud to sit on ordinary occasions, was thronged with eager *spectators*; the "black pew," at the extreme end of the church, was fully occupied by Cato, and Pomp, and Jane, and Yaff, and Cuff, and Cæsar, and Jupiter Ammon, Phillis, Chloe, Clara, and Mr. Van Sittart's servants. In short all the silks, bonnets, flounces, furbelows, fans, smelling bottles, and other paraphernalia usually brought to the House of God, were in requisition. It is a curious fact that the same vanity, the same worldliness, the same wind-nods, recognitions, profane behaviour, found within the walls of St. Bardolph's, or of any other Saint, in the city of New York on a Sunday morning now-a-days, might have been found in St. Bardolph's, Westchester County, on a Sunday morning sixty years ago. Human nature is the same everywhere, and in all ages:—

"Some go to Church just for a walk,
 Some go there to laugh and talk,
 Some go there the time to spend,
 Some go there to meet a friend.
 Some go to learn the Parson's name,
 Some go there to wound his fame,
 Some go there for speculation,
 Some go there for observation,

Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

There was a small organ played by Miss Valeary, which was the especial pride of the congregation, and it was noticed that she was now particularly nervous when she began the voluntary, and involuntarily twitched in all her muscles, and crooked her elbows more, and bounced up and down as she pressed the keys, and her face flushed, and her trills were more rapid, and she was almost too excited to play—(Mr. Tubingen looking over her shoulder the while, in order to turn the leaves)—when the door of the vestry-room, (magniloquently called the *Sacristy*, within which you could not swing a cat round without dashing her brains out,) noiselessly turned upon its hinges, and there entered a calm, meek, pale-faced young man. He seemed to partake not in the excitement which was around him, but quietly kneeled. Not to speak extravagantly, the silence was audible. When he said, "The Lord is in His holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him," the first sound of his voice was a relief. The charm was mitigated, if not broken. He had a pleasant voice, but a certain peculiarity of manner. Mr. Van Sittart thought that peculiarity of manner against him. It was

with much impatience that he was heard through the Prayers and solemn Litany. The "sermon" was that which would prove conclusively what manner of man he was. The sermon, unfortunately, was a plain, practical appeal to their consciences, without effort, without ornament, without consciousness that there were any around who would judge him. Nevertheless, as they went out they declared themselves to be delighted. There was either something in his air which awed them and inspired them with respect, or they wished to flatter themselves, and be satisfied with their own judgment in selecting him. "What a delightful sermon!—Do you not think that he is very handsome? He is a dear, good young man!" There was not a mother in that congregation who did not go home to trumpet his praises, nor a daughter in Israel whose suffrage was not in favor of "our new minister." It was immediately a matter of great concernment where he should be lodged, how he should be fed, who should contribute the most to his comfort. Mr. Van Sittart called on him, and took him about the parish in his carriage, and invited him to dine with him. Mr. Van Sittart was very kind indeed, although he thought the young man demure and silent. He was "evidently very ignorant of the world;" but his Reverence knew a great deal more of "the

world" probably, than Mr. Van Sittart supposed. In less than a week he was provided with "pen wipers" enough to wipe enough pens to write a hundred sermons with; with sermon-covers without number, and in fact overcome with all manner of "delicate attentions." His time was taxed with tea-drinkings, and his stomach injured with sweetmeats. What a delightful young man! It was observed that the Rev. Mr. Admuller brought with him a black gown not of the finest quality. The first movement therefore in the parish, was to purchase for "our new minister" a new gown. Miss Valeary was at the head of the Committee; Mr. Van Sittart headed the subscription, and in less than one week the silk was purchased. The surplice which belonged to the church was not so handsome as it should be; therefore this defect was also remedied, and in a few weeks the Rev. Mr. Admuller walked into the chancel enveloped in the finest lawn, and preached his "excellent sermon" in the best silk which the market would afford. He was becoming very *popular*. How his words went straight home to the hearts of "some people," and if "some people" would lay his words to heart they might be benefited. That was the general opinion. Be it observed that "our new minister" was unmarried, but as he "kept house," it was desirable to furnish him with

chairs, sofas, pot-hooks, gridirons, pepper and salt, turkeys, roast beef, and edibles. This was accordingly done, until he thought of having an auction to sell off the superfluous commodities of which he had no need. For at least a year he observed the same demure conduct, becoming more and more popular all the time. The more he turned away from people, the more they sought him, and thought that he was delightful—positively “fascinating.” He courted them by contempt of their frailties; he won them by absolute neglect. What a charming man!

There were two score beautiful young women in that parish who were by no means idle when any good project was on foot. In Dorcas associations their labors were abundant; but temperance, teetotal, and Martha Washington societies had not yet loomed up, for every side-board in Westchester, (and at that time a side-board was a notable piece of furniture,) was well garnished with decanters. Those two score beautiful young women who could carry through any worthy project which they pleased, began to think that a “Bee” should be given for the benefit of the young clergyman, and no sooner was this bee fledged and had taken wing, than a great buzzing ensued. When the appointed evening came, everybody vied with everybody in gifts. Butter, tea, eggs, honey, wine, money,

poured into the clerical cells. Surely Mr. Admuller could not be an anchorite. Every face beamed with animation, and the new minister, in the midst of so much charity, smiled and conversed cheerily, and conducted himself most charmingly in his own house. The young people asked him if they might dance, and as he smiled and replied in the affirmative, Miss Valeary took her seat at the old, thin-legged piano, and drew forth music enough from the jingling, ivory keys, to keep them in motion for one good hour. Thus the evening stole away pleasantly, and the guests retired at a suitable hour. At the end of one year, the "new minister" had become well settled in the affections of his people, and they liked him very much.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE PUZZLED WITH MR. ADMULLER,
AND HOW HE CONTINUES TO WAX EXTREMELY POPU-
LAR—A CRACK SERMON—THE ARRIVAL OF A BAR-
ONET.

THE Rector, notwithstanding the relaxation occasioned by the "giving visit," or "Bee," soon drew himself up, and maintained his accustomed reserve. He did not hold himself altogether aloof from society, he made the usual calls of courtesy, but he glided in as if only to impress by his presence, and glided quietly out. He neither made a demonstration, nor permitted himself to be drawn out. He would nod his head and only smile when some positive remark was expected. But though repelling, he was not repulsive; though quiet, he was not moody; though distant, he was

never abrupt. It was this impenetrability of character which baffled the good people of the parish, and set their wits bravely at work. It pricked their curiosity, while they believed that there was something hidden under that cloak of reserve which they so longed to snatch away. They almost wished that he would say or do somewhat, if not for his own credit, at least that they might have something to talk of. If this conduct on his part had continued always, they would verily have been driven, out of sheer necessity, to find fault with that in him which was only negative. I speak of him as he appeared in familiar intercourse. In his ministrations he was by no means negative; in his teachings he was not likely to be misunderstood. There all was direct, earnest and unmistakable.

The second year of his ministration was gliding quietly away, (its hours accurately tolled from the belfry of St. Bardolph's,) and Mr. Admuller had produced no new sensation beyond that of his first coming, but his conduct continued painfully even and monotonous, when one Sunday he happened to preach a "crack sermon." All his sermons were indeed excellent, but this had that kind or degree of excellence which made it emphatically what is called a crack sermon. But Mr. Admuller did not know it, or he would at

that time have delivered it to the flames before he delivered it to the people. And the people would not have known it, had it not been for Sir John Staples. It was this most extraordinary conjunction of a "crack sermon" and Sir John Staples, that produced a great era in the life of the Rector of St. Bardolph's. The worthy knight, who now lies buried in St. Paul's Church, New York, the great uncle of Mr. Van Sittart, arrived late on Saturday night at the house of his kinsman in Westchester. His equipage, though plain, was more sumptuous in its appointment than the simplicity of the republic would now admit. His advent made a bustle in the neighborhood, and when the morrow opened with a bright and glorious sunshine, the people went to church in crowds to see Sir John Staples. There was a great fluttering of fans and flaunting of ribbons, as heads were turned to Mr. Van Sittart's pew, to look at a bald-headed man, who was as "plain as a pipe stem," and who was "glad from the numbers present to see the people religiously disposed." Again did Miss Valeary's cheeks flush, and her whole body sympathize with her fingers in many a hemi-demi-semi-quaver. Mr. Admuller did not know of the Baronet's arrival; but a great many who did, sat bolt upright in their seats during prayers, to allow a more luxurious opportunity of

staring at unconscious, curious Sir John. Mr. Tubingen, *primo basso*, behaved himself in a very irreverent manner. He sat in the organ loft, and clapping his palms to the sides of his head, as if to make himself deaf during service, or that all his senses might be absorbed in sight, although it was in reality to support his head, he peered steadily through the curtains, save when his big voice was required to be summoned from Mr. Tubingen's probulgent chest. Although he came to see, he seemed determined to make Sir John hear. Inconsiderate Mr. Tubingen! Are organ-lofts now what they were then, or were they then what they are now? Do I insult the present or the past by these queries? But the Rector preached his crack sermon, and pronounced the benediction, and Sir John, walking among the graves as he passed out, and smiling and bowing pleasantly to this and that Madam among his friends, said, "that young man is decidedly *clever*. That was a *capital* discourse." In less than five minutes, before the coachmen could bring up the horses, it was buzzed about from Mr. Van Sittart's grandfather's monument, near the chancel, down to the church-yard gates, and there was a perfect vortex of bonnets; one lady circulating around the other, and whispering into the other's nose, "Sir John says that is the finest sermon he

ever heard in his life." "Sir John says Mr. Admuller is *extraordinary*, and Sir John"—went home, ate his dinner, and then to sleep. Mr. Admuller ate a sandwich in the "sacristy," and wrote his sermon for the afternoon. He did not know that he had preached a crack sermon in the morning, and it is a pity that he ever knew it; and the congregation never found it out until Sir John Staples clapped a stamp on it, for it so happened that he had pronounced that identical discourse, the text of which was taken from the gospel for the day, on the year before. Mr. Van Sittart had already stamped him as "a good young man," but beyond that Mr. V. S. had never gone, (and the rest said ditto to Mr. V. S.) although Mr. Van Sittart was very kind indeed. They all indeed professed to like him; there was a romance about him; but the most extraordinary thing about him was his—piety. He was "a very good young man." Now they declared him great. They showed in the one instance their want of knowledge, and in the next their want of wisdom. For with respect to his talents, he was something more than good then, and something less than great now. However, there was no rebellion against the stamp act. On the next morning the Baronet rolled out of the lawn in his carriage, and it is to be hoped that the crack sermon

did his soul good, for the next week his ancient enemy, the gout, which had been quartered in his major toe, removed to his stomach, so long the seat of good living, and he expired in the city of New York. He fell not however, from his own pedestal until he had made that of the living Rector solid and substantial. His word and opinion, several atmospheres above that of Mr. Van Sittart, were like a gloss of fresh varnish over all the minister's old sermons, although they had never been retouched. The "even tenor of his way," appeared to the parishioners to be at last relieved by the outbursting eloquence of that crack sermon; the mystery was removed, they had at last something to take hold of, and they were able to define Mr. Admuller. He was no doubt an extraordinary man; and now the tide of popularity, already enough full, began to swell, and buoy, and heave him up. They felt as if they could not do enough for him. Westchester budded and blossomed for him like the rose. Oats for his horses, hay for his cows—the fat of the land came in with almost exorbitant largess. In most little parishes at that time it was the custom to do a very little, and to expect a great deal; to be very nice as to whom they selected; to be contented with none other than a scholar and a gentleman, a perfect and a pious man; to exact from

him individually and collectively the most precise attentions ; to be very much affronted at any oversight ; to consider him as public property—and to remunerate him not more largely than they did their coachmen. Mr. Admuller certainly never could have had anything to complain of, receiving plenty for board, clothing, traveling expenses, for setting the example of a liberal charity, and for books. He had at least a *quid pro quo*. If Mr. Admuller wished to import a new book from England, he did it. Mr. Admuller was not stretched upon a Procrustes' bed, making it a matter of as nice calculation as an astronomical problem, as to where he would stand when his obligations were paid ; nor did his people calculate his expenses for him, but left him with a tolerable margin for the eye to rest on ; nor did they dole out his own in an eleemosynary way. If before they gave him plenty, they now bestowed on him too much. Those who are prodigal either of gifts or praises, will at some day desire to take back not only all they gave, but also a portion of the poor beneficiary's skin with it. Added to the substantial favors which crown substantial merit, he received the more gracious gifts which garland a specious talent. Bright eyes beamed upon him with admiration, kind extolling words came back to him, (for his house was situated where there

was a peculiarly fine echo,) tears gushed out under the wand of his inspiration. His table betokened the advance of the floral season, and even the cold winter did not deny him some petted buds. It would have required a heart of stone to have been callous to those delicate attentions of Eve's fair daughters. Endued by nature with the fine wings of a devotion which men want, forever out on some angelic ministry, they are in more senses than one, the ministers of ministers. But alas! the breath of their flattery is too often a rarefied atmosphere, on which the weak vessels of pride are upbuoyed, only to collapse at the highest point, and to be precipitated headlong. We heard a statesman once say, "the women adore talent;" but he might have added, Talent adores woman. Mr. Admuller however, remained extremely calm. He did not return thanks to the donors with enthusiasm, nor could it be alleged against him that he was ungrateful, or failed to make proper acknowledgments for that which he received. It would have required a microscope as yet to detect a single flaw in his conduct, while with an almost artistical exactness, he poised himself on that fine hair line which runs between a fault and a virtue, as for instance, between adulation and kindness, a too anxious suavity and an air of esteem. At this

time both men and women thought that there was "nobody like him." But if they regarded him as an angel, he did not regard them as angels, nor likely to be such, unless they furbished up their devotion. To judge by the earnest, continual appeals which he made to them from Sunday to Sunday, on practical and vital matters, his expostulations by no means suited to lull the heart of pride, or open loop-holes to a sinner, the nicety and sharp severity with which he detected and laid bare the springs of human conduct, and brought the application home to the hearts of his present hearers, there might have been much room for improvement in that congregation. It is true that he dealt only with large and general principles; he never came down to little things, or made himself the judge of petty individual acts of intrinsic indifference. He illustrated in its awful scope the *principle*, but he did not apply the application. It belonged to his office and business to do this; and the more plain he was, the more he was sure to be respected. But as to personal matters, he minded scrupulously his own business, and encouraged others to do the same. He shut his ears to report; he was in a measure blind to individual frailties, and where aspersion was prevalent he remained dumb. He recoiled from spiteful and vile tongues as from a

sibilant serpent,—while the year flew round, distinguished not so much for him by the things which men talk of, as by great events in the Church's Calendar.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROGRESS OF HIS HISTORY—MATRIMONY. •

THE estimation in which the Rector was held, was in due course of time established on something better than the excitement of novelty, the admiration of talents, or the charm of eloquence. It was developed from a true discernment of his character. It was moreover an affection which gradually springs from the relation of a clergyman to his people. The associations which link him to them are the tenderest and most holy. Admitted to their most secret dwellings, he is connected with every occasion in their lives which is most melancholy or most joyful. It is his to be with them in their bitter affliction, to give the last tokens to the departing spirit as it wings its flight; and there is not a fresh-made

grave in the church-yard over which there has not been formed a new link of attachment. Does he not bind the holy and indissoluble bands of matrimony? Does he not take into his arms, and receive the child into the congregation of Christ's flock? He is present with them at the auspicious beginnings when all is hope, and to soothe, to allay, to comfort, when all seems verging upon despair; and they cannot choose but love him, however unworthy he may be. But having represented the Rector to be well-established in the affections of his people, it may be well on the threshold to say a few words of other things.

The old church in which he officiated had been built before the Revolution, and its architectural propriety would shock the ecclesiologist. It had a spire which was "nothing to brag of," surmounted by an outlandish weathercock; its portal was inelegant, it had cumbrous galleries, a pulpit with a sounding board, high-backed pews, contrasted with the lolling and lulling sofas which we find in churches now, and no particular proportions except those which had suggested themselves to the genius of a house-carpenter. On the reading-desk lay one of those immense bibles, (to open which required the strength of a muscular arm,) presented long ago by the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

St. Bardolph's remained in *statu quo* until a few years ago, when the Baptists, having confronted it with a Gothic, or rather Gothicised building, (*tempora mutantur*,) on the opposite side of the street, and stared it out of countenance, the old St. Bardolph's was destroyed and not one stone left upon another. But this sacrilege did not occur in Mr. Admuller's time. Fire may burn, earthquake may destroy; but the hand of man ought not, for slight causes, to demolish rudely a consecrated temple. We would discard all superstition about the matter. If there is a sheer necessity, let it be done; but consider the thick and clustered associations of such a place. In those very seats our fathers sat; in yonder corner used to be seen a venerable head, and we feel as if the spirit of the patriarch must still be present. Where yonder altar is, how often the baptismal seal was set; the very walls seem to hold within them the echoes of "old men eloquent," and the very place is fragrant. Around it the dead have gathered as if for safeguard, and just as all seemed sure, and all respect confirmed, a rude demolishing hand sweeps it away; and there rises up instead of it a bedizzened temple, with its pretended buttresses of wood, and with its plaster walls pencilled into pretended slabs of stone; and its deceitful beams of pine, which would fain be oak,

and tell a lie; and its gaudy windows, daubed with flashy colors; and not one trace, one relic, one memento in the whole spot to bring up the sacred past. Ye spirits of the dead! it is enough to make you rise in protestation. Can devotion dwell where there is not a sentiment for things like these? What hands but the cruel would unlock the ivy from its much-loved tower, or hurl down those towers to deface and shiver the monuments of the dead? Let not a mere reverence for the past degenerate to a fault, but let it at least amount to a virtue.

I for my part, bad as it was, think the style of the old St. Bardolph's was far better than the modern. I cannot bear to see the sombre Gothic, or even the Doric, the Ionic and Corinthian, set forth in clap-boards on a scale not much grander than toy-houses which children build. If there is little space, less money, and no material but boards, put up a plain, rectangular building, and let the proportions be good. A little cathedral is a miserable affair. I remember very well how Mr. Admuller's church looked. It was quaint and peculiar, and suited to be carved of wood.

But to return from this digression :—The Rector remained unmarried. This formed the subject of a little gossip. Notwithstanding a multitude of fascinations, he seemed not more matrimonially-

inclined than when he first came to the parish. What could be his views on that subject? Did he mean to make the Church his wife? Did he think with St. Paul that he had better remain even as he was? Did he with godly, pleasant Mr. Herbert, think that a good wife is a blessing? He never said what his opinions were, although several had endeavored to pump him. He apportioned his subdued attentions to the fair of his flock as impartially as one would cut a pie to give every body at the table an equal piece. But what was he waiting for? If there were any charms of womanhood, they could be found within a cannon's shot of St. Bardolph's steeple. Did he want riches? Miss Tubingen was rich. Miss Moriarty would make him a good wife. She was not handsome, but very clever. Much and jocularly was Mr. Admuller teased. His shirts were out of order, the buttons off, and he was told that he wanted a wife. He parried all such remarks; but sometimes when he was inordinately bothered by the mothers of his flock, there was something curious about his eye, and something quizzical about his silence. His looks seemed to say: "My dear ladies, I cannot marry all your daughters, even if disposed. Unheard of and abominable would such a thing be in a minister of the Cross. Times have changed since Solomon. Plurality

of wives is not allowable. Christians are not Turks, but we hope that Turks may become Christians. Matrimony requires extreme consideration in all men, most of all with a clergyman. A minister's wife should exceed the requisites which fit her for ordinary men. She should have much knowledge of the world to compensate for the want of it in others, added to a sweetness of temper which is essential to so exalted a station; and above all things a piety which is genuine and unobtrusive. She must be cautious in her zeal, and known by her *walk*, rather than by her *talk*. She will not *buzz* about the people to take her husband's part, or even the part of the poor heathen; nor rattle with a voluble tongue about deep theories of which she in reality knows nothing; nor venture to combat any set of opinions which are making noise in the world. She must leave schools of theology to her husband, trusting to him that he will pick out the best school. She must not be importunate in pressing even a good cause, much less that which to the judicious might appear Quixotic. Nay even in the appeals of an imperative charity, she will not force the reluctant to yield out of politeness to the request of a lady. Indeed though she should do all things which fit her for her station, and leave nothing undone, she will be misunderstood by some, and

misrepresented by many ; and to provide against this, she must have in addition, an angelic patience, meekness, and forgiveness, so that the keener are the cuts, her forbearance will amount almost to insensibility. Such a woman is not to be taken from a crowd at random, nor snatched suddenly to the altar. But—it is Friday morning, the bell rings ; shall we not be too late for morning service ?”

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE RECTOR.

To speak the truth, the Rector had not vowed himself to perpetual celibacy. Some men of the finest sensibilities, who keep their counsel to themselves, never marry; but the doctrine, or idea of any obligation on the clergy in this respect, at the time of Mr. Admuller's ministry, had not been wafted like a stray seed into the enclosures of our Church. He was not in any particular haste; he was willing to remain even as he was, if expediency should require; but he designed to marry, if circumstances, that is to say, God, should bring in his path the woman whom he could love, honor, and respect. In fact, he considered marriage, whether among the clergy or laity, as the only true life.

There was one young woman in the parish whom the congregation had never dreamed of as a wife for the Rector, although they talked of many. Miss Tubingen was rich and prominent, Miss Moriarty was fashionable and elegant; thin in form it is true, and contracted, and consumptive; but she bowed as she entered a room with a grace which was deemed sufficient to make her a fitting candidate. There was, moreover, an eccentric spinster in the parish who made a dead set at him, and worried him almost out of his life; although he bore it like a Christian and a man. She waylaid him at the church-yard gates, and met him continually at the chancel door, and the reason was, that he had once gone to see her on a visit of consolation, and she entirely mistook his motives. But nobody ever thought of her, for she was considerably far down in the vale, and the susceptibility of her heart made her a standing topic of unkind merriment. Neither had any thought of little Miss Clemanthe, for she was the child of a poor widow, and so modest and retiring, that she neither sought nor obtained notice. She glided sylph-like, on a Sunday, among the more gaudily-plumed and attired damsels, themselves the flowers of the Westchester families; but she was like an undiscovered flower which blooms without a name. She was a sincerely de-

vout and constant worshipper at St. Bardolph's, and her mother made her child her deputy, to convey the widow's mite, for she was infirm. Mr. Admuller could not help admiring a demeanor so pious, while her very unobtrusiveness obtruded itself upon his notice; nor had he failed in attention to her aged parent, for he was assiduous among the poor with those kind words which, like Jesus' miracles, can make the lame to leap. It was a long period before the Rector remarked anything particular in her expression which denoted a regard for himself, although he had sometimes seen her attention earnestly fixed upon him during his discourse, the sudden suffusion of her cheeks, and the crystalline humor which was let down like a transparent curtain over her beautiful eyes. Indeed, she was waxing very pale, and it is well that none noticed her, for a too searching gaze might have detected the agony of hopeless love.

Mr. Admuller had never advanced one step toward her as a suitor, but he had made up his mind to address her, when he was called away suddenly on a long journey. He was absent for three months. On his return, the coach breaking down late on a Saturday night, he was forced to ride hard on Sunday morning in order to reach his parish, where he was expected. In fact the

people were all seated, and the bell had ceased to toll. He had barely time to snatch a sermon from his portmanteau and hurry to the Church. Almost as many had come out on that occasion as on the arrival of Sir John Staples. Very glad were they again to see the Rector, and he recognized many well-known faces turned toward him with an expression of pleasure. But Miss Clemanthe's seat was vacant. She had been so constant in her attendance at church that the absence of the poor and humble girl made indeed a blank. What had become of her? Was she ill? Or was she in attendance upon her infirm mother? Mr Admuller was afraid to inquire. Looking out of the window, when he went to robe himself with gown and cossack, before sermon, he saw for the first time, a fresh-made grave. The grass had not yet grown over it. The truth flashed upon him, but controlling himself in a moment, he went out and delivered his discourse as though he had no such suspicion. After service the parishioners flocked around the Rector, and he asked the first whom he met, "Is Miss Clemanthe dead?" and he said, "She is dead!" She was, indeed, not only dead, but forgotten by many, if it be possible to forget those whom one has never known. Her place was vacant in those hallowed courts to which her affections had clung, like the tendrils of the ivy

which clasped the porch. Mr. Admuller waited until the last sound of the carriages had died away, when he went and stood by her grave. Alas! if he had been present perhaps she had not pined! Then, he thought, there would have been one true heart more on earth, but one angel less in heaven. It would have consoled him to have soothed the last pangs of the bosom which now lay cold beneath him; but could he have committed these ashes to ashes, and this dust to dust? Could he have kept the tears back, with powerful control within the overbrimming fountain? Could he have made the voice falter less? He felt that he could not have done it. And Mr. Admuller wept upon Miss Clemanthe's grave.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUANCE OF THE SAME.

No change could be perceived in his conduct to indicate that his feelings had been touched, although he would sometimes allude with regard to his departed parishioner. How meek and unexceptionable was her conduct, how unfailing her attendance! "Yes," they would reply, "she was a very *good* girl;" but the emphasis on "good" was not meant to convey an emphatic idea of goodness, but to denote a sentence incomplete, and should have been followed by the word "but," when arrested by an ominous pause.

At last, by the casual surmise of some unparalyzed tongue-wagging gossip, the rumor went wafting about the parish like thistle-down, that Miss Clemanthe and the Rev. Mr. Admuller had

been engaged. Some ladies boldly contradicted it, and said that they took it upon them to say, from what they knew of the Rector, that there was no truth in it. It was impossible that one of his tastes could take up with one so poor and low down in the scale of society as Miss Clemanthe. She was a "good girl" in her way. Another said, "I for my part believe it. Did you not see him always glancing during service in that direction?" Another sneered and remarked, "I am indeed sorry that the poor girl is dead; but if there is truth in the rumor, perhaps it is better for them both. Good bye; don't forget, dear, that our Dorcas Association meets to night at Mrs. Chilchilly's. It is for the African Mission." A few however, felt very sorry for him, and they said "it would kill him—he would never get over it—they were sure he would not." But Mr. Admuller did get over it. His feelings did not partake of romance so much as to find it a luxury to die on a given account, stage-fashion, that all society might be pointing at the arrow which was sticking in his side and gradually killing him. It is true that he was very much depressed; indeed he found it hard to assume cheerfulness, but he attended to his duties more regularly than ever, and did not even walk to the grave of Miss Clemanthe. He could see it from the windows

of his vestry-room, and the sight gave a solemn tinge to his discourse when he ascended the pulpit. Time renovates, as well as destroys, and heads which are beaten down by the storm are lifted up in the sunshine. The Rector sought out the bereaved mother, and found his own consolation in consoling. Aged and a cripple, she bore her grief with fortitude, poring over the leaves of the word of God. God had taken her all, but now God Himself had become to her all in all. Thankful was she when her child was born into the world, but she had now given her up to God, and even in this sense she found that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Mr. Admuller had the like feeling; but to his life's end he never forgot his fair parishioner. The page of his written sermons, his books of recondite theology, bear witness to this day to the copious tears once shed upon them by the Rector of St. Bardolph's.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RECTOR TAKES A VERY IMPORTANT STEP, AND ITS
EFFECT ON HIS MINISTRY.

SEVERAL years had passed away. It was a summer morning when Mr. Admuller, who had been absent for some days on a visit to a neighboring village, returned. A neat carriage was seen to arrive at the door of his house ; he alighted, and offering his hand, there leaped out, like a flash of lightning, with agile grace, *Mrs. Admuller*. It was a sudden vision, which only met the eyes of one who happened to be a passer-by, but the news was circulated through the community with the instaneity of an electric shock. If a thunderbolt had passed over the place, and knocked down every chimney in the way, the surprise could not have been greater. Without communicating his

intentions to any, he had been guilty of the stupendous impropriety of going out of the parish, and marrying a wife. When the ladies came to call on Mrs. A. as they did shortly, it was with an equivocal jocularly that they took him to task for his precipitate action. "Really, Mr. A. you were very sly about it." "We *do* think that you might have given us a little hint of your intentions." "Mrs. Admuller, your husband has not treated us exactly right in this matter." And Mrs. A. smiled pleasantly by way of rejoinder; for the remark was only jocular—only jocular. The honey-moon passed away as all honey-moons, delightfully. But the even tenor of the Rector's life was more interrupted than usual by festivity, for Westchester was fifty years ago as it is now, a land flowing with milk and honey, the seat of much elegance and of a large and liberal hospitality. What I have already said of the parishioners of M——, is not in any spirit of contempt; for the same feelings, the same faults in conduct will be found in nearly every parish over the whole country, unless there be some churches not belying their names, called All-Saints, and All-Angels. But because these frailties exist everywhere it is well to depict them, in hopes that they may be corrected somewhere. Nor is it designed to represent the Rector without any

shading of character or without faults. At any rate soon after his marriage the people began to find them out; for they did exist. He had preached so many "crack sermons" within the last few years, and got so much praise for them, that it is a wonder he had not become himself cracked. This was the fault of the ladies, young, middle-aged, and old. They have and justly too, the reputation of "spoiling ministers." Fair beings! with bosoms full of sympathy, the first source of temptation, yet the first to repair the damage of the fall; without whom all religion is dead, and to cherish whom is a part of religion itself; surrounded by a halo—when you flutter gauze-like about the clergyman, a half a dozen of you at a time, investing the whole citadel where his vanity dwells, twirling your fans and shaking your ambrosial curls, he rushes infatuate into the idolatrous fire, to scorch up the wings of his true devotion, and lamentably to illustrate that he is, like other men, a mere worm of the dust.

The Rector began to have a few troubles when his married life commenced—who does not? The first years of his ministry had been one picture of peace imbued with rosy light, darkened only by the passing cloud which rested awhile over the grave of Miss Clemanthe. "It is good to be afflicted." Sunshine and shadow form the com-

position of the good man's life. There is no monotony so painful as the incessant down-pouring of the floods of light. We ought rather to pray for the alternations of the seasons; for the day of prosperity and for the quiet of the night watches, when we may fold our arms and yield to meditation and repose; for the spring-time of hope, when we may look forward trustingly; and for the summer when we may apply ourselves to work while the day lasts; for the autumn, triumphant with fruits and vintage, and in the very symptoms of decay, that last of all, we may be prepared to welcome the winter of old age and death, and be gathered in ourselves like sheaves fully ripe.

The troubles of the Rector however, did not as yet amount to anything worth speaking of. We shall come to that by-and-by, when he became "superannuated." His wife soon came in for a share of sharp criticism; the humbler classes, who composed two-thirds of the congregation complaining that her air was haughty, her head carried too high, and that she was dressed in silks. How unkind and unreflecting of them!—The lady was not haughty. she was only high-bred; and as to her head, she carried it just as nature poised it, on a most beautiful, commanding form; and as to silks, they are the most economical of all dresses. These reports, as they were twittered with a

swallow-like sharpness into their ears, by the birds of gossip who flitted by their door, worried poor Mr. Admuller more than his wife; and however much they might affect the minds of a few, he was still able to counteract them by the potent influence of a "crack sermon"—thanks to Sir John Staples! If his troubles began with his marriage, so did his happiness too. This is the experience of all men who marry, especially of the clergy. Listen to what the aged Jeremy Bartoldus, some two hundred years ago curate of All-Willows Parish, Hentz-Hinckly, Gilliganshire, England, says. This is from his diary, bequeathed to us in a trunk of old books:—"From y^e time that I did enter into y^e bonds of holy wedlock, much thanksgiving due from me to God, and from henceforth y^e less praises received from men. For my deare wife, (now with God,) having in her some gentle blood (no fault of hers,) they did straight begin to pick at me, and Will, y^e tinker, say I not dine with him. I forthwith dine with him, and then my wife, so sweet and noble in her conduct, that they did not feel at ease; so they did forthwith go about to make my place vacate, poking at me as one would poke at a bear thro' y^e bars, if so be they might have one below y^e level of themselves, so they feel more at their ease, in which they not succeed. Now I being a poor curate with family,

y° natural fierceness born with me nearly all gone by y° necessity of poverty, and y° rest, if any remained, thank God, kept down by y° principles of Christ, so that I succumb readily to insult, and y° insinuation of unfeeling men, and find my account thereby. For there be some men rendered truculent and insolent by accidental riches, men of no education, no refinement, howbeit, will clap their vulgar hoofs on y° heads of such as I, and they will spoon out their allowances so as to make me acknowledge y° same. These things be thorns in y° flesh, which I pray God may not inordinately vex or worry me, for what be such to y° affections of the major part of my people, who would not have a hair of my head harmed. Should not a parish minister be humble?"

Thus far the aged Jeremy Bartoldus. But was the minister's wife all which he had imagined as essential to make him happy? She was. Yet he had not sought her among thousands, but had found her as accident, that is to say God, sometimes casts gems in our way.

To the charms of youth and beauty, she added energy of character, and strength of intellect. She did not live only in heaven, forgetting the actual duties of the present sphere, although she seemed like an angel who had newly come upon the earth. She scattered roses in the pathway of

those who had otherwise been acquainted only with thorns. Her charities, which diverged on all sides, like rays from a focus, began at home, where she staid much, not gadding about to be the Lady Patroness of nonsensical schemes, and annoy those who had their hands full, but she exerted herself to make her husband happy, gilding a career so auspicious in its beginning, and whose ending had been less painful had she lived to smooth the pillow of his distress.

CHAPTER VII.

CROSSES (NOT WOODEN)—AN ENERGETIC WOMAN—NO
ISMS—HOW MR. ADMULLER RECEIVED AN INVITA
TION TO A NEW PARISH, AND THE DISPOSITION WHICH
HE MADE OF IT.

YEARS glided on, marked only by the ordinary scenes which vary the life of a country Rector, during which the blessings heaped upon him far outnumbered the ills which he was heir to. His crosses and chastisements for the most part petty, were those which each one is apt to magnify in his own case, and which all the clergy share alike. They were no more than those which might be deemed necessary to give to patience its perfect work. If ill-natured remarks were sometimes made by careless talkers, who had no conception of the mischief which they wrought, and were sedu-

lously carried to his ears by good-natured persons, he passed them by in silence. If ill-founded reports, of a petty kind, got into circulation, he was above contradicting them; and if any took a pique against him from accidental causes, he treated them as if unconscious of it, and permitted the evil to work its own cure. He brushed away these little cobwebs from his face and walked on. For those who struggle with the like annoyances belittle themselves to fly-like dimensions, so that they are apt to be caught in such net-work, to be bound hand and foot, and *stung*. The first trouble which he had was from an evangelical woman. This is not said in a sneering spirit, for evangelical women, and men too, are the very ones to do good in the Church, and in the world. An evangelical person is one who illustrates by his outward act the principles of the Gospel of Christ; not one who claims for himself exclusively their inward spirit. By this very arrogance is violated that charity which is the essence of the true faith. Cool disputation of theories ever tends to good with those who have the ability to argue, and for those who have the disposition to learn; and when charity is wanting on either part, the evangelical spirit goes with it. The first question which Mrs. Vosselingen asked when Mr. Admuller came into the parish, (and she buzzed about with the in-

dustry of a bee among clover) was, "Is he evangelical?"—This she should have regarded as already decided by those more capable of judging than herself; but many simple people did not know what the term implied, and Mrs. Vosselingen was therefore compelled to set herself up as a teacher to explain it, and after Mr. Admuller had assumed his place, she was obliged to set herself up as a judge to decide upon him, as well as to proclaim such decision. What she referred to was to certain technical interpretations, very important it is true, but of which, in proportion as she was not deeply learned, she could rattle more volubly.

Now, this worthy lady, who was zealous overmuch, was the patroness of so many little independent schemes, unrivalled since the days of Don Quixote, that Mr. Admuller in his walks through the parish, was forced in a quiet manner just to pinch some of them in the germ or snap their heads off; and it was in the first outcry, tears, and pitiful lamentations over one of these precious buds of promise, that he was obliged to meet this dowager in a sort of tug of war. For she wished to establish a Theological Seminary among the Choctaw or Chickasaw Indians, and had given the first contribution for a "Vosselingen Scholarship." As one who finds his tower tumbled into

his garden by an earthquake, and all his plants crushed, weeps over the ruins, so did the agitated lady wring her hands over the blighted prospects of the Choctaws, with whose geographical position she was not well acquainted, and her tears were accompanied, by a sharp, hail-like protest. The "cloud-capped towers" of the College never rose except in imagination. Like the poor Indians, they faded away, these latter being persuaded by the gentle force of our Government, to more romantic hunting-grounds beyond the Great River. Nevertheless, Mr. Admuller kindly appreciated the lady's motives, though he was unable to approve her design. And far be it from me to cast ridicule on her, as she has left after her in the good which she actually did, "a monument more durable than brass." But she was not pleased with the conduct of Mr. Admuller, and it only confirmed her in her opinion that he was not what she regarded an evangelical man. Far be it from me also to cast any sneer upon female zeal and activity in good works. For every parish minister must bear this testimony to the fair of his flock, that in them reside the truest and warmest, and most unobtrusive piety, the most consistent-zeal, the greatest charity. No good work could be sustained without them, and they are the very life-blood of the parish. It is better to have a

mistaken zeal than none at all, and Mrs. Vosselingen erred through temperament. She is a type of a few, and we hope not the representative of many. She also did not exactly like Mrs. Admuller, because the latter provided sponge-cake and green tea at the meetings of the Dorcas Association. Not that all the ladies did not like green tea, for they fairly chirped over it, like grasshoppers over dew; but some of the poorer were not able to provide it in turn, except an inferior kind of Bohea, which was no recompense for best Hyson, and so held themselves excluded from the meetings. Mrs. Admuller would have yielded this point, had she known the cause of the difficulty, but it only reached her in indistinct murmurs, and it is merely mentioned to show what trifling and petty policies prevail among those who should be influenced by higher things. It had been better that the "good creature" called "tea" had never grown; better that the steam of it should occasion the explosion of all the tea-kettles in Christendom, than that its exhilaration should cause unpleasant feelings in Christian communities. It was over urns containing it that the subject was first broached that Mrs. Admuller wore too handsome a shawl for the wife of a minister, although she was one of those whose adorning was not the "outward adorning of plaiting

the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel," but "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."——

"It is well," say some, "that ——ism was not christened in your Rector of St. Bardolph's day!"——and this will entice and inveigle us into a few lateral and incidental remarks on that ticklish topic, but they will be of such a nature as to meet the views of all "parties," if there must be *parties* in the Church of God. But we are confident that he would have escaped free from any ——ism ever broached by any ——atic. Had that controversy begun in Mr. Admuller's time, we think that his conduct would have been marked by a moderation and judgment which would never have weakened his influence one jot in the opinion of good men. As a young man, while he would have been alive to the question at issue, and considered it worthy of his profound study, he would have been shrewd and careful in respect to his action, until it was decided by older heads, and in a Catholic manner. He never would have harangued boisterously about Catholic principles, while by attempting to lead off, and to sneer contemptuously at those of his elders who thought differently, he violated the modesty, obedience, and subordination, which are at the base

of the Catholic system. For verily there are some youths who had better tarry at Jericho until their beards are grown. Ardent and hot-headed, and endowed tolerably with the gift of speech, they talk glibly about submission to the Fathers, while for themselves they acknowledge no authority superior to their own judgment, and are resolved to act as they like. Thus they destroy, in the germ, the seeds of many good things which would have sprung up, and been duly weeded, and finally reaped with care by men of more age, judgment, and muscle; just as the corn which would in due time have been provided for the crib, is prematurely trampled down by a herd of asses. While organs, crosses, Gothic aisles, and painted windows, and kindred things, would of themselves excite no undue horror, the theological tyro, or *parvenu*, in his ecstasy over his amazing discoveries, absolutely discourses of these things as if they were "the chief end of man." He blows out the candles which he would kindle on the altar, and feeds his own pride in the very attitude of genuflexion. He does not sway his crook with the meekness of a "good shepherd," attempting gently to *guide* his flock; but he breaks it over his knee, and shortens it into a mere stick to drive them whither he would. But no shepherd can drive the meekest sheep which ever

fed on clover. If the rams of the flock turn upon him with their battering apparatus, he is knocked down, rushed over, and trampled to death. Then, he finds too late, that the strength is ill-spent which is spent for nought, and, a spectacle of weakness, has only time to say something in his last struggles about "a perverse generation."

Mr. Admuller, as a young man, would have left disputed points to be adjusted by degrees by the more experienced, while he still continued to busy himself about practical matters, convinced that a contrary course among the junior clergy would only serve to engender vanity, impertinence, arrogance, and spiritual pride. That he would have desired to carry out the full meaning, intent, and spirit of the Prayer Book, there can be no question. Had he been of the number of those opposed to the slightest change in external rites and usages as administered now, we will also attempt to depict what would have been his conduct. He would not, in the question at issue, have suffered his prejudice to forestall his judgment. He would have considered every point separately before he pronounced sweepingly upon all; and he would have exercised the same prudence in promulgating his opinion. Whatever it was, he would not have called his opponents, so

much older than himself, by hard names, but would have given them credit for all sincerity; nor would he have alluded to any *ites*, any *isms*, or any *aticks*.

But whatever topics agitated his parish at the time, they were all absorbed in a subject of which I shall now speak.

Mr. Admuller suddenly received a call to a large church in the city of New York. Some deputations from it, who had heard him, coincided with the opinion of Sir John Staples, and said that his light ought not to be hid under a bushel. This intelligence produced a great excitement among the parishioners of St. Bardolph's. They were attached to the Rector, and he to them, and they did not think that he had excuse to justify him in dissolving the connection. At that time the city of New York was not one-twelfth its present size, but it was considered comparatively a great Capital, and some, we regret to say it, even then, looked with no small jealousy and disgust on the city Rectors, and were the authors of divers ill-natured remarks on the style in which they lived, and the sumptuous manner in which they were fed. But the city Rectors were not so much to blame in growing fat, for the New York markets have been always good. The most of them used the world as not abusing it, and the differ-

ence of their style arose out of necessity from the difference of their relations. It argued not so much their own extravagance as the increase of the demands on them, and the generosity of their parishioners, and it was somewhat magnified by envy. For most of those whose censures were severest, would have been willing to occupy the same positions without scruple, and would have thought that they did God service. Mr. Admuller never made such remarks, and never desired those fat livings; and after a careful consideration, he coincided with the views of his parishioners, and declined the offer. As far as human judgment can go, as matters afterwards turned out, it is a pity that he did so, but he acted according to principles which were noble and Christian, and he resolved, in the warmth of his affection, that the church-going bell whose sound had invited him so often to the Church's prayers, should toll the last requiem at his funeral.

CHAPTER VIII.

CERTAIN IMPORTANT CHANGES OCCUR IN THE PARISH—
THE DEATH OF MR. VAN SITTART AND OF MRS. VOS-
SELINGEN.

MR. VAN SITTART died suddenly. This gentleman had been a good friend to the Rector, and for many years church-warden. He was a sincere churchman, a steady church-goer. He was always ready upon any appeal of charity—always represented the parish in convention. He was a good husband, a kind father, an excellent neighbor. More than this he was of a good stock, descended from one of those families whose history is connected with the growth of the commonwealth, and which form a part of the legitimate aristocracy of the country, who, to largeness of estate, add the liberal education and feelings of true gentlemen. To Mr. Admuller, the affliction was poig-

nant as a mutual esteem had been growing between them for many years. He had often participated at his board, which was most hospitable and cheerful; and when, as the custom of the country is, it fell to his lot to preach the "funeral sermon," he paid as he could in sincerity, a glowing tribute to his worth, and committed his dust to the earth, not without mingling his own tears with those of the kinsmen. This was the first great change which had occurred in the parish since his arrival, and it seemed for a while in that small community to alter the spirit of the entire scene. The vacancy was most painful. That one seat in the pew without its occupant, whose manly form, as he walked up the aisles, had been so long an object of admiration to church goers, appeared to make the whole church empty. His responses were wanting; and their distinctness was ill-supported by the feeble blending of voices which remained. But this kind of despondency soon wears away, as it should, especially with Christians, from a feeling and persuasion that the spirits of the dead are still with us. Though we gaze upon the familiar faces no more, and the places which once knew them, know them no more for ever, their memory and example live. Mr. Van Sittart's place in his pew was supplied by a tall and manly son, who inherited his father's

virtues, and his faults. As the portrait of the sire was seen upon the parlor walls, painted by the inimitable hand of Stuart, with the smile upon his lips, and the serious wrinkle upon his brow, so the son already, though in a better manner, represented him; and this was a great comfort to the parish, especially to Mr. Admuller.

But other losses soon ensued, leaving those great blanks, so hard to be supplied; for we are apt to feel, and there seems to be truth in the supposition, that the succeeding generations are inferior.

"Ætas Parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore."

Mrs. Vosselingen was smitten with apoplexy, being a large woman. Notwithstanding her expressed opinions with regard to the Rector, in her secret heart she had a great esteem for him. In proof of this it may be mentioned that she left a request that none but he should commit her body to the grave; and she named him one of her executors in trust of various moneys, which she had assigned to charities in which she was interested. Their objects, we are delighted to say, were all useful, and the effect of her charity is still felt, although not a single cent was devoted to the "Vosselingen Scholarship."

CHAPTER IX.

SETTING FORTH CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEW RECTOR, AND THAT A CLERGYMAN OUGHT TO BE IN A LIMITED SENSE A MAN OF THE WORLD—HOW STRIFE IN PARISHES ARISES FROM MISAPPREHENSION.

At the time of Mr. Admuller's early ministry, as we have intimated, there were no remarkable dissensions on points of Church doctrine or Divinity. These questions were agitated afterward. All classes had been recently so much engrossed in the stirring events of the Revolution, and were still so much occupied in the conflicting politics which arise from setting into play the machinery of a new government, that they thought little of religion, except as Numa Pompilius did, that a decent respect for it is essential to the well-being of a State. In this light politicians have regard-

ed it in all ages. On this account our State governors issue their occasional "Proclamations" for fasts or Thanksgiving, with some reverential mention of a Supreme Governor, and without the least allusion to the name of Jesus Christ. Their manifestos would suit the times of Julius Cæsar as well as of his Excellency Millard Filmore, at this present writing President of the United States. This pre-occupation of the mind to the exclusion of religious feeling is very natural, when matters of pressing importance are *in promptu*. We lose sight of the actuality of the future, in the reality of the present. Besides this, to use a cant phrase, it is hard to have "a realizing sense," that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal." The Church of England, which had first been planted here, a small seed, and affectionately nurtured by the Venerable Society in the mother country, was too much surrounded by opposing powers to be divided against herself. She stood together on a few strong distinctive principles, and not until the force of these had gained her power and extension, were they ever drawn in question.

Many men have many minds. Alas! that our Church should experience the evils of *theologicum odium*, which is the bitterest of all rancor, because the combatants, knowing themselves to be

guilty of a bad spirit, wax the more desperate, and use the weapons of sacrilege on the ground which is holy. If they considered this, they would be apt to shift the scene of their warfare, and not occupy the area bounded by consecrated walls; nor a portion of sacred time, limited by prayers at one end and *Gloria in Excelsis* at the other. Oh! we have sometimes trembled, lest the monuments on the dumb walls should speak out, not to commemorate the dead but to reprove the living; lest the revolutionary wardens should walk out of their graves to confront the gaunt forms of the white-throated clergy who stalk through the aisles, and the laic crowd bustling and busy as on the Merchants' Exchange. Perhaps the white innocence of the surplice, if worn in these Conventions, would constrain to a corresponding innocence of demeanor; or even the black gown be the cause of a more scholastic dignity. For it is mortifying to see them hammered into their places as if they were at an auction sale, or imperiously called to order, and commanded to sit down, as if they were in a political bear-garden. When at last crouched down, instead of keeping still, they clamorously demand the floor as a matter of right, till a strong police becomes essential, as in any theatre. Then to come there without even having looked into a book of logic, to afflict

the ears with bad rhetoric, undignified phrases, and a Boanerges style of speaking; taking a long time to come to the point, and immediately diverging from it; thinking that their speeches "are immortal, when they are only eternal;" speeches indeed, which are like an hour-glass, narrowest in the middle, only the sands don't run out so soon;—admonished of their length merely by the frantic cry of "Question, question," vociferated from all parts of the house; or the solemn tolling of the hours from St. John's steeple, making them mindful that the record of another hour is ready for the Archangel's pen, and then undulating, blending, and dying away with the hum of a great city. Sometimes wandering a long time from the point they get inextricably snarled, and in some unknown region; when with blank faces they begin to question themselves where they are, until the loftier spirits must needs tell them, or take a regular observation by the light of reason which remains in the middle of that roaring sea of words—*πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλασσης*—to find out in what latitude and longitude they are. But this is nothing to the bad temper, and for the time being, almost diabolical feeling, which prevails with a few. You may see one crouched in a corner, and peering over the pew, his eyes twinkling with animosity, his whole countenance suffused

with bile as yellow as the Ganges, watching the adversary as a cat a mouse, and convulsively clutching the pew-door that he may rise at the proper moment, with a galvanic energy of spring, lest some one else should have the honor to tear his eyes out; while the women in the galleries like angels out of heaven, swaying their wing-like fans, look down in perfect astonishment; and representatives from without, "with a writer's ink-horn by their sides," sit ready to herald forth the doings to a sneering world.

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"

Ought such dispositions to be found in any conclave informed by the Spirit of Christ? Honey and oil should their words be; not like raging surf, or acrid vinegar.

But disputes in the Church at large, or among parishes, often arise from the fact that the parties do not understand each other. Until therefore they come to this knowledge, they should be slow to wrath, swift to forgive, not making themselves a spectacle to the world, and "piercing the Lord anew." The principle is illustrated in the petty affairs of parishes. It is no uncommon thing to find parties there arrayed: on one side, the clergyman, and a few friends, on the other the laity;

and so they tussle it out for years. In the midst of this, many are cold and formal to the pastor; some openly insulting, others vacate their seats, refuse the supplies, and threaten open war. The time taken to bring these petty squabbles to a head, is immediately after the holy rites of Easter, when from the contemplation of scenes so touching, the Church prepares them to enter upon the consideration of doctrine and matters of practical duty. Surely, it would be better to postpone their operations till the dog-days, when they might have the name of being mad and save their credit as Christians. Easter is no time for conspiracies to tear the pew-doors from their hinges. These scenes should be thrown a little forward, or a little backward; forward to Sirius, or backward to the festival of Judas Iscariot. Is it not a burning, blistering shame, that there are dissensions in so many parishes betwixt the clergyman and people, which might have been settled by a little "suasion?" These proceed frequently from want of judgment or tact on the one part, and of a certain knowledge on the other; in fine from ignorance on both. This want of judgment on the "first part," arises from the non-study of men, as there is no endowed Professorship of Human Nature in any college. The wisdom of a serpent is unable to be got, without much gliding about softly.

A man who has studied nothing but Dogmatic Theology, is fit for nothing but to lie back in an arm-chair and smoke, for he cannot hold the nose and cram his dogmas down the throat of the un-docile "babe in Christ." If the clergyman is as "harmless as a dove," he may avoid collision; but if he has his "strong points," then the effect of his ignorance is lamentably felt. With a high hand he protests, resists, is pompous, proclaims his rights, treats the simple and the learned alike, does not seek out the proper times, speaks when he should be silent, is sullenly silent when he might speak a word in season; and at last when his well-meant plans appear to have the ruddy hue of ripeness, he goes gossiping about to entrust his grievances and plans to a "few friends," and is ready to stand "the hazard of the die." But however in the right, or however largely his excellent cause may preponderate, the judicious clergyman will have no need to enter into such combat. That is a sad victory which does not end in peace. For the most part indeed, he is sure to be worsted, and shaking off the dust from his feet, he goes travelling about from place to place, with his gown tied up in a pocket handkerchief, to preach as a candidate for some new parish, to be a long time in inglorious idleness, to meet with many rebuffs, and finally to "teach

school." Who wants to teach school, if he has been bred up to some other pursuit? It is a pity that he had not gone to school! Alas! he was too good a man: his people did not understand him. That could not be expected. It should be a part of his superiority which fitted him for his station to have understood them. Their usual concern is with politics, crops, money-making, and frivolities, from which they cannot be drawn by "pains-taking" sermons, if he goes bungling about the parish on a week-day, mashing their toes, and rudely jostling the petty weaknesses of their nature. On the contrary he ought to smooth them down with a lenient hand, and then they will purr like cats. They will assuredly be disposed to yield a great deal out of affection, or at least to get out of his way when he goes moderately by. In worldly affairs, a bold and rash policy sometimes avails, as when one who has not learned to swim leaps in over his head and reaches the shore. But it is better to be prepared. There are many labyrinthine intricacies and queernesses in human nature, which all tend to the beating heart. Only the severest scrutiny enables us to detect ourselves. A man ought to know himself, after living on the closest intimacy, and having had the most tender affection for himself for sixty or seventy years. But when his acts expand into boldness, like a

current plunging into the sea, and he goes on a voyage of discovery to seek his motives, it is like searching for the origin of the River Niger. He goes on till his head is involved in mist, and here is the origin of the River Niger. He is very apt to follow his motives to a very lofty region in the neighborhood of heaven, to think that he has tracked them back to some translucent spring of loving kindness, and to resolve them at last into tender tears and dew drops. Other philosophers are satisfied that they originate lower down in a territory called Self-Interest, and borrow their hue from the sparkling ground of Self-Complacency. "Much it troubleth me," says the aged Jeremy Bartoldus, from whose MS. we borrow, "and I sigh over it in y^e night watches, that I so great mysterie to myself. Why I do this or that, the Lord knows, so diverse be the thynges which make me preponderate to this or that. Pray God that y^e governing principall be good, but much I feare. Here we see through a glass darkly, for y^e glass give no certain image."

Thus far the aged Jeremy Bartoldus, who is a most sensible man, and his works ought to be printed. I for one, would share y^e labor of writing them out in a clear hand.

If self-knowledge be so hard to get, how can the Rev. Mr. A. understand the laic Mr. B.? He says

“good morning,” over a garden fence. In less than ten minutes Mr. A. is in his study, and Mr. B. pulling weeds. Before the same common places are exchanged again, the grain of corn may be in the ripened ear, and the dry sheaves be garnered. During the long interval of disjointed converse, moons may wane, and harvests become yellow, kingdoms be subverted, beauty pass beyond its prime, and all which we admire the most, and love the best, be taken forever from us. A beautiful and polished writer has noted in his “Sketch-Book,” what disjointed fragments make up the sum of friendly converse; how seldom the dearest friends are brought together; how soon the intercourse is at an end. It is, in short, only by going out of our studies and mixing with the world, as Christ went among publicans and sinners, that we can test the strength of our true principles, rise above the cramping prejudice of education and peculiar systems, forsake our hobbies, dive to the depth of human hearts, pluck up the motive from its deepest roots, and write a sermon for the world. The man who is bred between walls will be always sickly. Then why not open the windows, and look out upon the wide, wide world? Why shut ourselves from human gaze, and put on a mask like a hypocrite? There are objects beside

the streams and meadows, green fields, golden harvests and purple vintage. It is with men we have to do, and of them our Saviour said, "the fields are already ripe unto the harvest." We must go into the world, if we would not be worldly. We must observe the spirit of it, if we would not wish to contract its spirit. We can cultivate more malevolence and downright avarice in our gloomy closets than the open air. There we shall be like spectators in a crowded carnival, unobserved, yet unobserving. From studying men, we may partially understand a man.

Mr. Admuller, Rector of St. Bardolph's Church, had been enabled to complete his education. He had seen men and cities. He had learned to control his temper. He did not test the strength of his head against an impracticability. The strongest skull will break. He made allowances for the perversities of men. Hence he was never involved in any of those disgraceful strifes which have sometimes occurred, wherein the pavement of churches has been strewed with shreds of fine silk. Moreover, he was not queer. Half the eccentricity among men is feigned, and that too out of weakness and vanity. Of all others, let not the parish priest show forth any of his queernesses, causing the ill-suppressed smile to flit like a flash of pale sunbeam over faces which should be serious

in the worship of God. Verily, some clergymen are so droll, that they invariably bring up the idea of saw-dust, not because it is dry, but because it is used in the arena. He is much wanting in knowledge of the world, who thinks that to excite a smile is to win respect. "Much do I think it out of place," says Bartoldus again, (peace to his memory), "for y^e gownsman to play y^e Harlequinn, by strangeness of cut and carriage, and visage, with a vain hope to move y^e risibles. Assuredly there be native wit and joke enough from ordinarie occasyon for salubrius ridicule, and I not go out of my way for sport of this kind; but if it cross my way, then indeed I think no great harm done. Much like I to laugh, and little pleaseth it me to be laughed at, but my sacred office forbiddeth, and far be it from me to strive for such unworthie end, thereby to injure my usefulness at y^e altar. This nolledge I come at from my much observing of human kinde, albeit my travell not go far out of Gilliganshire, by reason of cramped income. But in y^e good bishop Latimer's days lived there a clerk, variously learned, a pietie like to that of Holy Daniel of old, yet with inborn drollerie, so that he become y^e jibe and jest of y^e whole countrie, and his friends both laugh and sorry. I am not like to vary from other men in hose or doublet, slouching, slommacking air, old horse half dead

with y^e distemper, and harnessse not so good as my scanty purse can well afford. I not like to differ much in thynges indifferent, but only in pietie and strait conduct to vary from other men so much as God shall give me grace."

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING HOW THE RECTOR LOST A SMALL PORTION OF HIS "POPULARITY" AND THE OCCASION THEREOF, AND HOW WRONG THE PEOPLE WERE, BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE LAST CHAPTER.

THE people began to find fault with Mr. Admuller, because he did not visit them enough. As this is a common ground of fault-finding in parishes, it may be well to set the matter in its true light. More is expected than can be justly performed. "Madam," said Mr. Admuller, in reply to a sharp rebuke from the late Mrs. Vosselingen, "you are unreasonable. How can I visit your family every week? It is one of those pleasures in which I must exercise the gift of self-denial. There are seventy-five families in this parish, who might expect the same. One day out of the seven is withdrawn from this. Monday is washing-day when

you know very well, Mrs. Vosselingen, that you do not wish to see me in your house, and Saturday must be spent in the retirement of the study. On other days there may be sickness in my family, or I am of necessity called from home; or my principal attention is to a few sick; or I am burying the dead. Thus, at least half the time is withdrawn." This, and much more, did Mr. Admuller say to the late Mrs. Vosselingen, who however was not to be persuaded, but insisted that she was perfectly reasonable in her demands. But if the clergy are to be justly blamed for not seeing the people, more do the laity err in supposing that their position is a mere sinecure, and that they have very little to do. We might inquire very earnestly whether that be not enough to tax the heart and hands of a frail man, which is almost too much for an angel's powers. But we will pass this by. What is called "head-work," in common language, is appreciated only by a few. Some people think that the hands and arms only work, and that there is no such thing as the sweat of the brain. They suppose that reaping a field is far more laborious than writing a sermon; and the more clearly and simply is the theme deduced, the more they think that they could do like it. It is no more than just, that these ignoramuses should be put right in that particular. Men do

not speak like prophets, now-a-days, from immediate inspiration, but God exacts the labor of the head as well as of the hands. Every sacred theme which is handled from the pulpit ought to be the result of intense study. And what a continual stretching of the mind, and struggle for the ingenuity, from month to month, and from year to year, to set forth the truth with such force, vividness, and variety, as to make the people listen. For the best of men will find dull and listless hearers, if he repeats himself from day to day. Because he is a good man, that is no reason why his audience should not have a doze, if they cannot help it. There are other anodynes besides poppies. Look around on a Sunday. Some of their eyes are like dead men's eyes with a penny on them. There are two classes in church, consisting,—I. Of those awake. II. (we regret to say it), Of those who are comfortably asleep. The first class is subject to another division: Of those who are serious and attentive, and of others whose imagination is extremely active. They imagine themselves out of church. Some are bargaining for a farm, and some engaged in the purchase of stocks; and to judge from their eyes, which have an inverted look, they are dealing with those who are a "match for them." The object of preaching is to bring the souls of these men back, and

put them into their bodies again; and as to the dormant set, to rouse them up as if by thunder and lightning, and so lay the matter before them that they shall think it not safe to get asleep. As to those who are attentive, the main object is to keep them so. Occasionally, some of them will sleep, and even *snore*. In the stalls of Winchester Abbey, in old times, the seats were curiously pivoted, in order to keep the monks awake. For if they slept, and lost their balance, they pitched forward. If we believe old chronicles, more than one of these worthy fathers has been precipitated headlong into the aisles. We do not mention these things as worthy of ridicule, but in this way to draw more attention to them. The Rev. the Rector of St. Bardolph's was also found fault with by some few people, because he was too morose and did not make himself sufficiently pleasing to the children. The same however complained of his predecessor, because he pulled cherries from the limbs on Sunday, told anecdotes and wore his hair long. For the sun, which seldom stays under a cloud on Sundays, ripened the cherries. Why should not the Rev. Mr. Beauclerc, of Magdalen College, walking up and down the avenue, thinking upon his next sermon, satiate his appetite with a few ox-hearts? But farmer Panton, who was driving his cattle to the pond, saw him do it, who

went and reported it to Mrs. Panton, and she to the neighborhood, that the Rev. Mr. Beauclerc had been picking cherries on a Sunday! "These littyl thynges," says Bartold, "tho' of small moment, like insects, cause no small annoyance. If y^e peopel understand y^e pastor, more specially y^e pastor have better nolledge of y^e kind of peopel he had to deal with, whereby he more fit hisself to their individual nature, these petty grievances not be. The most erudite in bookes be often wholly ignorant of y^e common springes of action, and this, methinks, the source of half our evils in Church and State."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE LADIES OF THE PARISH WISH TO GET UP A "FAIR," IN ORDER TO ESTABLISH A FUND TO PURCHASE A NEW ORGAN, AND TO REPAINT THE CHURCH, AND THE RECTOR'S OBJECTIONS; WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE AFORESAID METHOD OF RAISING MONEY, AND WHETHER IT BE LEGITIMATE.

Just at this period of the Rector's ministry, "Religious fairs," "Church fairs," and other ingenious devices of that kind came much into vogue, and have continued to remain in fashion ever since. They naturally arose from a desire to dispose of the surplus articles of the Dorcas Associations. When it was found that a great many flannel jackets were on hand, and nobody to wear them, because the number of poor was very limited—when there was no call for the immense number of bachelors' pincushions which had been made, because all the young men married as soon

as they were of age, and there were no bachelors:—when all the little articles of taste, such as wax flowers, shell temples, ambitious fans, handsome as were ever handled, flaunted, or flirted, in the times when the Spectator was written, found no eager, purse-full ladies to examine and to purchase them;—because, in short, money was to be secured for specific objects, from people disposed to give nothing, therefore religious fairs were invented. They were so called because the fair sex, in the sweet and ardent piety which distinguishes them above men had contrived them;—because the fairest and most beautiful workmanship of their hands was offered; and the cause was excellent. They were in fact, an ingenious contrivance; which by a little simple machinery, was thought to accomplish its purpose admirably. It was usually taken for granted, as a premise to start from, in the argument for their justification, *that the required money could not be raised in any other way.* For it is indeed hard to unlock clasps, loosen purse-strings, draw bolts, and open strong boxes, for any purely benevolent object, which has not direct reference to the wants of the body. If you wish to save a poor man from actual starvation, men will give; but as to building a church, or sending the gospel to the heathen, (and God forbid that I should number these among the

Quixotic schemes hitherto referred to!) practical, or rather worldly men, cannot see, or will not acknowledge, or do not feel, that the objects *are practical*. Nevertheless, to such hard-hearted, moneyed individuals, the appeal lies; and if they will not give otherwise, their strong boxes must be opened by a kind of pious petit larceny. If they will do nothing for the object from the proper motive, it is said, abandon the appeal, and get it out of them in another way. "The object must and *shall* be accomplished," say the ladies of the parish, "and that quickly. We have taken it in hand."

Beside it is argued that this contrivance *gets rid of the necessity of asking or giving alms*: the money received is in the nature of a *quid pro quo*. There is nothing like beggary or importunity about it. If you bestow anything which goes to build the church, you are piously cheated into this benevolence. Perhaps you are supremely selfish, and do not care about the Church, and would not give a copper. You will pay five dollars for your own amusement. If it is for a Benevolent Ball, you never think of the benevolence; but go for dance, music, and supper, and *get the worth of your money*. So with the "Religious Fair." But oh! do not flatter yourself that you thus give anything to *charity*! It is the charity

which is flung to the man with the hand organ, after the children at the windows have made him grind out all his tunes, and have become satisfied with the dancing figures and the monkey. Have you not received a very handsome per centage on the coin dropped into the box of the bright-eyed little treasurer who sat behind the tables, and who supports her assumed character of dispensing goods with all the charming witchery of a French shopkeeper in Paris, whom you cannot think of leaving without buying gloves? You surely cannot say that it was *extorted* from you, because you bought when you intended to buy nothing. Those bright eyes, that pleasant talk, the very flattery of the appeal, have more than repaid your outlay; nay, have left you largely in debt to the little treasurer; but that she freely forgives, and for what she deems a sacred cause, has expended the workmanship of her hands, and her valuable services. Beside, you are amply remunerated by the excitement of the affair. It is almost as good as a ball, or a farce! It is true, that worldly excitement is considered sinful by the lady-patronesses, who would not for any consideration be seen moving in a quadrille, but this is a different thing. It is a *religious excitement!* The note of preparation, in the first place, leads to great anticipations of what is to be seen and done on the occasion.

One is called on for plates and platters, cups and saucers ; another for knives and forks, and silver spoons. In some quarters there is a demand for tables, towels, napkins, and table-cloths. These are intended for an establishment in one corner of the room, where tea, coffee, sweet-meats, ices, cake, and other niceties, are dispensed by fair confectioners. All the village poets and literati are appealed to, to write letters to such and such young men, young women and old bachelors ; for there is to be a "Post-Office," and almost every one who goes to the Fair, on looking over the list, is sure to find that there is a letter for him, and he has nothing to do but pay the postage and take it out. He surely would not be so niggardly as to keep his hands in his pockets and let it go to the dead-letter office ! It may contain something to his advantage. At last, when the important day comes, when the tables are arranged, and the room is decorated with laurels, and the fair patronesses have taken their places, and the crowd begins to pour in, surely anticipation has not belied the reality. There is a great buzz and hum throughout the assembly ; the fairer portion being arrayed in their best charms, and it takes a long time to walk round and see what is to be seen in the room, and to inspect those articles of taste and elegance which are exposed for sale.

At last, when sufficient time has been allowed in this way, and no actual business done, it becomes necessary for the managers to draw the rich fellows out of their nooks and corners of concealment, where they are engaged in pleasant conversation, and by many a winning way, cause them to do something *practical* for the good cause. Some pretty piece of workmanship is placed in their hands. They admire,—they are told who made it. It would be very rude to put it down again. It is only ten dollars! *Only!* Why it is enough to make them open their eyes, their hearts, their purses! They take it, and pay for it smiling, with apparently a good grace, but with inward groaning; and as they attempt to beat a hasty retreat, they are again and again arrested, and finding it impossible to pass the batteries, they buy out of desperation, until their arms are as full of toys as poor old grandfather Whitehead's. Perhaps when they get home, they are soundly rated for extravagance. "What a parcel of trash!—and to give so much for it! It is downright imposition!"

"But, my dear, remember it is for a good cause."

"Then give your money directly to a good cause, and do not purchase foolish things like these, which are of no use to any one."

“Oh, I could not help it; I could not help it. So many beset me.”

“I thought so.”

Some of the “tightest” and closest men in the community have been made to relax their fists by means like the aforesaid. When they get into the Fair, they are thrown completely off their balance, and breathe for the time being the atmosphere of pure benevolence. They give before they have time to think what they are about. This is illustrated in the case of a very miserly man who was once called on for charity. “Do not ask him,” said many; “it will be of no avail; you will have your labor for your pains. His soul is dwarfed.” “We will see about that,” replied the other; “you may do him a foul injustice, and after I have seen him, I shall be able to pronounce whether he is not a most liberal man.” So he goes forthwith to this so-called miser, and takes him all of a sudden by saying that he had come for the purpose of making a small appeal to his liberality.

“How much did he want?”

“If perfectly convenient,” the other replied, “that he would ask him for five hundred dollars!”

This astounding request proved too great a shock for his moral nature. His whole habit was shaken, and, rising from his seat in the hallucina-

tion of the moment, he opened his strong box and presented the petitioner with five hundred dollars. He was a man of excessive vanity, and this exorbitant presumption of his generosity came like a sudden and irresistible assault. The whole community was thrown into a state of amazement, and it flew from mouth to mouth with the swiftness of an electric flash, that old Tommy Van Hunks had given five hundred dollars. It was almost a miracle!

To return to the Fair. By the aid of outhanging flags, and other appeals of the like kind, the whole populace, of all sects and persuasions, is drawn in through the course of the day. Those who are too poor to expend a dollar can give a sixpence to gratify curiosity by a sight of the show, and their appetites with a piece of cake or pie. All goes on swimmingly: and towards evening, the fair treasurers, who have counted over and over the small tinkling change, and have stood upon their feet so long, begin to be tired out. Still there is a large amount of merchandise on hand, and notwithstanding the liberality of the buyers, little diminution appears in the furniture of the tables. There remain on hand hundreds of articles wrought by fair hands, and an abundance of niceties. These must be disposed of by *auktion*, and the wittiest gentleman in the

crowd is selected *nem. con.*, as auctioneer. He is sure to dispose of many things by the good humor which he creates, and is especially hard on the old bachelors when he exposes for sale bib and tucker, little caps fringed with lace, and such things. When at last it is found that much yet remains unsold, recourse is had to the pious-wicked device of a *raffle* or *lottery*, after which the loiterers depart with their prizes, leaving the lady managers to pack up the plates and dishes, and silver spoons, for which they are accountable, and get home in the best way that they can. What is left remains as a nucleus for the next year's Fair; for another will be held, as the present is found to be "perfectly successful." Thus, I think that it will be evident from what I have said, that the whole thing is in the nature of a *quid pro quo*.

But more money can be collected in this way than in any other. That is also an argument and a strong one. It is incredible what sums are produced in a few years, when another mode of appeal would not have realized a single stiver. This is all due to ladies fair, through Ladies' Fairs! But this method of benevolence has of late become developed in different ways, all running into degeneracy. One is invited to tea-drinkings and supper-parties: and some congregations have

steadfastly resolved to eat themselves out of debt. When the eye is satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing, or when there are some so gross as to be dull in these senses, the appeal of charity lies lower—to the stomach. For it is known that there is a portion of the community who love to be flattered in this region, and it is an ingenious device to enlist those also in the cause of church-building, so that as the oysters go down, the steeple goes up. When you are making up the list of people to be called on, by no means neglect the glutton. In some parts of the country, and among some denominations of Christians, these festivities have been held in the church-building itself, and the whole place has been reeking with the smell of a kitchen. The great Bible has become smeared with grease, while the rancorous and guilty garlic has lingered with its smell far into Sunday morning.

In progress of time, the passion for Church Fairs reached St. Bardolph's parish. It was discovered that certain wants existed, and enterprising ladies undertook to supply them by the above method. When the Rector was appealed to for his sanction, he had more difficulty to stand his ground than when he opposed the projects of the late Mrs. Vosselingen. He was beset by all the fair multitude, whose combined eloquence was

almost irresistible. Surely, there could be no great harm or sin in a custom which was so universal, and which had the almost unanimous suffrage of the clergy! But Mr. Admuller did not like the principle of this benevolence, and (without meaning ourselves to take any ground in the matter, seeing that some cogent necessity might exist) we will put down his objections, by way of rejoinder to the above reasons, advanced in favor of religious Fairs.

That the money could not be obtained in a legitimate way, he was disposed to question, until an energetic effort had been made. What if it could not? The evil of the want would be far less than the sanction of the Church to a pernicious principle. He would state the case, and ask manfully and confidently for what was wanted, and would not worry, tease, or entice, the donors. A free-will offering could alone be laid acceptably on the altars of the church, and that charity must be rebaptized which demands a *quid pro quo*. To give out of your abundance, where no return is expected, deserves not the least plaudit; but, "if ye do good to them who do good to you, what thank have ye?" We ought to cultivate the noblest Christian charity. The occasions for its exercise cannot be too often; for if the appeal be not frequent, the habit cannot be formed. Will not men

give a dollar to lay the foundations of a church, until they are paid back for it in balls, fairs, pin-cushions, and nicknacks? Then, we should say, let the architect's plan remain upon paper; let the years add a few more annual rings to the substantial oak intended for the timber of such a church, until a race of worshippers shall arise who will bow down to God in sincerity and truth. Those who raise steeples in this way, will only come into the church-yard to discuss politics on Sunday morning—they will talk as long as decency will permit in the vestibule; disturb the congregation by entering their pew in the most solemn part of the Litany, and you may depend upon it, that if their hearts were ransacked, they do not care a single fig for things sacred, and they think that their two-penny contribution for pew-rent is a gratuity and personal favor done to the clergyman of the parish. Oh! for a few ripe, unctuous, fruity words in the deficient Saxon, to give contempt a proper, verbal shape!

But if *more money* will be given in this way for charitable objects, that is also a poor argument for superceding a truer and better method of appeal. The greatest amount of good which is done, is not done with money. That may build churches, so far as brick and mortar are concerned, but cannot inflame the hearts of worshippers.

On these accounts, and some others, Mr. Admuller would not sanction the holding of a religious Fair, to obtain a new organ, although the one which they had was builded in the reign of Queen Anne. Mr. Tubingen was therefore obliged to be contented with the old wheezing, asthmatic pipes, which were tuned once a year on the visit of Mr. Ellbellen, but the tuning did not do them much good. This course of conduct gave great offence to the whole parish, and to many of his best friends. The ladies were particularly hurt, as they had set their hearts on having a "Fair." Many people remarked that he was becoming very headstrong, and he liked to have his own way too much; and although his influence was so great that he was enabled to carry his points by a large majority, and his principles were appreciated by the most consistent people of the parish, such a little circumstance as this formed an item in the cumulative argument which would at some future day be brought by the cold and ungrateful against one of the truest and most devoted servants of the Church.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE RELATION OF MR. ADMULLER TO
THE SURROUNDING RELIGIOUS BODIES.

THE early pioneers of the Church in America, like those who are now missionaries in the backwoods and frontier settlements, had to contend with stiff-necked prejudice. The want of civilized comforts and common luxuries, the uncouthness and savageness of a new land offer small obstacle to a soldier of the Cross. To go without meat and drink, to sleep on a hard bed, to bear heat and cold, to take up with rough fare, are what a Christian temper, a stout heart, and a good constitution, endure well. Rancor, and ill-conceived opinions, ignorance, and faces "set like a flint," in an opposite direction, require better health, better courage, more exalted Christianity, and consciousness of the right cause. The very stoutest are alone fitted to contend with, and to triumph over

an opposition of the latter kind. It is hard not to rely upon man. It is very hard not to put any confidence in princes. Fostered as they were by the noble and Venerable Society in England, the hearts of the early Churchmen almost sank within them. They wanted close contact and some nigher sympathy. The Church of England, their nursing mother, was three thousand miles off, while they were surrounded on all hands by men and denominations educated from the very milk with a loathing and detestation of the Church of England. The letters of the missionaries intimate a distress expressed in so quaint a strain as almost to provoke a smile. "I," says one whose lot was cast on the dreary plains of Long Island, in the neighborhood of sandy beaches, where not a tree grew, "scarce know how to bear up against the contumely of this people. I find that more is to be done by a well appoynted hospitality than by the most well-conceived discourses from the pulpit. They have by education, such little as they possess, the most deep-rooted antipathies, in which they are set on chiefly by their ministers, who have not language or command of words enough to express their contempt of the Church; it is the camp of Belial, a rag of Popery, and what not. I verily believe, that if they could have their

way to the utmost, they would tear us up, root and branch."

Another declares, "I know not how to write encouraging words where all appears so dreary, and no just appreciation of things holy. Here are divers sects, which however much they be set against each other, are all conjoined with a firm front against us, and conceive us no better than so many enissaries of Satan, against whom they whet their tongues, and whet their swords, and belabor us without stint. Had they their way and their will, they would do more to spite us than they have hitherto done. Nevertheless, we bear up, but weakly. We have firm courage that the seed here planted will yet grow and bear fruit. Not in the life-time of this generation, but hereafter the Venerable Society may have cause to be thankful for their efforts. Some few seem well disposed, and were it not for their countenance the tryall would be more severe. Among these, a principall magistrate has presented to this Parish (St. George's) a communion service in solid silver, which with the Society's gift of books and tablets, and moneys, is great assistance in our weak state. Also, Mr. Nicholl, very kind in his countenance and upholding of the clergy, without whom we had been sorely mistreated, but we keep on our way, although we be for the most part too

separate to lend to each other that countenance which we gladly would. But we look for better things."

"This day," says the Rev. Mr. ———, "was consecrated Grace Church, in this town, under auspices which we deem favorable. Not to mention many of the most principall men in the county, others from a far distance lent us the favor of their presence, and the day being fine, and the sun shining, we gathered a good augury. To the tablets many years ago presented by the Queen to the incipient Society of this place, were now added many generous donations both in money and silver plate; and we hope to go on well if the most well-strung exertions against the Church do not avail too much. Those who live in the mother country can form small idea of the deep-rooted animosities which the Church of England has to contend with in these parts; an ignorance which does not wish to be informed, and a rancour which is truly inconceivable. Many are forbidden to come, and the mere sight of a surplice drives some of the best-informed amongst them well nigh into fits. As to the Liturgy, they detest it to a man, if they be led by their instructors; although some few among them, to their credit, and greatly to our encouragement, are prevailed upon by its superior beauty. If once they be won by its devo-

tional spirit, then they make the most ardent and confirmed Churchmen ; of which number are the Squire of the adjoining town, a man of intelligence, and Mr. — —, a man of worth, who already promise to us their countenance and effort, so far as they may avail. Come what will, we, the missionaries, do not intend to lose heart, or to be discouraged, although we stand greatly in need to have our hands upheld. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Mr. Admuller, like all American Churchmen of his own, and of the present day, was surrounded by opposing influences. He was in the midst of powerful bodies, represented by men by no means contemptible either for talents or respectability. But his course was such that he did not lose their respect by attempting to conciliate their esteem. If he had his own prejudice he never truckled to theirs. To assuage those who did not wish to be assuaged he did not talk much about essentials and non-essentials. Those who are without the pale of our Church never throw anything into the hands of those who thus play into theirs. Although removed from the nursing care of the Venerable Society, from acting a straightforward course Mr. Admuller never wanted the consideration and friendship of the highly respectable members of the diverse denominations of Christians which were

around him ; nor did they charge him with arrogance, for he was the picture of meekness : nor did they even say that he unchurched others, because he was a Churchman himself ; but if I had time to enlarge upon his conduct in this respect, and were not in a hurry to proceed to other matters, his history might afford an instructive lesson in these troublous times. The Rev. Mr. Golightly, who many years before him had been Rector of a neighboring parish, utterly destroyed the same by his too plastic disposition and mistaken good will. He loaned his church to a brother of some other denomination, to hold weekly prayer meetings therein, which resulted in "a very interesting state of religious feeling," which Mr. Golightly was both afraid and unable to check. At last, a "good price" having been offered by the worshippers, who were in need of a house and who began to wax strong, the consecrated building was brought to the hammer, the chancel was torn down, and on the very next Sunday a hell-fire sermon was discharged, to the great edification of a crowded audience. Mr. Golightly was thrown into a state of chagrin ; he was no longer seen in affectionate arm-in-arm converse with brother Poin-dexter, talking about all going to the same heaven, and that we all worshipped the same Master, and that charity was incumbent on brethren, and all

that; but when brother Poindexter had fairly ousted him from his living, he began to have a "realizing sense" that there is something in charity besides talking about it, and his own heart became much soured by his reverses when he heard the clear tinnabulations of the new bell on "Sabbath," summoning his old parishioners to one of the "pains-taking sermons" of brother Poindexter.

The complaints of the aforementioned gentleman, whose chancel-rails were torn down, were facetiously termed by the Presbyterian wits, "the groans of Mr. Golightly." They were no doubt to some ears the most musical groans which ever came *ab imo pectore*. The only words which sounded like consolation were from Deacon B. He remarked, that "the Church was a house of God still. The sole difference was, that whereas it was formerly devoted to prayers, it was now to prayer *and sermon*; once it had no bell, now it had a bell, and the bell had a clapper; and the children, instead of being enquired of, 'what is your name?' were now asked, 'what is the chief end of man?' All this Mr. Golightly, who was fond of smoking, put in his pipe and smoked it, on his way to complain to the Bishop against Presbytery; and when he received a mild rebuke, he dodged out of the Episcopal presence in a passion which was unworthy of him; then he squatted .

without license in the precincts of another Rector, by whom he had his skin rubbed off, till being exacerbated beyond measure, he went and threw himself headlong into the red hot gulf of Calvinism.

This event was duly recorded in the journals of the time, as a remarkable instance of conversion, he having announced that before he became a Presbyterian he did not think that he had "experienced a change of heart." At the time of his "installation," it was also recorded in due form, who addressed the throne of Grace, who joined in the imposition of hands, who gave "the right hand of fellowship," who made the concluding prayer, and so forth. There seemed to be more gratulation in abducting him than in having him, and his new friends acted "like dogs in the manger," not willing to use him, nor to let others do so. After this he was summoned before the Church Session for some discrepancy of views, as expressed in one of his sermons, (a mere *lapsus linguæ* on his part,) with the Westminster Confession, and to have his Faith scrutinized by Deacons and Elders; when the reins of his temper slipping entirely from his hands, he "took a dismissal," wandered will-o'-the-wisp like "over hill, over dale," and went out, nobody knows how or where. Poor Mr. G. lightly!

Mr. Admuller however did not cultivate acquaintances to the exclusion of himself from his own house and home. His charity began there, if it did not end there. The consequence was, that he was held in veneration by those around him, although they could not help casting looks askew at the ritual, the surplice, and the "rags of popery." If he did not loan his church for prayer-meetings, it was because he did not want his chancel-rails to be burnt up for fire-wood. Nobody could say that he thought the chancel better than any other part of the church, because at that time there was nothing in it which looked like an altar. The pulpit was against the wall, and the desk under the pulpit. Prayers were said rather *to* the people than *with* them. If he walked arm-in-arm with his Methodist or Calvinistic brother, they separated amicably at the porch of St. Bardolph's, having discoursed of the crops, the country, the pleasantness of the weather; nor did they suppose that he "gave them over to the uncovenanted mercies of God." He never did so; such an idea is not enunciated by Churchmen, but is only a deduction of others from that which they maintain.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH REFERS TO THE HAPPY INTERCOURSE OF THE
RECTOR WITH THE NEIGHBORING CLERGY—MR. BEAU-
CLERC, MR. SINGLETON AND MR. BINCKLEY.

BUT if Mr. Admuller was hemmed in by those who held opinions differing from his own, he was at least privileged in this respect. He was not like the early pioneers to whom we have alluded, cut off from men of like sympathies with himself. The Church flourished early in the county of Westchester, a rich part of a rich State, and near a large city. He had not to travel fifty or a hundred miles through a savage wilderness before he could meet a man who loved the Church of England well. A journey of five miles over a beaten road on the banks of a charming, classic river, (abounding in whirl-pools,) brought him to the ivy-clad porch of his friend the Rev. Mr.

Beauclerc. In another direction, at the same distance, in the midst of a rich valley, might be seen the unsightly steeple of St. Matthews, and hard by the humble house of its rector ; and some miles farther on, in a less cultivated place, the newly-erected church of St. John-in-the-Wilderness.

These several rectors would sometimes meet in a sort of convocation, or friendly converse, much more profitable to themselves than that of speech-making conventions, so that they were favored far above the Episcopal clergy in remote parts, and could not exclaim in the melancholy language of one who lived in more early colonial times : “The good words from England encourage us not a little ; but alas ! we sadly feel the want of face-to-face friends. Relying on God, as we do, the instincts of nature teach one to long much for the sight of those whom he loves, and to grasp the hand of those whom he esteems his friends. If I were in a land where there were only savages, then I should feel as if I were a missionary indeed. Absolute need teaches us to throw ourselves entirely on God, whose truth finds its way more easily into the hearts of the heathen than into those of the self-sufficient and semi-learned. I, for my part, find some bond of association in the nobility of the savage, but it is dreadful to meet the half-averted looks of Christian men. Here all

set themselves against us, and there is no such thing as common, social intercourse, when they look upon us as emissaries of Satan, and stamped with the mark of the Beast. What would we give for some bosom into which to pour our grievances, which be so many, and so great, that they are only not intolerable; and how often do I think of those hours passed in our rooms at Cambridge, (oh, sweet and fragrant recollections!) when we discoursed of our future plans, I scarce dreaming to have my lot cast in parts so remote! I say that I wish to grasp the hand, to see the face, to press the heart, of a real brother. Letters give me both pleasure and pain: pleasure, because they have the semblance of words just spoken; scanty records of one half-minute's conversation; pain, because they only come, but do not come, from the heart. While we read, the hand which indited the lines may be cold. Nevertheless, we do make some small progress, which causes us to pray more ardently that these small beginnings may be blest. If I were not writing to you, my friend, I would repress these feelings, thinking it unworthy of one who has put his hand to the plough to turn back."

Thus far writes the Rev. Mr. Jackson, in a fit of low spirits, in the year 1750: since which great changes have occurred.

Mr. Admuller, living in later times, and in a part of the country thickly settled, found three rectors of churches in his neighborhood, whose characters I design briefly to sketch. He was on terms of intimacy with them for many years, and they were all exemplary men and pleasant companions; and they all had failings, although they resembled each other as little as they did the unfortunate Mr. Golightly.

Mr. Beauclerc was a brother of the gentleman who once held the Rectorship of St. Bardolph's. In age he was about forty; his attainments were handsome. He was unmarried. To speak the truth, in his day, as it is often now, celibacy among the clergy was rather a necessity than a virtue. Few men love to subject a refined and tender woman to the painful dependence which for themselves they are willing to assume, if they are followers of Christ, or to the petty annoyances which they are able to bear, if they have the good of the Church at heart; although it is true that it is possible to find women who are fitted to share these troubles with them. Mr. B. was noted for gravity, and carried a weight and consistence of character which ensured respect, if it did not great success. He was a man of few words, sometimes putting his adversary down by silence; at others, by a single word well placed. Some

would have charged him with a little gruffness, which arose rather from his look of sobriety and guttural tones, for among his friends he was eminently pleasant, and his conversation sprinkled with saline particles. He held a ready and trenchant pen : but his course of life was so quiet and unobtrusive, that he was contented to remain obscure, while other men made far more noise who had not half his wit, nor a tithe of his learning.

Mr. Singleton was ardent and impulsive, greatly beloved, and efficient in his parish. In his intercourse he was most genial and pleasant. He had a hand the grasp of which was like that of a vice, indicating, together with the expression of his face, that his heart was big and expansive. To the poor he was the good Samaritan, and he was no lukewarm friend. If you asked his assistance in promoting any personal object, he was up and doing. His own cares, which were heavy, did not engross the whole of his time, so that he was disinclined, on such excuse, to go a few steps out of his way to help a brother. His good words, his countenance, his time, his influence; his exertion, were brought to bear, and that cheerfully. In this how different from many who bore the same commission as himself! He would put himself to much inconvenience, and set himself steadily at work, as if he had some important business in

hand, to assist a friend. He was not like many others who had no end in view but their own selfish interests, and who took no step to promote the interests of the Church, which was not a step taken to promote their own. He was one of those men whom none said aught against, and his praise was in all the churches; but alas! like the very good and very pure, he was translated early to a better sphere.

But how shall I paint the Rev. the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness? He was an oddity indeed, whose queerness materially obstructed his usefulness in life. I have said that much eccentricity is feigned from a paltry vanity and desire of attracting that attention which the actual merits of the party cannot win. He whose piety or genius would never excite the exclamation, "there he goes," can draw a little crowd of observers by some peculiarity of dress or carriage, by some whining intonation of the voice, by some unusual phase of conduct. But I am inclined to think the eccentricity of this man not altogether feigned. In the pulpit he delivered a great deal of sound sense as well as sound doctrine, the effect of which was in a great measure lost by his grotesque action, for he was half the time ridiculous rather than solemn. As far as conventional things went, he was perfectly lawless. He

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made it a point to be rude and uncouth on occasions where a little ceremony was required. If he was very much wanted, he was generally not to be found; if there was a time when his presence was most unseasonable, he popped in. He set the company off their ease by his ill-placed remarks, not to say by his indelicacy, and his jocularity was often ill-timed. Sometimes he carried matters with a high hand, and in ordinary circumstances would have been ousted from his position, but the elements of his congregation were too scattered, and lacked energy to bring about a decided action. They were satisfied in making him the topic of severe animadversion, and the affairs of the parish dragged on from year to year.

Mr. Admuller had the benefit of occasional intercourse with these gentlemen, and with the first he usually argued on Dogmatic Theology; with the second on Church matters in general; but with the latter he was jocose, and indulged in a little raillery and opposition. For Mr. Binckley always advanced strange opinions, hardly safe to divulge, and would maintain them by the hour after an original fashion, while his elegant equipage remained without. If he perceived that Mr. A. was preparing his lines and fish-hooks to go a-trouting, he usually staid so long as to break up the expedition. If he came to tea, he would drink

eight or ten cups, and say that the bread was not good, tread on the tail of the cat, and pinch the ears of the children till they wept. At all events, whatever their differences or peculiarities, the above gentlemen could all meet on a friendly footing, and be found in each other's pulpits. They were all Churchmen, and driven into closer communion by the pressure from without. Their parish bounds were not defined by fences of stone.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.
Things are very different now. Their successors are all in hot water of higher or lower temperature both with their own parishes and one another. One is a "High Churchman," the other a "Moderate Churchman," and the other is called a "Virginia Low-Churchman," having been sent for from Shenandoah, as the parish could have no confidence in any theology north of Mason and Dixon's Line. What is exactly meant by a Virginia Low-Churchman, I do not know, and am not disposed to enter into these invidious distinctions. Let those who wish to be informed apply to the natives; I am tired and sick of the everlasting twattle engendered by questions of this kind. But the last, if I may venture to use the obnoxious term from which I have abstained hitherto, is denominated a—*Puseyite*.

I say that they are all at this time involved in

perplexity and troubles. As to the "High and Dry Churchman," as he is contemptuously called by his own brothers, he has enough to do to hold his own, as there is an under-ground muttering heard the whole time. His chief tact lies in taking no notice of what he hears, in going right ahead, and never acting on the aggressive. But his position is far from comfortable. He has long given up any hope, in the present state of things, of emerging into a field of larger usefulness adapted to his education, his acquirements, and his talents. Although he is silent in Convention, and upbraids no one, his secret opinions are ferreted out by the eyes and noses recorded on the journals, and like many others, he is a marked man. For opinion's sake he bears his misfortunes well, and will starve and die before he truckles to men who take upon them the air of princes by virtue of a two-penny patronage. The "Moderate" however, has a still harder time of it. He wishes to please every body, and he pleases no body; but is like a man who walks on a wire, and balances himself with his arms. Every moment he is in danger of being precipitated to the right or to the left, but with great pain and exertion manages to keep on the wire. Thus he becomes a spectacle to both sides, and neither are willing to claim him, because he alternately leans almost to the point of falling

on either side. Here is where the Moderate much misses it, in desiring to please all, in attempting to do an impossibility, in unwillingness to suffer reproach. Antagonism is a hard necessity; but in these days it is inevitable. If there be vexed questions there must be vexed men. Whoever pleases God, cannot always please men too. Wo be unto that man of whom every one speaks well. Policy is one thing, duty another; and there is such a thing in matters of duty as acting in a political way, that is to say, in not running your head against a stone fence in hopes to knock it down.

As to the Virginia Churchman, he is by no means "popular," to use a common phrase with the congregation. He exalts preaching, but unfortunately he himself is considered a very indifferent hum-drum preacher. There are many sleepers within sound of his voice, to say nothing of snorers, and they complain that his long homilies on Justification by Faith are to them Heathen Greek. He is without doubt a conscientious, prayerful man, and his people say that he "means well"—one of those slurring criticisms in which a clergyman's friends indulge, when he is, (as he is frequently,) the topic of scandalous talk. But they mean to turn him away because he preaches against the dance, and forbids his people from the

Communion who indulge in merry-makings. The poor Puseyite, who is also a well-meaning man, comes in for a share of acrimony, since he became dubbed with the name, although he has preached substantially the same doctrine since he received orders. But here is where he made a great mistake, to go to a clerical tailor and have him a coat cut whereof the skirts come nearly to his heels. The Roman priests nod politely to him as he passes by, and say to one another, "if he has not the same creed, he employs the same tailor." The little boys in the street, with satchel on their arms, cry out as he turns the corners, "there goes a Puseyite!" He has taken a great fancy for Ecclesiology, and what can be a more useful study than Ecclesiology? If churches are built, why should they not be planned with some regard to architectural beauty and to ecclesiastical fitness? But he is a perfect amateur in such matters, very forward for one who lately knew nothing about them; and makes them themes for discourses in the pulpit, and treats of them as if they were "the chief end of man." He has an old wooden church, planned some fifty years ago by a carpenter in the country, and constructed very much *a la barn*. Fain would he have demolished the whole building, but there were no funds in the exchequer. In the midst of opposition, and angry protests, he

did what he could in the nature of the case. Having applied to the Ecclesiological Society for a plan of remodelling, they could give him none, because the whole building, from porch to chancel end, was averse to change. Outlandish galleries, and cumbrous wood-work, fastened and jointed together fifty years ago, had a strength and compaction which modern workmanship knows not. To tear it down would be equivalent to destroying the whole building. Or should a clear space be made within, and the inside newly plastered and pencilled, then the outside, with its rounded shingles, unfinished base, steeple, and uncouth weathercock, would ill comport with it. What was to be done? The wardens and vestrymen told him to do nothing, at his peril; but after immense worrying, he succeeded in wrenching away the old chancel, and in putting up a new one in the Gothic style, with stalls and sedilia.

This has produced great excitement, in the midst of which he has excommunicated a vestryman. Of course he must look out for a new parish—and that soon.

Not only are the above gentlemen at variance with their respective parishes, they hardly look at each other, any more than a Jew would at a Samaritan. They almost tread on each other's toes in Convention, and have a defiant look as they put

their ballots into the boxes. From all this contrariety of opinion, and we may add, unkindness of feeling, from this attrition and collision of minds, and from so many vexed questions, what but good can ensue? Truth will come out full panoplied. In the midst of trouble, the Church of God stands firm and unshaken, because it is founded upon a rock. Much more magnificently does its pillar tower, because the tempests are at its base.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME LITTLE MISUNDER-
STANDING WITH A NEW-COMER, AND THE CHARAC-
TERISTICS OF MR. PIPPERELL.

It is hoped that the tone of these sketches thus far, may not be thought too light, or the topics treated with too much levity. They are not written without a desire to do some good, and to remedy some evil, and their application is not alone to the Rector of St. Bardolph's and his flock. Some subjects can be best reached by a good-humored raillery; for however petty in their origin, they breed too much trouble to leave them alone.

It is well known that in every parish an election is made in the beginning of Easter week of Wardens and Vestrymen for the ensuing year. These elections, fifty years ago, were quietly conducted. Few changes were made, the old vestry held over,

Laymen were willing to stand by the clergy, while the latter confidently invoked their aid. In later and less happy times, mutual jealousy has arisen—an assertion of prescribed rights and fear of encroachment. This is too well known and especially perceived in the annual Conventions, (when the relative strength of parties is brought to a test,) from the mutterings and undertone dialogues held in the lobbies and porches of the Church. One would suppose that a drawn battle was coming on, and that, too, in the very aisles of St. John's, to judge by bilious complexions, defiant looks, and white-throats who resemble cut-throats. Fie, fie! dear brethren!—why not be dear brothers? Clerical delegates are heard to speak of being trampled under foot by laymen, who come thither as mere partisans, and without regard for sacred things; and it has become a moot point whether the laity ought to be represented at all, or to have any power to stir up disturbance in the Church. On the other hand, it is said, that it is high time to put a check to priestly dominion, that the age is too far advanced in intelligence to submit to more trammels, and that there is danger of relapsing into the worst errors of Papal Rome. Considering the frailty of human nature, a just balance is hard to be maintained, and well has the wise man declared, “a false balance is not good.”

Surely this has a wider scope than to mere matters of buying and selling: "a stone and a stone; an ephah and an ephah."

On the death of Mr. Van Sittart, Mr. Pipperell, a very different man, was elected to the same place; for which, to say the least—and the less said the better—he was ill-qualified. He was a man of no elevation of character, although he looked for that consideration of which he was not worthy by any attribute of a Christian or a gentleman. He was both rich and vulgar, and, despite the outward appendages of wealth, this vulgarity showed itself continually, in an utter want of sentiment and regard for the feelings of others, in an ostentatious spirit, in a high opinion of himself. Like all vulgar men in a like position, he was excessively insolent to those whom he considered inferiors, although in most points he had few, and in others none. To love him little was to know him well. That, alas! is the case with too many, and shows the universal sinfulness of the heart. Most of our regards spring not so much from knowledge as from the want of it. Mr. Pipperell lived in one of the handsomest houses in Westchester County, a stone mansion, to enter which created immediately that pleasurable sensation which one feels while walking in capacious rooms. Its lawn, well clipped, sloped away toward the

romantic river, and all its walks and gardens were arranged with taste. But this was not the work of Mr. Pipperell. His predecessor had retired thither with ample fortune, and with a happy family; but he was only destined to be its short-lived lord. Scarcely had he built the house, embellished walks, planted trees, and brought it to a Paradisal beauty, than he exchanged his ample mansion for the narrow house. This is an oft-told story, and we look not even on hereditary vales without a tinge of melancholy. For not the mean abode and phase of penury excite to moralizing on the ways of God; but where the lordly mansion casts the cottage in the shade, and all is given to an exacting luxury; where flowers fill the air with sweetness, and where the landscape smiles, we feel a sadness which no want inspires. Oh! ye who live in rich men's houses, think on what you have—to lose.

Where shall the owner be, when time has added but a little blackness to the towers of stone; and when the lithe and tender sapling lives in the great crown of the vigorous oak, whither shall the winds of autumn waft the crisped and yellow foliage to his grave? Not from the unstable do we reason on instability. Well has Horatius compressed the theme in those few lines of noble Latin:

“*Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas collis arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*”

Mr. Pipperell, being the highest bidder, entered upon these pleasant domains with the air of a lord, while the widow and children to whom each walk was dear, and every tree was sacred, mourned afar. They cherished the memory more than he knew how to enjoy the possession. Why should I speak of him thus, when he is now dead and gone, and his sons are dead, having first squandered his possessions? It is not well to speak ill of the dead. Still it is right to say truth when you write history, and I only speak the truth of Mr. Pipperell, and I am sure that if he could come out of his grave he would grasp my hand for it, for it was his favorite maxim, which he had picked up, he knew not where, “Speak truth, and shame the devil.” But why, it may be inquired, elect such a man to office, when he was likely to prove a disagreeable customer—full of himself, without affection for the Church? For answer of that question, I refer to the tomb-stones in the church-yard, on which are recorded the names of those who formed the old congregation of St. Bardolph’s, and who are still what they once were under the influence of worldliness or a dull sermon, a little

congregation of sleepers! It is hard to explain the conduct of the living. There lie the dead, ask them. But the fact is, that the society of the place was already much changed since the accession of Mr. Admuller. Another generation had sprung up; children had become men, with different tastes, and more migratory dispositions than their fathers. Catching the freshness and spirit of a new country, where all estates are just forming, whose magnificent resources were beginning to be developed, where an unbounded field was opening for energy and ambition, they were all for life, activity, and the world. Happy for them if the good seed planted at those quiet homes which they now considered slothful, should bear abundant fruit; if, self-exiled from their fathers' houses, pushing to far-off realms, where they must strive with ambition, and with the lust of gain, which equalled, if not excelled their own; they walked through all the trial as upright men of God—building His Church, doing wrong to no man, loving their neighbors as themselves. There are some affections which have in them no stormy element. Rooted at home, they cling most lovingly to the present and to the past. To such it is indeed painful to grow old in a country village, where they have been born. There all seems re-

trograce. In a little time they have outlived those whom they looked upon as models of living, while the new generation seems to be in their eyes an inferior set.

But these trist thoughts and reflections lead me away from the purpose. Mr. Pipperell—usually written on his letters, V. M. Pipperell, Esq.—held the place of the late Mr. Van Sittart; and no sooner did he take office than he assumed its prerogatives in a very truculent way. Having, as we have said, no elevation of character, being no scholar, reading nothing, unable to reason about, or dive to the bottom of those great questions, which ever present themselves to be solved, spending no time in reflection, or in examining himself, he was wholly engrossed and busied, as little minds are, with petty, trivial topics over which he presumed to exercise a paramount sway. If opposed therein, as opposed he must be, (for opposition is the life of mind,) the toes of his vanity were trod upon. Forthwith he was terribly affronted, and narrated the cause of his grievance in a string of opprobrious sentences, not very logically put together. Mr. Pipperell was malicious—more than that, he was mischievous, a great plotter and contriver of evil, and not without a certain devilish genius in that line. It was by no means safe to commit personal matters to

his keeping, he would so misuse and distort them. In a short time this man began to produce disturbance in the parish hitherto so peaceful, for on the very first meeting of the vestry on which a question occurred of any moment, he took opportunity to differ from the Rector. Now, Mr. Pipperell had a remarkable faculty of making all his dependents think exactly as he did, but the Rev. Mr. Admuller, not considering himself exactly in the light of a retainer, very firmly and very quietly resisted him. It is not necessary to recount the grounds of this dispute. It involved some important principle, it is true, but it is now entirely forgotten, and can only be understood by going fifty years back to the records of St. Bardolph's parish. Suffice it to say, that for the time being it disturbed no relations, it produced little talk or excitement, it passed over, creating no divisions, for at that time strife was more rare; but Mr. Pipperell remembered it—Mr. Pipperell remembered it!

CHAPTER XV.

A LITTLE TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH CHOIR.

ABOUT this time there arose some disturbances in the parish choir, scarce worthy of record, except that they afford opportunity to remark on the irregularities which are permitted in church choirs. In too many instances we find not much decorum in those who lead the congregation in a professed act of worship. The gentlemen and young misses who sit under the shadow of gold-piped organs, often have little knowledge of what is going on at chancel-end. Keeping the green or red curtains, which slide by means of rings upon a brass rod, perpetually closed, as if too modest to face the backs of the congregation when they sing, but in reality to throw their voices directly back into their own throats, and screen their doings, they indulge in nods, winks, whisperings,

gigglings, and such like. The sitters in the galleries notice these things, which materially mars the pleasure of their devotions, being unable not to look over the curtains. Those who attended St. Gregory's in the metropolis, some years ago, must have been struck with the flippant conduct of the choristers. About five minutes before service, the portly red-faced organist would make his appearance among the smiling nymphs, sit down at the key-board, pull out all the stops, and try his genius at *extempore* composition, till he filled the church with noise, and the very benches jarred beneath you. Now it was a touch of *La Dame Blanche*, and now a few snatches from *Don Giovanni*, so that those who had been much at the Opera during the week, and who came to Church to cherish a different set of sensations, imagined themselves back again. Priest and chancel and pulpit, all vanished, and again they were among the circular group, the bejeweled, ermined, head-dressed, elegantly-attired group, bowing, fluttering, fanning, smiling, and having high-bred airs, waiting in a flutter of excitement to pour their pent-up enthusiasm on the little *Prima Donna*, when she should receive with gracious favor the picked-up roses, and press her clasped hands to her heart with feelings which she could only look, but which no words could describe. Such was

the association of ideas waked up by Mr. Tillups, who played away for some minutes to the perfect astonishment of his hearers, with his blowing of horns and trumpets, until, by the looking-glass which was placed before his red face, just above the key-board, he saw the door of the sacristy open, and the white-surpliced form of the Rector glide into the chancel, and reverently kneel, when he brought his triumphant composition to an abrupt conclusion, turned round to Miss Mary Larkspur, laughed and talked !

“The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.”

The worthy Rector knew nothing about these proceedings for a long time ; when he found them out, he promptly put a stop to them. Such disorderly conduct is more rare than it once was, as the following anecdote will illustrate. In some places the custom holds, on the erection of a new organ, to deliver a discourse expressly timed for the occasion. That much-loved octogenarian, W——, now with God, who for many years presided over St. Peter’s Church, in a neighboring city, once delivered a discourse on Church-music, in the course of which he indulged in some severe invectives on the conduct of the young people who sat in the choir. Fifty years after, when he had waxed very old, and his memory a little failed, a large

and fine-toned organ having been newly built, and the same old custom holding good, he repeated his former discourse on Church music. But the censure which it contained no longer applied; for the singers were some of the most staid and devout people in the congregation, and much they stared, and much they were astonished, when they heard themselves so severely called to task for improper behaviour; they who were religious all, and never in fault in the least particular becoming Christians. So they sent their deputy to have the matter explained to them. The Rector said that he was glad his censures were not deserved, and that things had so happily improved since fifty years. For at the time when he was a young man, and wrote the sermon, there was much unseemly conduct in St. Peter's choir, to the great disturbance of the sober part of the congregation, and with that he dismissed them with his good wishes.

The discord in the organ-loft at St. Bardolph's arose not so much from a want of knowledge of music, from being out of tune and time, squeaking tones, and singing through the nose, and such faults, which are apt to exist in a country choir, but from offence taken by Mr. Tubingen at the Rector. Mr. Admuller would not permit jig tunes to be played, nor cheese and crackers to be carried up stairs, and exercised the right which was his own, in controlling

- and modifying the taste of Mr. Tubingen. The latter gentleman appeared to think that the organ-loft was an independent territory, and that the green veil, or curtain, drawn before the gallery, separated it entirely from Mr. Admüller's jurisdiction. Hence he refused to sing at all, if he could not sing his own tunes in his own way, and taking his seat below stairs, silenced the choir. This did not discompose the Rector. The beautiful anthems of our Church can be said as *well* as sung—or even better, if the music is not well done. Some remarked that they were glad of it, and a few old people who had a prejudice against instrumental music, enjoyed the service better. So that Mr. Tubingen experienced a defeat where he expected to enjoy a triumph, and in a few Sundays he came back to his seat, discontented, it is true, to puff out his big cheeks, and to inflict his bad manners on the congregation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARRIVAL OF A BOANERGES, OR SON OF THUNDER;
HIS INFLUENCE ON THE PARISH, AND HOW MR. AD-
MULLER DISPOSED OF HIM.

ONE day as the Rector's family were about to sit down to "a very plain dinner"—it consisted only of soup and a small joint which had been boiled therein—the rumbling of carriage wheels was heard at the door. The eyes of the household were immediately turned in consternation from the "plain dinner" to the windows, when they beheld a lank horse panting under the inordinate burden of a heavy, four-wheeled vehicle, which from a hurried kaleidoscope view, appeared to be filled with men, women, and children.

These different estates were in fact represented, the father of a family, his wife, and two children, to say nothing of a trunk and bandboxes. which were

alarmingly revealed upon a close inspection. The horse appeared to be almost dead, the luggage was covered with mud, the man and spouse were a little embarrassed, but the children bright and chirping.

Mr. Admuller at first thought that his guest could be none other than the Rev. the Rector of "St. John-in-the-Wilderness," who had come with his family to make a passing call; but on putting his face closer to the panes, he declared that he had never before seen a single member of the party. Very soon a loud rapping at the door was heard, and in the mean time the new comer was busily engaged in unstrapping a huge trunk, while the rest of the company threw out bundles and handboxes, and manifested a serious endeavor to unload. Very soon they all stood together at the door of the mansion, and awaited the answer of their appeal.

Mr. Admuller's little black servant-boy, aged twelve years, invested with a white apron, for he was at the time waiting upon the family at dinner, (and they lived so humbly that they did not keep a better servant,) confronted this formidable party, as he opened the door.

The stranger inquired if his master were at home.

"Yes, sir," replied the little boy, "he is eating dinner."

"Then," said the first, "go and ask him to step out a minute."

The clergyman turned away from his soup, much marvelling who the new-comers could be.

"This is Brother Admuller, I believe."

"Yes."

"I'm the Rev. Mr. Coolman, from the Far West. I was travelling in your vicinity, and I thought I could not let the opportunity slip by to come and pay you my respects. This is Mrs. Coolman. This is my eldest son. This is my youngest daughter. Would you have the kindness to let your man give my horse four quarts of oats?"

"Walk in," said Mr. Admuller, with politeness; and he immediately introduced the family of the Western Clergyman to his own, after which they were invited to sit down and partake of a family dinner; and although there was nothing on the table but the aforesaid soup and joint of meat, Mr. Coolman, in truly Occidental style, said that it was "good enough for Christians, and too good for sinners."

The soup was, indeed, good enough for any Christian, for the clergyman's wife excelled in its manufacture, and seasoned it with consummate skill. Mr. Admuller was also in the habit of keeping such an excellent and well-furnished gar-

den, (for in summer time it was his daily exercise and amusement,) that she was in no want of all kinds of vegetables and fragrant herbs; so that Mr. Coolman might well smack his lips and ask for more, which he did as his little boy pushed the table from him, and jumped down, saying, "I'm done." To say the least, the party was not well-mannered, as might be judged from such a formidable and unexpected onset; and Mr. Admuller did not at first believe that his new guest was a clergyman of the Church. He however was. But although he was rough in exterior, and rather wanting in polish, he might for all that be a very worthy and useful laborer in his Master's vineyard. He might possibly be a man of much learning, and ardent piety, and his outer conduct might be accounted for from the section of country whence he came; for at that time the country was savage and uncultivated. Its cities had not sprung as if from the enchantment of genii, and its vineyards had not begun to bloom. So Mr. Admuller scarcely thought a moment of the circumstance, but dismissed his prepossessions, while his wife, who had the most admirable temper, did not lose her equanimity in the least. Nor was this conduct feigned on the part of either. Like true Christians, they were given to hospitality, and like true members of the Church, very glad to acknowledge their brethren.

They therefore prepared to entertain this angel of the Western Church as well as they could. Nor were there any flitting glances, unquiet looks, whisperings, and *sotto voce* orders, to show that the arrangements of the family were disturbed, and that the guests gave trouble, but a right cheerful, open reception, such as would make a sensitive person feel at home, and establish a dull one with the fixedness of a statue on a pedestal. How few study this important part of Christian duty! How few who have houses or homes, have the expansion of true charity, and the presence of their best friends throws them into a tremor, and they are ready to turn the disagreeable out of doors. They are in the habit of living entirely to themselves, which engenders dullness, listlessness, and a selfish spirit. The clergyman's wife was a perfect model of goodness and equanimity. I do not mean that she was one of those indifferent persons, of a perpetual smiling good-nature, who let nothing trouble them, because they happen to be born with such a disposition. She acted from a high motive, and had schooled herself by a Christian life; and since she became a parson's wife, she had been so often called to pass through the fires of petty vexation, that her temper had become formed and perfected like the finest Damascus steel.

It was with a bland smile that she received the guests.

“It is more than I would have done,” I think I hear a dozen Christian housekeepers exclaim, (if as many as that have read the state of the case,) and some of them clergymen’s wives, too.

I know it is more than you would have done ; but perhaps it is not more than you ought to have done. If you will allow me to be plain with you, you would have gone into the next room and whispered into your husband’s ear, while the forehead between your two eyes would have been corrugated into innumerable wrinkles, “Vexation ! I cannot take care of all these people. You must send them out of doors. Did you ever know anything so vulgar and presumptuous ?”

“Oh ! my dear, we must try and be polite to them. Perhaps they will go away of their own accord, presently.”

“I don’t know ; we have no room for them ; we cannot accommodate them. There is no use of talking about the matter—you must hint to them in the best manner that you can, that they must be gone before night. Do they think that we keep a tavern ?”

That is the pretty little dramatic scene which would have been enacted in your household in case of such an overwhelming emigration from the

West. From the kitchen to the cock-loft there would have been nothing but hurry-scurry and confusion, awful anticipations about the next day's dinner, pulling off sheets and pillow-cases, with many an angry commentary out of pantries, hurried communications with the nearest neighbour to borrow saleratus, milk, flour, butter, a tub, or a tin kettle; children tumbling head over heels down stairs, as they are apt to do on such occasions, to make the confusion greater, and the plot thicken.

"Oh! dear me, do go and see; I believe John is killed. Are you hurt, my dear boy?"

"No."

"Then you shall be whipt."

In the mean time, the guests in the parlour would be hearkening to all this racket, and trying all their might to be entertained, by turning over the show-books with gilt pages and pictures on the table. Is not this true? "Yes," methinks I hear the spirited and evangelical Rev. Mrs. Crookshank observe, "I should have had my household put in no such confusion, but after inquiring the state of religion in the Far West, I should have been perfectly candid with Mrs. Coolman, for I hold candour to be a Christian virtue, and should have then shown them the way to the tavern."

"Therein I think you would have done very

wrong, Mrs. Crookshank, for in entertaining strangers, some have entertained angels unawares."

"There are other Christian duties besides and ——"

"Nay, nay, do not put your hand on the famous Bible, which is on the little stand beside you. I know that you can put your finger on chapter and verse, a facility contracted from your much talking on evangelical topics, but it is my opinion that the Christian graces stand or fall together."

But to dispense with such imaginary cases, I will attend to the one in hand. If Mrs. Admull was not so voluble a talker as the aforesaid Mrs. Crookshank, not so active in Dorcas Association for the promotion of nonsensical, unpractical, impracticable schemes, (the religious Quixotism of the day:—I hope that nobody will be offended with me for speaking plain,) she was not the least prompt and active in any immediate duty. I saw her husband was not standing at the gate by the side of his reverend brother, with his fore-finger pointing up the street in the direction of the tavern saying, "First you turn this way, and then that," but he was quietly conversing after dinner with his new friend, while his wife was gliding about the house as noiselessly as a sylph; and when Mr. Coolman stepped into the hall a few minutes after his immense pile of luggage, consisting of trunks



bandboxes and portmanteaus, had melted silently away. It had been conveyed up stairs, and arranged in a tidy apartment, whose toilet-table and pure white linen were conspicuous. He and his wife were made happy and contented, while his children were romping about as if they were in the Far West. It appeared that he had come to this part of the country with his family, to see a relative, and also, Providence permitting, to "settle." In this respect he expressed his views very freely to the Rev. Mr. Admuller. He asked him if he was aware of any vacant parish in these regions, for although he had lived many years in the West, he should "like a change," both for his own sake and that of his family. On this point very little encouragement could be given. The parishes were few and far between, and none vacant. St. Bardolph's was by no means a standard of the others. That was one of the largest and best. At most other points, with the exception of the cities, there had as yet been formed the mere nucleus of a Church. Moreover, it was to be presumed that the genius of the new-comer was too coarse, as it was evident from his conversation that he came from a region where they wore mittens, and not gloves, and that he was more accustomed to handle an axe than a pen.

Mr. Admuller however, very kindly conversed

with him on the project, and gave him all the information in his power, stating the difficulties which might lie in his way, which did not have much effect on the mind of Brother Coolman. He seemed not to realize the fact that it required a different set of qualities to emigrate from East to West than from West to East, but thought that the same could stand him equally instead everywhere. While in the one case there was in every profession a demand for physical power, as an indispensable accompaniment; in the other there was a growing taste for eloquence, the arts, and graces of society. The clergy were expected to represent and unite the highest education, intellect, and respectability.

In the course of a day or two, when it became generally known that a clergyman was a guest at the Rectory, some of the wardens and vestrymen called to pay their respects: among others, Mr. Pipperell, who was very obsequious, and invited Mr. Coolman to visit his splendid abode. The latter did not make much delay in accepting the invitation, and was delighted with everything which he saw, and he was industriously taken around to see everything. Indeed, he assured the owner that he had never beheld any house or grounds at all comparable; such high rooms, such a stretch of landscape, such a profusion of flowers!

and then the pictures on the walls, stiff, brick-dust, ridiculously accurate likenesses of the different members of Mr. Pipperell's family, both of the present and previous generations. His grandmother, with protuberant chin, in the act of knitting; his former wife, as sitting for her picture; and himself in reflective mood, with his chin upon his hand, and his elbow upon an end-wise book, labelled on the back, "Revised Statutes." They were good likenesses, but decidedly bad pictures, and by no means came from the brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Pipperell had the weakness to admire admiration; he was therefore favourably impressed with the Western clergyman; he thought that he was an honest, simple-minded, no doubt, very good man, and *he invited him to preach* on the next Sunday, and Mr. Coolman *accepted the invitation*. In the mean time he passed his time pleasantly, while Mr. Admuller was in his study, in going about and getting "acquainted with folks." He held conversations over garden walls, and stopped frequently to talk about crops and farming. He walked about the church, entered the grave-yard, read the tomb-stones, climbed the hill-tops, admired the richness of the land, the rolling fields, and the expansive river. Then he used to return to the Rectory and smoke his pipe in the parlour, making it necessary for the window

sashes to be raised twenty times a day, and annoying the Rector's wife exceedingly. But at last Mr. Admuller told him good-humoredly, that if he would come into his study, make himself perfectly at home, take the arm-chair, and put his heels on the table, he could furnish him with a meerschaum and some of the best Turkish tobacco;—to which he acceded. One day after dinner he was so employed, when the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness arrived, and there was the chance of seeing two very queer people together. In a few minutes Mr. Pipperell also came in, who after some common-places, said that as he had no doubt that “some of our people would be very much pleased to hear the new comer, he had taken it upon him in the name of the congregation, to extend an invitation to the Rev. gentleman.” A flash of indignation passed over the Rector's face, but before he had time to say a word, his friend, the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness, who was standing with his back to the fire, remarked, without changing a muscle:—

“You seem to have very little idea, sir, of relative positions, and that you are assuming an office which does not belong to you. Were you in my parish—and I thank God that there is not a single rich man in it—I should teach you differently; and I am afraid that my friend, Mr. Admuller,

is not done his duty by you;—otherwise, you could surely know better than to invite a stranger into your Rector's pulpit. That is not your prerogative. Certainly not. It belongs to your Rector, and if he is too faint-hearted to tell you plainly—you know I am a stranger and have no particular fear for you—I will do it for him. I am perfectly surprised at you. Sir, let me tell you that you do not know your duty; or if you do, you do not perform it."

At this so unexpected assault upon his greatness, Mr. Pipperell's indignation was too much aroused for words; his cheeks and stomach swelled toad-like, and he remained dumb. Mr. Coolman stared with a stolid expression, and Mr. Admuller looked embarrassed, while Mr. Binckley snapped his fingers behind his back, and continued:—

"Mr. Coolman may be the right kind of man, and he may not. I don't know anything about his principles—neither do you. He may be Arminian, or Calvinistic, Hopkinsian, Socinian, or Latitudinarian. I don't know what he is. I am very glad to meet with Mr. Coolman, and sincerely hope that we agree on all points. If he is a good Churchman, and I have no reason for supposing that he is not, he will certainly acknowledge that what I have said is correct." Just at

this moment, when matters seemed approaching an unpleasant crisis, the door was gently opened, as if on an oiled hinge, and Mrs. Admuller entered smiling, with a basket of red-cheeked, polished apples. Her presence relieved the company very much. Mr. Admuller took a dexterous advantage of it to turn the tide of conversation; and the Rev. the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness, forgetting his queerness and didactics, began to pass jokes and eat apples with all his might. No doubt, Mrs. Admuller, from a certain instinct, knowing that there would be trouble if the aforesaid parties were collected in her husband's study, had entered in the nick of time; which shows how valuable is a clergyman's wife who possesses a good disposition and tact.

Mr. Pipperell presently took up his hat, and went away almost stupified; for he had not dreamed of being opposed in his wishes—since he became rich. He told how shamefully the stranger clergyman had been insulted in Mr. Admuller's study, and how his own feelings were wounded; and if he could not be better protected in that house, he would never enter it again. This doctrine he instilled into several of his tenants, who were members of the Church, and who scrupulously agreed with Mr. Pipperell in everything which he said. They all unanimously agreed that the whole

transaction was shameful, and each received a piece of roast beef as a reward for their opinions.

The Rev. Mr. Coolman, from the papers which he had with him, was a regularly-ordained and accredited minister of our Church, and as such Mr. Admuller had already acknowledged him, and had given him an invitation to officiate at St. Bardolph's, before the visit of Mr. Pipperell. On the following Sunday, he accordingly assisted in reading prayers, and *preached a sermon!* It is of this latter that I would design to speak. To say the least, it was in very bad taste. It had neither head nor tail, beginning nor end;—it contained no distinctive principle which would impress itself on the mind of the congregation, and altogether it would be very hard to tell what the preacher was driving at. To judge from his manner, although he had nothing to say, you would think that the interests of Christendom depended on what he did say. He elevated his voice, he slammed the cushion, he sawed the air with his arm, he hammered and thumped. When the service was over, one said, "Pray, who is that?"—another, "We must have had a blacksmith to-day!—one would have supposed that he was striking on the anvil."—A third remarked, "I have listened attentively, but could not follow the thread of the discourse. What was it?"—A fourth, "What was

the sermon about to day?—I don't go to sleep in Church; but I cannot tell."—

But Mr. PippereU said,—“That man speak with some power. I wish we had a few more such sermons, they would do us some good.” And Mr PippereU's tenants and servants repeated, “If we had a few more such sermons, they would do us some good !”—

Mr. Admuller thought to himself that his friend must have belonged at some time to the sect called Ranters, and he was nearly right, though not exactly. But he had been a preacher of some denomination nearly allied thereto; and on the visit of one of our Missionary Bishops, he permitted the Bishop the use of his building to hold confirmation in, for the consideration of five dollars, which was cheerfully assented to, and three persons were confirmed. This was fifty years ago and not long since, in what was then a village now a city, seventy kneeled to receive, at the hands of a beloved Bishop, the beautiful rite; and where there was nothing then but cold, uncultivated, barren clods, now all looks cheering, and there are thousands who are attracted by the ritual of our beloved Church.

After the aforesaid visit, the Missionary proved himself so personally agreeable to the Rev. Mr. Coolman, and the latter was likewise so fascinate

with the Liturgy of the Church, that he immediately entertained thoughts of changing his connection. He opened his mind to the Bishop, who answered his inquiries, but on the very next day was in his carriage travelling to a still more remote part of the Diocese.

Mr. Coolman began to read books on Episcopal Ordination, and he presently, to the great surprise of those who knew him, announced his intention to apply for orders in the Church. He did so, but his history afterwards proved, as I will show, that he was one who wavereth like a wave of the sea.

I am very sorry to have it to record, that he made a very ill return for all the kindness and hospitality which he had experienced in the Rector's family. He remained for some weeks, during which time he "spooked about," made himself acquainted with the affairs of the parish, formed an enduring friendship for Mr. Pipperell, examined every vulnerable part of the Rector's policy, and although living under his own roof, actually took measures to undermine him in his own parish. Such dastardly conduct would appear to many almost incredible, as coming from a Minister of the Cross; but it is true, and I could appeal to not one, but many, to know whether this be only fiction or positive fact. This undermining process

has been applied in many instances by the very men who, of all others, should be the representatives of everything which is noble, and just, and true, and generous in man—the ministers of our Lord. Mr. Coolman tried to undermine the Rector, and to get possession of the parish; but he was not the man to succeed in an attempt like this. He was too coarse and vulgar to please the families of Westchester, which was even then the garden of the State; and beside, the Rector was as yet too fresh in his ministry; he had too many with him and too few against. The connection between a pastor and his people is so holy and closely knitted, that it cannot be dissolved at pleasure. It is like that of a father with his children. He may be unworthy, he may commit sin, he may act inconsistently with his office, but he cannot be shuffled off like an old shoe. He cannot be divested of that office:—he still demands, and he ought to receive from his obedient children, respect and love; and I would that this true idea might be wafted farther than the merit of these humble pages will ever carry it.

I am now entering upon the beginning of troubles, and call to witness those who know whether there is a single statement in my disjointed sketch which has not its counterpart in the experience of some clergyman who yet lives? It is

all true and real :—true as Holy Writ, and real as life.

On the very next Sunday, Mr. Coolman preached a discourse, which to say nothing of its bad taste, contained so much that was objectionable in doctrine, and opposed to the Rector's views, that the latter was compelled to apply an antidote on the spot. He silenced the preacher, and a very unpleasant scene ensued. His Western brother took offence, and the next day, with all his family, departed for the Far West, where not succeeding in his calling as a minister of the Church, he afterwards taught school, and went over to the denomination of Free-Will Baptists.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTAINING SOME REMARKS ON THE ADVENTURE RECOUNTED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER, AND THE PARALLEL CASE OF MR. KINKINCLE, WITH SUNDEY REFLECTIONS.

HAD not the Rector of St. Bardolph's shown a firmness fully equal to his suavity and Christian hospitality, though he could not have been supplanted, he might have been made the victim of the aforesaid adventurer. Like the unfortunate Mr. Golightly, he might possibly have been compelled to shake off the dust of his feet, and in tears to bid farewell to his beloved parish. As such cases are not without a moral, and afford very good precedents, I will record something which came under my own knowledge, not a hundred years ago, and not a hundred miles from St. Bardolph's Rectory, albeit the sufferer was not attached to our Church, but a very worthy man of the Presbyterian persuasion.

The REV. MR. KINKINCLE, who preached in a small meeting-house on Sky-High Hill, Fairfax County, was the meekest of the meek, and the most humble of the humble. His talents were not of the first order, but like his attainments and scholarship, they were sufficiently respectable. All loved him for his warm heart, his social qualities:—as a painstaking preacher, as a devout man of God. His stature was very small, and he was generally known in his parish by the appellation of “our little man.” He was “passing rich” at three hundred dollars a year, and on this he contrived to support a spirited wife, and ten children—a horse and two cows—though these in turn contributed to his support, except the children. But this was not all. He accomplished wonders with it; he was indeed a model, and by many considered a miracle of economy. To make three hundred dollars accomplish what it did, seemed like a feat of jugglery, or demoniac art; but he could truly say, as most of the jugglers do when they come upon the stage, “here is no diablerie,” (that was indeed out of his line,) “I show you nothing which is not brought about by natural causes. You see only the result, which you do not comprehend; but the method, which is concealed from you, could be made clear, even to the understanding of a child.” When I have

told what stupendous things he did with this three hundred dollars—three hundred dollars! a mere snowball, which melts away by the very warmth and pressure of the hand which holds it, and while it holds it!—my hearers have often laughed, and said that I wanted to make a good story. I wanted to do no such thing: I desired to *tell* a good story which was already made to my hands, and that it might have an effect upon those who have plenty yet are ever grumbling that they are unable to make both ends meet. I assure you that there is no exaggeration about it; but it could be proved every year by the double columns of Mr. Kinkin-
cle's books, the one showing what he had received, the other, spent. Three hundred dollars can do as much for one man, as three thousand can for another, although I do not happen to be that one man.

Well, for this sum I will tell you what Mr. Kinkin-
cle was able to perform or exhibit in the course of a current year. That he actually did what I say, I know, because he had no bank stocks, or other securities, and owed not a penny in the world. He *lived well*. That is to say he had good bread and butter, coffee, tea, vegetables, and meat, every day, and plenty of them. He *educated his children*, and as his sons grew up, he sent them to college. He *entertained a great deal*

of company, and his wife was not deficient in sweetmeats. He always had a spare bed-room, and never turned a stranger away, while many strangers who had no claim called on him. He travelled a great deal in the course of the year, especially to the city, where he had to pay his own expenses, and those whom he had often entertained with his best fare, never thought even of asking him to dine. He gave liberally for objects of charity. Lastly, he *laid up* a snug little sum every year. *How* he did all this with his revenue, we will forbear to inquire. That would dissolve the charm of mystery. Beside, those who laugh outright, disbelieve, and ask the question, would not be apt to profit by the knowledge. Therefore, they must even remain poor on five times the money, and in debt beside.

Having described his economy, I have not told half his virtues. His labors were incessant. Every night he attended prayer meetings, and every Sunday preached three sermons each an hour long. He visited his parishioners every day in the week, and had long conversations with old deaf ladies. In this way he expended more of his lungs than in the pulpit. With such a man to be their pastor, who listened patiently to complaints, yet never complained, if his people were not suited, they were undeserving of a better.

Indeed, they loved him much. There was not heard a dissenting voice till Rev. Mr. Dissemblen came. He also was a Son of Thunder. He hammered the pulpit cushion, tore the ancient Bible to pieces, and got up a Revival of Religion in the parish. Many experienced a change of heart, and when asked, as they all were, at what precise instant of time they dated this conversion, they all placed it at a day posterior to Mr. Kinkingle's ministrations, even to the first hour, "blessed be God," when they heard the sound of brother Dissemblen's voice. Then he put his arms round their necks, whether young women or young men, (for few old sinners were turned,) and told them affectionately that they must have "large desires," and must "dig deep." At last he completely won the hearts of the new converts, and they thought that a man who had been the "instrument of so much good," was alone fitted to guide them. Their own pastor appeared cold and dead, "without the fruits of vital religion." So they determined to oust him, while he who had only come to be a "co-worker in the Lord's vineyard," with his brother, lent a ready help. Mr. Kinkingle was hurt and wounded to the quick, the spirit of his wife rose in arms, and in a moment of disgust he abandoned them forever. His successor shortly after also left the field so lately won, but not until it had become

cathed and blackened as if a red-hot fire had swept over it ; not until the hearts which were once alive to religious impressions had become as callous as stones ; not until there ensued a season of total deadness and depravity, such as had not been known.

The above is but another instance to prove the want of appreciation, the weakness and ingratitude which the clergy have to contend with in parishes. ; also shows a contemptible destitution of honour and Christian nobleness on the part of some who are numbered among the clergy, in doing so dastardly an act as that which has been recorded in the foregoing pages. Some men seem to think that religion has little to do with ordinary relations, and that they can rise high over these into the ethereal atmosphere of the feelings. In other words, that they can get near to God without going through the duties which they owe to their fellow-men. Some who can indulge in high transports, almost basking, as they express it, in the sunshine of God's presence, will go out in the world and drive the keenest bargain which was ever made to defraud the widow and the orphan. Though they maintain a severe front, and refuse to relax the brows in innocent merriment, they catch the essential spirit of worldliness, by being absorbed in the lust of gain, and in the intense selfishness of their

hearts, ever cutting the most blessed bond of charity.

To return to the subject of which we were just speaking, it is astonishing what mischief is wrought by rude intruders into other men's parishes. There are many who would not intentionally act in an unchristian manner, much less emulate the example of Mr. Admuller's visitor, yet they seem unmindful or ignorant of the delicate relations which immediately spring up the moment that they enter upon precincts which are not their own. Some strangers, on being invited into a friend's pulpit, seize the occasion to swerve from the ordinary teaching of ordinary doctrines, and broach the most delicate topics, which the Rector himself is wont to handle with timidity and care. He brings these subjects before his people rarely, and in the most guarded manner, not without having studied deeply how he may do it so as to convey no false impressions—so as not to be misunderstood by the well-meaning but ignorant. *They* rudely thrust their random remarks and reflections into the very faces of the congregation, while the Rector sits below in the chancel in the great arm-chair, casting up uneasy looks, and covering his face with his sleeves for mortification. Others, at such a time, fulminate their opinions, however liable to animadversion, as if their feet were on their native soil,

and their name McGregor. The late Rev. Dr. Miller (Presbyterian,) who was in all points a perfect gentleman, after the precise and punctilious order of the old school, once wrote a book on the principles of clerical etiquette, which, like everything which he did, was composed with care, and may be still read with profit. It is intended to suit the case of those who are very green, green as grass, but who are willing to learn. With respect to all intruders, "squatters," and itinerant wolves, we suppose that they are *ultra terminum*, beyond the limits of any appeal which may be made to a sense of Christian honor.

When Mr. Coolman went away, although he had accomplished nothing for himself, I did not mean to say that his visit was without harm to the peace of the parish, or of the Rector. There were quarters where he had planted the seeds of evil which afterwards sprang up. For some thought Mr. Admuller was very forbidding and unapproachable, and his wife had an air and carriage quite too delicate. They liked one who could grab them with a hand as coarse as Mr. Coolman's, and a fat, vulgar woman to buzz about them, something like Mrs. Coolman. They were quite taken with his manners, and they liked his "sarmons" very well. Mr. Pippereil liked him. He said he did.

The Rector never gave these things a second

thought, but went quietly about his business; and the business of the parish always kept him employed. He did more by his industry for the Church in Westchester than any man who went before him, and as much as any man who has yet succeeded him in office. He was engaged in forming new parishes within his bounds. This was a work full of difficulty and discouragement. It required faith, patience, and a devoted attachment to the principles of the Church. He would drive eight or ten miles after having held his two services at St. Bardolph's, to hold an evening service in a schoolhouse. When he arrived, there would be assembled about three churchmen, who were anxious for his presence, ten or a dozen others who had come out of curiosity, and a few whom he had brought with him to make the responses, and give effect to the service. He would preach as earnest a discourse to these few as if he addressed a multitude; and although the scene was then cold, and, as the winter, cheerless; though he never lived to behold the seed grown, or the harvest gathered, already his successors have seen the fields white, and have reaped abundantly. Where once the few worshippers were gathered, now rises the graceful spire over some little temple of God; and as the Sunday bells sound cheerily, hundreds flock together to unite in the beautiful services of the

Church. The good Bishop often comes, and his presence is a token of Christian fellowship throughout the parish bounds. It is a festival of rejoicing; all classes gather around him with affection, and the day, which is long anticipated, is remembered long.

Some of the most flourishing churches in the country have had their origin from the persevering efforts of devoted men, who were at first mocked, and for a long time content to see no result of their labors. They acted, perhaps, as lay readers in houses where two or three would be met together. In a short time there would be a great borrowing of chairs and benches from the neighbours. Very soon a complaint would arise of the want of room, and the next step would be the fitting up of a hall, or loft. At last, the foundation stone would be solemnly laid of a neat church, to be devoted to the service of Almighty God

Those who are employed in such noble labours have little time to brood over the ordinary vexations of the world. They are too elevated to busy themselves in ransacking the origin of petty reports, or investigating petty local topics; a disposition which arises from living in small neighborhoods, where there is too little stirring to excite the vigorous mind. No man was more free than Mr. Admuller from any frailty of this kind. He looked above

the fields of all contemptible, little warfare, to the objects for which he strung his nerves, and toward which he directed his noblest ambition. The sources whence he drew consolation were deep and pure enough to solace him for any casual sting which ignorance, or thoughtlessness, or ingratitude, could inflict. Hence, the visit of Mr. Coolman gave him very little uneasiness, although his memory remained in the musk-like duration of the fumes of tobacco. On the Sunday after his departure, as he was at that time exposed to the very dangerous navigation of Lake Erie, there was offered up in St. Bardolph's Church, for him and his family, the prayer "for persons gone to sea."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT ST. BARDOLPH'S, AND ITS EXCELLENT ORGANIZATION, WITH A GOOD WORD FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF THE RIGHT SORT.

IN this ancient parish, the most interesting feature was the Sunday-school. At least an hundred children were under regular religious training, which had never been intermitted since the foundations of the Church were laid. To this circumstance alone, the present comparative prosperity might be assigned. Accessions in any other way are purely accidental; and the mere addition of numbers avails nothing, if composed of those not educated in the principles of the Church. The Church, at the present day will not owe its efficiency so much either to converts or proselytes. These are ~~the~~ apt to bring with them the

taint of early prejudice and education ; to acquaint themselves indifferently with the true doctrines of the cause which they have espoused, or perhaps with the enthusiasm of novices to distinguish themselves by running into violent extremes. Some, like Mr. Coolman, being disappointed in their hopes, easily relapse into the errors from which they seem to have withdrawn ; nor can it be doubted that others have been deliberately transplanted from adverse seminaries with the hope, or rather the arrogant presumption, of reforming the body into which they come. But the hope and promise of every rising Church is in the young, because humility, and obedience, and reverence, which can with the utmost difficulty be acquired in the full grown man, are easily inculcated in the child. The Holy Spirit hovers above the font where the young are brought to be baptized ; but at a later period the hand of Jesus must by a miracle fairly drag the unbelieving from the troubled waves. Not to cherish the old is a crime, flagrant and heinous but it curses the earth because the old have first neglected the young.

The children of St. Bardolph's formed a large part of the congregation, and were extremely well behaved and attentive listeners. With cheerful shining faces, neatly dressed, and little folded kerchiefs and prayer-books in their hands, it wa

a treat to see them on a summer's day, as at the hour of morning service they ushered from their homes in the direction of the parish church. Some belonged to wealthy parents in the vicinity, others came from poor houses, and many walked even miles out of the ordinary routes, over fenced fields, and by-paths, and styles, wooed by the sound of the church-going bell. The church-going bell! It has a magic, moral influence, and the sweeter-toned the better. It is not only that it reminds the people that the hour of prayers has come, but vibrates to so many linked and tender associations. I, for one, wherever a village church is to be built, would have, not only the sound of organs, but, if possible, even of musical chimes, that the children of a parish might be brought up within hearing of them, and that the grown man, when he returns to the village where he was born, may have his best memories revived, and weep when he listens to them. At the close of morning service, the young people gathered around the chancel, presenting a spectacle which would have delighted the heart of Mr. Robert Raikes. But in fact this Sunday-school had been established before the existence of Mr. Robert Raikes, because catechetical instruction is an inherent part of the system of the Church. True, the assembly was not composed of a great many classes, or many teachers. But the con-

stitution of the Sunday-school was somewhat thus: Superintendent, Mr. Admuller; teacher, Mr. Admuller; librarian, Mr. Admuller. In fact, the Rector felt that his personal supervision of the young was the most imperative part of duty as a Church clergyman. Therefore what properly devolved on him he did not think fit to commit to the most excellent subordinates. A master workman will look out for the foundations, and in a well-ordered parish the Rector does not find it too burdensome to instruct all the children of his flock in the first principles of Christian knowledge. In large cities, where there are multitudes of the poor and ignorant, to whom no place is assigned in the well-warmed, well-cushioned, well-carpeted churches, where Gayety and Fashion, for a change of sensation, are wheeled on a Sunday morning to listen to "crack preachers," the benevolent institution of Mr. Raikes comes admirably into play. These children are too ragged to be brought into respectable churches, and to be collected around the chancel rails, to partake of regular catechetical instruction from the pastor's own lips. They must be removed into school-rooms, whose associations are by no means sacred, and where they receive from him at best an indifferent supervision. What the Church leaves undone through its authorized ministers, the well-disposed and benevolent take

up and accomplish. Because thousands of the flock are at large within parish-bounds, having no shepherd, it is well that some are found to go after them, and to enfold them, so that they may at least be taught to read and to know that there is a God and Saviour of mankind. There are many benevolent institutions of the present day, apart from the Church, whose objects are to feed the hungry, to clothe the destitute, to tend the sick and the dying, which are a standing reproach to the Church of God, which is able to accomplish these things, and does it not. All honor and esteem, then, to the memory of Mr. Raikes, and those who have succeeded him, for the good which they have done in collecting the poor and destitute children from the streets and lanes of the city on the Lord's Day; but if it be possible, (as it is,) we respectfully submit, whether a better plan would not be for the regularly constituted minister to take the matter into his own hands, and with his own lips to instruct these children individually, or if too many, collectively, at the chancel-rails? Such, at any rate, was the system pursued at St. Bardolph's, and its effect was most salutary. The young were thus early trained in a regard and reverence for those who were placed over them, imbibed some knowledge of the principles of the Faith into which they were baptized, and some little inkling of that

Catholic obedience, the want of which gives
Church over to dissension, and its clergy t
tender mercy of demagogues.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH ARE MENTIONED SOME FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE RECTOR'S FAMILY; WITH A PLEA FOR CLERGYMEN'S CHILDREN, COMBATING THE PREVAILING OPINION THAT THEY ARE MORE INTRACTABLE THAN OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN, AND SHOWING THE ORIGIN OF THE SAME.

THE few pages which we have written, nevertheless include many years, and those the most important in the life and ministry of the Rev. Mr. Admuller, yet we have scarce alluded to him except in connection with parochial matters. With the *domestic* affairs of the clergy all persons are supposed to be familiarly acquainted, and they are published without being written. We should therefore be behind the age in telling mere family matters, which have already been in the mouths of men, familiar as household words. That our

Rector had a numerous family, has already been anticipated, for "they say" that clergymen are always blest with large progeny. If he formed no exception to this rule, and if his wife were like the fruitful vine, his children were at least undeserving of the common opprobrium which is unjustly heaped on these little clerical innocents. They did not rob the neighbour's gardens, pluck the apples, peaches, and melons, just erubescant in the sun, were not wild and incorrigible at school, or out of doors, and not even a nuisance at home. They were all "good boys," amiable and well-behaved little girls; indeed an example to all the little boys and little girls in the parish. There is truth in the transmission of qualities, and they inherited honesty from both parents, and a great regard for other people's feelings; and little as their feet were, they by no means planted their little feet on other people's toes. For they were early taught, and it was a part of their Christian education, that this was rude and naughty, for toes, by the cramping of civilization, have become sensitive and very tender. Among other virtues possessed by the little Admullers, from the infant just beginning to talk, to Robert, the eldest son, æt. twelve years, they conversed affably when spoken to, but did not make a great clack, or great clatter, when others were in the midst of an

interesting colloquy. In short, they kept themselves, or were kept, out of the way, where their society was not needed, nor was the eldest ever requested to step into the middle of the floor, nor coaxed, and importuned, and wheedled by every pressing argument, to be so obliging for the amusement of the guests, as to speak in his best manner, "My name is Norval." They merely babbled as other juveniles, bawled aloud in the nursery to expand their lungs, or whined and fretted when they were teething. This was natural. Nevertheless, the people of St. Bardolph's *did* give them the name of being mischievous, because the eldest boy, one day in going to school, picked up a cant phrase from two boys who were quarrelling near a pump, and afterwards applied the same.

Is it not a popular fallacy, this imputing of peculiar delinquency to the little ones of parsons? Is there not something of a Herodian spirit in this onslaught on their tender reputations?

It is, however, true, that all things being equal, they compare favorably with the best laic children; only, like their parents, they are subject to severer scrutiny, by superiority of juvenile position. In *them* we have a right to look for the force of example, and for the fruits of religious training. They are so many little animated *ser-*

mons, on which the congregation of the public puts a very fixed gaze, or rather *glare*, (such as would do honour to them on other occasions,) and very anxiously await the "improvement." Of course, like all sermons, these are liable to public remark. One and another says of them, "They are dressed in too much ambitious finery," they are "negligent, and show a want of care," "the fair leaves of their conduct seem to be blotted," they are "rambling," they are "too noisy and vociferous," they are "miserable and without force"—it is, in short, because the little things do not know that they are preaching sermons. They think not of the *effect* which they produce. They are like cherubs sculptured in basso-relievo on the columns which support the churches; and all the little cherubs who are brought to church may be tattered and torn and soiled, but every body looks up and remarks if there is any defacement of the cherubs sculptured in basso-relievo.

To drop *figures*, after an exemplary clergyman, the people look (and we suppose that they have a right) to an exemplary clergyman's wife, and after her, to an exemplary clergyman's exemplary children. For a good minister, like a good man, does not preach or discourse only in the formal act of discoursing. His family, his children, his servants, his well-weeded garden, his horse, his

cow, his calf, his carriage, all preach a louder sermon to the world, and one may hammer the cushion to pieces, and exhaust the whole body of theology in the desk, while, through the informal teaching of his household, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. To this kind of discourse all people give attention. In fact, there is more *sermon* in everything than *in sermons*. If (as the great bard expresses it) sermons are to be found in stones, much more when stones, as in the Arabian story of enchantment, are changed into a congregation of human beings, and these last are composed of *minister's children*. They cry out, and babble, and defeat the purpose of the fathers who are struggling up the hill, so that their effort is fruitless, and themselves petrified. This teaches the clergy to have a peculiar care of *all* sermons which are fulminated not merely in their *pulpits*, but in their families, in their walk, in their conversation. They may have their libraries filled with vellum-bound volumes and rare books, in the purchase of which they have expended one-half of their penurious salaries:— they may pore from Monday morning till Saturday night over dogmatic Theology, and truly we do “not undervalue,” as saith Bartold, dogmatic Theology; they may read, write, study, pray, preach, while other influences, over which they have con-

trol, annul their reading, writing, studying, praying preaching.

The haity are more jealous of their reputation than they are of their own; and if any handle be afforded by their conduct, they may rest assured that the more disingenuous will be sure to take hold of it. Among other things, they will always lift their *children* up by the ears, because while they have been sitting in their studies in an old case-sock, with the door locked, they have let the little creatures luxuriate abroad according to their natures, like vines untrimmed.

“Now we doe not deny,” as saith Bartholdy again, “that some of y^e little innocents be intrac-table, and heady, as they doe saie, though not in larger proportion, but if soe be, it doe arise from *two Mistakes*, (either of them be very great ones, in y^e conduct of their educacyon. And y^e first is that theyre parents be so strict with them, and doe so straitly make them conform to religious rule, that they conceive great disgust, and go into y^e opposite extream. For where y^e use of saying that wisdom’s waies are waies of pleasauntness when you doe make them very thornie and disagreeable to y^e younge, so cramping them in y^e naturall innocent instincts, and turning y^e Lord’s Daie into a perfect drudgerie, as y^e observance of it doe not require; so precludyng them from in

nocent amusement, which theyre age require, and makyng them to think it be a sinn, whereby being guiltie of disobeying such injuncyon, they doe naturally, by a very proclivity, goe very far in wickednesse. But y^e other faute is, that they doe not at all constrayne their offspring, but while they be very faithful to other peopel, neglect theyre own, in so much that they run vagabond, thereby giving occasyon among the not well-disposed to make remark. But as to clergyman's children's being, all thynges considered, worse than others, I for one doe not believe it."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTAINING A FEW SEASONABLE THOUGHTS ON BOOKS, SERMONS, AND HABITS OF STUDY ; AND A PEEP INTO THE RECTOR'S SANCTUM.

FROM his earliest life, Mr. Admuller had been a diligent student. The shelves of his library testified his researches and scholarship, not so much in being well filled as well selected. The possession of a few books such as his showed the knowledge of many. They were not picked up, but picked *out*, and consisted of the fine old golden Church-of-England writers on Theology, to say nothing of literary classics. There were very few show books flashing with gilt, but not golden—works of book-makers, not authors—dwindling modern disquisitions on themes anciently treated and thoroughly exhausted—grains of wheat in bushels of chaff—nor any useless old tomes, lum-

ering folios, with wooden, worm-eaten covers and brazen clasps, to clog up lower shelves and imply learning, while by their specific gravity they are sunken in a Dead Sea, or rolled over by the brighter and more vivacious tide of letters. Because a book is merely old, it is not worth having, although many appear to think so from the eagerness with which they transfer the rubbish of auction rooms, and cobwebby old cocklofts to their well-varnished Gothic libraries, and hug the reamy armful to exhibit for the edification of their friends, asking them if they "wish to see a curious old book." These look in vain for the title-page, examine the quaint old profane pictures, it may be, of God, (*horribile dictu!*) put their noses down to smell the must, and are satisfied. In their satisfaction consists that of the collectors, who wish by the company which they keep to arrogate a little of the sanctity of letters.

Mr. Pipperell who had four times as many books, thought he had four times as good a library as the Rector, although it presented a heterogeneous confusion : here a picked-up work of the kind just mentioned, in loving proximity with a stray volume of Tom Jones, kept in countenance at a little distance by Harvey's Meditations, Alleine's Alarm, and Baxter's Saint's Rest, while the latter

were in turn put to the blush by the farces of the undevotional Foot.

Mr. Admuller's library, such as it was, cost him much money, and much self-denial; and especially among the poorer clergy a collection of books, such as they imperatively need, is a severe exaction on their scanty pittances, for they are only to be bought at high prices, and every volume suggestive of something less pleasant, if not less profitable, than its contents. Those works of golden-mouthed Jeremy Taylor, those excellent editions of Drs. South, and Barrow, Hall, and Fuller, that rare copy of St. Augustine, represent some coat threadbare, some hat shockingly bad, some pleasant journey foregone, some temporary gratification forfeited. Nay, the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness carried the point a little farther, for in order that he might possess a good edition of the Fathers in the original, he made a compact with his old horse to go without oats for six months. "And surelie," says Bartoldus, (for I must occasionally be quoting my old friend and favorite, the possession of whose MSS., which have never yet, except in these pages, been committed to print, I consider among the greatest treasures in my own scanty library,) "surelie it is better to wear a threadbare cassock than to lack material and illustration wherewith to clothe y'

mind's thoughts. For y^e most originall discourse sure to be jejune enough without y^e help of other authours, and what our ministrations worth in fact without y^e pith and marrow of y^e olden divines, who have such rare art in y^e compress of rare learnyng? Not till this daie cease I to lament y^e loss of *Bildery de Argonaut*, burned in y^e conflagratioun on Woodlawn Heath, some six years agoe. And surelie it is better to go without strong meat and live on herbes than to want nutriment for y^e mind, and above all thynges in parochial discourses, how much varietie of learning is essential to foil y^e casuist, or y^e infidel with his own weapons."

Nothing can be more sensible than the above remarks of Bartoldus, and, indeed, if parishes knew, or would consider the necessity and value of books to him whom they expect to administer to them in sacred things, they would regard these as indispensable as a parsonage, and seek to supply his library as well as his larder. But it is lamentable to think that among the unlettered, or even moderately learned, what is called "head work" is regarded *no work*, and, of course, *no work* can be performed without tools. Your good-natured farmers, mechanics, and day-laborers;—in the city, your good-natured merchants, regard the work of composition as no tax, and the preparation

for it insignificant, and not worth mention. "A you have plenty of spare time, come and see u often." The question is, whether pulpit ministrations are an extremely important, not to be neglected part of parochial duty. If that be granted, you have the word of every parish priest that to make them subservient to the end of preaching, involves excessive, anxious toil, as well as ample materials. At the risk of being considered tedious or impertinent, I shall transcribe a few ideas on this topic, taken from one of the many note books kept by the Rector of St. Bardolph's: for he made it a part of his daily business to jot down, as they occurred, the loose thoughts, suggestions, or incidents of each day, to be incorporated in his future discourses, or to be used as occasion required. I think that they are worthy of preservation; for a truer man, a better scholar, a more consistent, devoted Churchman and Christian gentleman, was not to be found at that time in the diocese of New York.

———"For when I sit down to indite a sermon for the next Lord's day," he says, "the thought almost paralyzes my hand, that what I attempt for this one occasion is of more serious moment than any thing in which I have been engaged, while every new occasion serves only to deepen the impression. If I had an important message to con-

vey from man, it would be responsibility enough to convey it with truth, swiftness, and precision. But to preach the everlasting gospel of Christ! Oh! if mere scribbling, an unhallowed heart, undigested themes, crude thoughts, bad style, or an attempt at glitter and paltry show, were ever out of place, it is in these messages which the angels of the churches bear. Discarding even thoughts like these, still I find this recurring task more arduous than the thoughtless would imagine, or than my own powers could perform, how to adapt my teaching to each new occasion, when each appears to be a crisis of itself. After several hours of painful consideration, when most people might suppose that I was idling away my time, and doing nothing, having selected a text suitable to the day or festival, as well as to the wants of the parish, or imminent necessity, I am at a loss to present it in all its richness, fullness, and glory. How clear and transparent should be the medium to gather into one focus the flood of light which streams from the Sun of Righteousness!"

The success of Mr. Admuller's pulpit ministrations, next to the ardor and depth of his piety, arose from the constancy and diligence of his study. Without this, no man will find his level so quick in any vocation as in the sacred ministry. There are those, who shed abroad a transitory blaze, and

reach a dangerous eminence, lured into an overweening opinion of themselves by the *prestige* of position, by the fondling flatteries of young ladies and aged women. And they scarcely know how to account for the seeming injustice which afterward consigns them to obscurity as men of ordinary parts.

When the bloom and freshness of their youthful cheeks are soon faded, and those fiery, random words wherewith they used to captivate are no longer becoming to maturer age, they fall sadly into disrepute for want of substance, while some new aspirant comes up to gather the empty honors which they have left behind. A gadding spirit, a dislike of study, a dependence on their superficial powers, brings their hope of usefulness to an early end. In Holy Orders, even the old man is compelled to keep up, in the close seclusion of his closet, the like habits of unintermitted study which he had in youth, and because he does it not, is why so many whose intellectual powers should be at their height, are already considered as "superannuated," and undone. Other causes, as will be shown, such as unpopularity, may have the same effect, to cast one into obscurity and disrespect. But where a vigor and efficiency of ministration still remain, we defy you to point out an instance where age is not considered rather a blessing than a curse.

The patriarchal form, the silvery head, are welcome ever by the hearth-stone, by the wayside, or in the assemblies ; but dearer still, when standing near the consecrated altar, or from the sacred desk, as with an apostle's voice there is expounded to listening ears the experience of the Christian soldier and the sage. We love to see the venerable Bishop, step by step, as if he went toward heaven, ascend the pulpit-steps, where, as he lifts his hands in benediction, the gentle Dove, (emblem of Heaven's peace) which lighted once upon the Saviour's form, invisibly or in actual shape, comes down to rest upon him.

The Rector of St. Bardolph's, in accordance with his own views thus expressed, spent much labour upon his compositions, nor was the first discourse which had so called forth the plaudits of Sir John Staples, and pleased the people of that parish, a crack sermon *par excellence*, as any reputation which he had gained in this way was not yet lost. It is true that there are those who are rich in the possession of one such crack discourse, and who being aware of its super-excellence, always put it in their portmanteau, and wherever they travel from pillar to post, deliver it as if it were span-new. But the fame of it reaches farther than they perhaps imagine.

“So you have had our worthy Rector to preach for you of late?”

“Yes.”

“What sermon did he give you?”

“Jonah’s Gourd.”

“Humph!—I thought so. We told him that it was the best that he had ever delivered. Since that the benefit of it is co-extensive with his travels. But it is the only tolerable discourse which the poor man has. He is in the long run the most hum-drum preacher I ever heard.”

Now the author of this sermon called Jonah’s Gourd, was always affected to tears at his own discourse, we suppose, on the principle, *si vis me flere primum flendum est tibi*. If you wish your audience to be touched, try and shed a few tears yourself. Perhaps it was an infirmity of the good old man that his feelings should be so stirred to mutiny by his own eloquence. But if tears descended as plentiful as dews of the night on Jonah’s Gourd, the channel of his ordinary discourse was really uncommonly dry. He contributed no more capital to his general stock. His eyes were weak, and reading, he said, with a sigh, almost out of the question—although he managed to digest the newspapers very thoroughly. Yes, and his head troubled him, he could not write. Therefore he must be content with the inter-

est of his stock of learning, not even acquiring the new information that the more restive and disrespectful of his hearers did not scruple to call him a terrible old bore. As to Jonah's Gourd, that was the proclusion of some happy moment—the last brilliant flicker of his latter-day glory,—done by the last drops of oil ever consumed in his study, where all the inkpots had been long since dry. For his house was as destitute of writing materials, with the exception of a few half sheets of old yellow paper, with rough edges, as the houses of some merchants, who refer you to their counting-rooms for red-ruled foolscap and deep pools of ink in leaden fonts. Nevertheless, with what a freshened air did he ascend the steps of some strange pulpit, and with what infinite zest, with already moistening eyes, did he take a comprehensive glance of the congregation, after having read “that passage of Scripture which we have selected for our improvement on this occasion:” *And the Lord God prepared a gourd and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief.*

The Rector of St. Bardolph's had also weak eyes, and showed the first symptoms of bronchial affection, but he did not therefore relax his studies, as his more precarious health seemed to require.

His means of relaxation since taking Orders had been few and simple. He at one time took a pride in keeping an excellent garden, and in vying with the neighbours in fruit and early vegetables. In the spring of the year he would sometimes put a few religious books in his pocket to distribute on the way, and following the example of his especial friend, the contemplative Izaak Walton, stray off into the meadows with rod and line, to captivate a few trouts in their favorite pools and recesses. With the shyest and most bashful of these he had a persuasive art which seldom failed to win them to his net. While others were flagellating the stream, shaking the bogs, indulging in a loud discursive dialogue, and catching nothing, he fore-shortening his figure at a distance from the brink, dropped a worm silently into some cool eddy and slipped a wriggling fish into his bag. Occasionally these baffled fishermen would cry out, "see how the parson is catching them!" and then in a few minutes cross over and take their stand by his side. Then exchanging places with them he would occupy their deserted position, and as the largest trout yet caught, with an outcry of admiration on their part, flashed in mid air, he would quietly embasket the same, and bid them good morning!

Another source of relaxation was found in those

social relations which spring up between a clergyman and his flock, wherein it is harder to establish an impartial conduct, and to satisfy unreasonable demands, than to gratify with "crack sermons" and *ne plus ultra* preaching. If one is reserved, he is observed to carry his head too high; if he is of a festive disposition he may transcend the limit of that sobriety which is consistent with a stiff, starched neck-cloth, and a crow-black coat: so that the only luxury of this kind allowed the clergy is an occasional genuine ha! ha! and in this it must be allowed that they sometimes indulge to an obstreperous degree. And who indeed would begrudge it as a remedy for diseased bronchial tubes? That they should ever be guilty of it on serious occasions would be incongruous and without excuse; but we suppose it may now and then be vouchsafed to this very solemn-looking class of people on the serving up of some fatted calf.

The above resources served the Rector as a set-off to his severer studies. But although he never lost his fondness for any, he restricted himself in all. When the extensiveness of his garden required too much expense or labor, and his potatoes became afflicted with disease, he inclosed it in a narrower fence, while his wife never neglected the flowers which clustered about the porch. When

his vernal recreation among the trout gave occasion for exercising the wagging tongues of those who think it a duty to be dogging the heels of a clergyman, and poking their insinulative noses into his private affairs, he very inconsiderately threw down the rod and gave up a recreation so innocent and required by his health. "Verilie," says Bartold, "fysshynge occassionally is a most proper pursuit for clericals, and by no means to be classed with Fowlyng or Fox-hunting. When I see one of my cloth sitting contemplative in shady Nook a-fysshynge, it remind me of Old Tymes, it Be so associated with Holy themes. But when I see one galloping about with your red-coated gentry, and with y^e yelping hounds leaping fences and putting y^e whole Countrie into Confusyon, I think he be a Shepherd out of place, and what devotionall thoughts he must have when he come to Evening Prayers. The echo of y^a horns and Hounds will still go up and vex his Ears in y^e midst of those Prayers, as if, saith Shakespere,

Another chase were in the sky?

When the Rector also found in the frequency of his social visits to his flock, and in the multiplicity of tea-drinkings annually made, that there

were some who filled his cleric ear with flying rumour, evil report, and confidential communication of the like kind, he first affected deafness, then placed his finger to his lip, and his palms to his ear-drum, and, last of all, knocked off the stimulating herb tea from the catalogue of luxuries, and confined himself to strict parochial visiting—a course of conduct which gave occasion to the remark that he was becoming more morose and did not cultivate the acquaintance of his people. He, however, devoted himself more to their interests by sinking into his study arm-chair, and by spending many hours of his daily life in those lubrications whereby he sought to edify the little flock which God entrusted to his care.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW MR. ADMULLER VERY INNOCENTLY PREACHES A SERMON WHICH IS CONSIDERED PERSONAL AND GIVES OFFENCE, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUBSEQUENT ANNOYANCES EXPERIENCED THEREBY—SOME REMARKS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE CLERGY—THE CHARACTER OF MRS. SPANGLES.

I OBSERVE by book catalogues that there is an English work entitled "Sufferings of the Clergy." It is not to be found on my own poverty-stricken shelves, whose contents exhibit the promiscuousness which I have sneered at as a feature in Mr. Pipperell's. I am not able to lay hands on it at present, but am informed that it treats of the melancholy days of the English Commonwealth, when canting hypocrisy and fanaticism, "hastening from one degree of injustice to another, to a universal anarchy, consummated the ruin of the ecclesiastical constitution."

Not only were the best sensibilities wounded by the defacement of many dear and venerable monuments, and the people deprived of the religious worship to which they were attached. Many clergy were ejected from their livings, to abide the peltings of that adverse and pitiless storm which then beat. They betook themselves to what callings they could to save their families from death; and some, like Herrick, gifted with literary tastes, wandered from their quiet pastures to London, the great heart of the world, where they made a shift to get along. Whatever has been written concerning these trials, the half has never been told. They were, no doubt, more easy to be borne by faithful and true men, on account of their very weight. The heart yields with sighs and tears to minor ills, and girds itself with staunch resolution when there is something hard to be borne. The petty annoyances which beset the clergy, are, perhaps, little known, and have been less recorded. The small, barbed arrows of contumely, the casual stings coming they know not whence, bruises and blunt blows, the crushing foot of vulgarity or pride, are matters of utter silence on their part, not of loud complaint. The internal corroding, worrying care, is only to be divined by the somewhat sunken, sallow cheek, or deep furrows on the brow. The continual and

unpleasant *espionage* to which their lives are subject, the indignities which their families are obliged to share, coupled for the most part with a state of abject dependence, call upon them always for the humility of Christians, and sometimes for a creeping, crawling servility, unworthy of the dignity of men. They who have wives, and dear children, can ill afford to stand erect, if there are those who expect them to crouch nearly double; and sad to say, the most gained by this attitude is a precarious toleration, not respect. "When I first entered into Holy Orders," said the Rev. Mr. Singleton, as he was one day after evening prayers conversing in the Rector's library, "I began to examine seriously whether I could possibly adopt certain popular views, instead of those set forth in the Prayer-Book. For my own peace, and that of my family, I did not wish to be shifting from pillar to post. Some person who gave a little more money than the rest in a parish, would be sure to take offence and make the position uncomfortable, and there would be no remedy but to depart. In honesty and sincerity I could not change my views, nor speak a different language than the Church spake. Whereupon, I have added the drudgery of schoolmaster to my vocation."

"That is the very thing," said the Rev. the Rector of St. John-in-the-Wilderness, who had in

the mean time entered, "which my people have long wished me to do, and I will do it not."

"Wherefore?" said Mr. Singleton.

"Because I hold that the vocation is separate, and one must have a distinct call to it. My vows forbid it. I am precluded from the training up of intellects by the cure of souls. No man can follow two callings at the same time without injury to either; in fact, without great injustice to both. The very demand arises out of lukewarmness, indifference, and contempt, and ignorance of sacred things. The yielding to it promotes and cherishes the same. How then, can I magnify mine office? I wish to teach my people that an attendance on divine services is something more than that which mere decency requires—that it is their duty not only to be *not heathen*, but Christians; that if they come driving up to the church just in time to hear a sermon, which they do not listen to, once a week, and drop a penny in the plate, the devil may yet have some hold on them for the week to come; that they have not done as much as is incumbent on them if they penuriously support 'a parson,' while they are rolling over in wealth, and engrossed in earthly things; that, indeed, mine office is not a mere sinecure, taxing but a few hours once a week, without labor, without care, without responsibility, when they do, in fact, hold

me responsible for many things, and when I *am* responsible for them at the present time, and shall be at the Day of Judgment."

Mr. Singleton shook his head and gave the argument to Mr. Binckley, with an intimation that the avowal of his sentiments out of doors would do no good, and would not mend the matter. To speak independently hardly consisted with being dependent. The voluntary system—

"In spite of wiseacres," replied the former, "is fraught with as much evil as any other system. Those who are fierce to destroy, seldom substitute anything better. Taking things as they are, must one totally succumb? I think it is better to resist before doing it."

"I doubt that," said Mr. Singleton, "unless you can show clearly the advantages of defeat. Let us avoid strifes betwixt the clergy and the laity. You must win them to the support of true principles—you cannot force them. I cannot yield my principles. I must not, if a crisis should come, be dependent on them for my daily bread. Therefore, I succumb to the voluntary principle—submit to necessity, and am a schoolmaster."

"Which I am not," said Mr. Binckley, walking up and down the study with his hands behind his back, "and which I will not be until, for the rest of my days, I become nothing else. It is enough

for me, at present, to attend to the sick, to bury the dead, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep myself unspotted from the world : to study the Epistle and Gospel for the next Lord's Day, and derive therefrom suitable instruction for the people under my charge. Am I to turn my house into a nursery, that my people may have the worth of their money out of me, get their noisy, unruly children, (brats, I should rather say,) out of their own way for five or six hours every day, and thrust them into mine ; to tax my strength, to try my patience, and unfit me for parish duties when the Sunday comes ? Am I to do all this without benefit to myself, and with absolute injury to my office, and with no thankfulness, and only contempt from those whom I benefit, and who really appear to have no souls to save.?"

There was something very earnest in Mr. Binckley's protest against this double exaction, which may be numbered among the sufferings of the clergy. For there are multitudes of limping, ill-supported parishes in the country, whose incumbents rely upon the profession of a schoolmaster as their main resource. For them, school hours take the place of hours canonical, the crook is exchanged for the birch, the solemn tolling of the bell which calls to prayers, is confounded with profane tintin

nabulations ; for the Fathers, they substitute the heathen classics, and they only put off the surplice on Sunday to assume the garb of Squeers on Monday morning. In a few years their tastes become seduced and secularized, because they are mainly devoted to secular things, and at last closing the church-doors, they betake themselves to some quiet part of the country, "very healthy—easily accessible by stages or by steamboat—sufficiently remote from temptations—having the advantages of so many churches—where they will be happy to receive into their families a dozen boys, whose intellectual and religious training will be duly attended to." Such is the end of those higher aspirations which they cherished in the ardour of their youth, when they were invested with an inalienable office, and heard the Bishop say—"Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands, and be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of the Holy Sacraments ; In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Have they any right to interexchange these functions with others, or to desist from them altogether ? Certainly not, unless the Church say that she has not need of them—which she virtually does.

As to Mr. Binckley, he was so wretchedly supported, and withal gave so much offence by his queernesses, his roughness, and by his *refusal to keep a school*, that he was afterwards fain to give up the old rusty keys of the church into his people's hands, when they managed to find some minister who would do it. He so far followed the example of Mr. Singleton, as to become an "instructor of youth;" but as he said, it was for the end of his days, and as he wielded the birch with a vigorous and unparalysed hand, he laid aside his shepherd's crook, considering himself *ex officio* disqualified from its farther use.

Now, this anxiety of precarious dependence, and absolute forfeiture of place, the moment that one has given unintentional offence to contumacious vestries, or some overbearing churchwarden, acts with a constant corrosion on a large body of refined and educated clergy, and these evils had become much aggravated after the Rector of St. Bardolph's had been in orders twenty-five years. To take "no thought for the morrow," if considered in its proper sense, is surely not inconsistent with that keenness of anxiety for one who, in the advance of years and decadence of popularity, is forced to think of a family to be cast impoverished and helpless on the charity of the world. Charity! Whither has that mild, benignant form swept with

her angelic garments out of the very temples of God, which ought to be her dwelling-place? If the ministers of God be indeed responsible for errors, for short-comings, and for the non-fulfilment of sacred vows, will not the people take shame to themselves on account of want of allowance, for that absolute cruelty with which they sometimes treat their clergy, when their hair becomes silvered, when their voice falters, when their peculiarities become, perhaps, objectionable, and when to all this they add the grievous offence, for those in their *menial* position of presuming to have an opinion of their own? Yes, for those in their menial positions! Strange to say, and it is enough to make the blood boil in saying it, they must submit their opinions on points of theological doctrine, to some ignoramus of a squire, who does not know B from Bull's Foot in Theology, and who, sooth to say, does not in his heart care one fig about it.

These, however, are merely the minor sufferings of the clergy, probably not at all mentioned in the book referred to; the mere, common, every-day endurance of those who, having the spirit of their Master, should not complain.

All this, however, is drawing my attention from what I was going to tell. That is, that the Rector one Sunday gave very unintentional offence. He

had performed the usual services, and preached a stirring sermon, worthy of the days of the knight, the text of which was selected from the Epistle for the day. The attention of the people had been profound; the few veteran snorers who, as an established habit, or from lethargic dullness, had for many years enjoyed their Sunday nap at St. Bardolph's, kept jerking up their heads at the risk of their necks. It was noticed that one old gentleman, who had never been seen in the house of God except in a comatose state, and whose perquisite it appeared to be to sleep sweetly under "gospel sermons," was now wide awake; while the privileged number of those who were wont to keep their heads down, sat bolt upright and looked directly at the minister. But beyond this good attention, the latter went home, and never thought particularly of his discourse, but as he was wont, began carefully to arrange the groundwork of another. Toward the end of the week he was engaged in finishing what he thus began; he was, in fact, writing in his study, when Mrs. Admuller entered, her face somewhat flushed:

"My dear, Mrs. Spangles is in the parlour."

"Well!" he replied, pressing his forehead, whether from head-ache, or to call back that lively bevy of ideas which are scattered like a volley on interruption, and drawing one from his

treasury of pen-wipers, while at the same time there was a slight simulation and spasmodism of the lines about his mouth, producing not so amiable an expression as that usually worn by the Rector of St. Bardolph's.

Mrs. Spangles was a woman of considerable note, perhaps a better word would be *notoriety*, in the parish, who had set herself up to be the successor of the late Mrs. Vosselingen. But she had all the faults, and few of the good traits of that remarkable old lady ; who, although ill-informed in theological topics, by no means a clear logician, strong in prejudice, was at the least sincere in her intentions, not persevering or vindictive in her displeasure, and generous in the disbursement of her wealth. Being dead, there were many who had cause to call her memory blessed. Mrs. Vosselingen had also the impress and prestige of true respectability, which, coupled with whatever boldness, irregularity, masculine strength, or eccentricity of character, provoking remark in the well-established, acknowledged rules which govern polite people, could hardly go amiss. Mrs. Spangles was deficient in this respect. She was ambitious to be considered as good as any ; but the more her endeavors were directed to that end, her essential vulgarity glared out. She had an acrimonious temper, a sharp, vinegar aspect, and

withal, a vile tongue, which, by perpetually wagging, did a deal of mischief. Mrs. Spangles was a bustling, buzzing, troublesome busy-body, talking every where of every body, and well of none. If she had not the figure of meek and inobtrusive piety, as may be conjectured, she was, notwithstanding, a great religionist, an eager, active co-worker in all business which concerned the Church, and by far more talkative on religious doctrine, and by far more ignorant, than the late Mrs. Vosselingen. Of the letter she professed to know much, but of the spirit she exhibited little. In vain she kneeled with an apparent, ostensible devotion; in vain she rivalled, in her contributions of bank bills in the plate, the very richest; she would be at her old trick of gossiping as soon as Church was out, dodging about in her fine silks among the tomb-stones of the good and holy, and supplanting the principles of divine things with the more prolific seeds of abominable scandal. The portraiture of such a person must needs be drawn with very sharp lines, and almost makes the painter wicked. He gathers a portion of acrimony from the face before him, and does injustice to his own soul in a futile attempt to flatter. Such a woman is a real pest to a minister's wife, and enough to set a parish in a hubbub. To speak the King's old English, by way of change—

which is a great refreshment to the organs of speech, as well as a relief to type-setters who print the modern vernacular—the sooner that the stone-cutter is invoked for such a personage, the better.

It is certain that Mr. Admuller did not wish to see her, for her ordinary conversation was only worthy of reproof, while the most indirect hint of it made her face white and ashen with anger. He knew that she wanted to fill his ear with bitter things, while he always stood aloof with cool reserve, and refused to be made a confidant. If a gossiping woman is worthy of reproof, a man-gossip is most detestable, and a clerical gossip the worst of all. Still there *are* those who, instead of being in their studies, go bobbing about a parish to whisper their grievances into the ears of old ladies, and to receive a share of personal confidence and condolence in return; thus sowing the seeds of that evil report which they are bound to deprecate, weakening the bonds of true respect, diminishing their office, laying up for themselves wrath against that day of wrath which will inevitably overwhelm them when what they have said shall be traced back to themselves. Beside all this, they make the field most uncomfortable when a true, manly successor shall come after these old grannies of clergymen.

Mr. Admuller was not, indeed, very glad to hear

of the arrival of Mrs. Spangles. Still, he rose from his seat with a want of alacrity, arranged his papers, took off his morning gown, and forthwith prepared himself for the lady's presence.

"You have given grievous offence by your last Sunday's sermon," said Mrs. Admuller.

"It was very far from my intention," replied her husband.

"Mr. Williwillow's family consider themselves insulted, and will never enter the church again."

We must add, that a local feud had been for some time increasing, whose history is of too trifling importance at present to record. It threatened to end in one of those mimic wars which in small communities are carried on by fierce looks, flashing glances, uptossed heads, disdainful silence, and sometimes characterized even by wordy collisions. These petty affairs, which the outside barbarians giggle at, are of as much moment to the parties concerned as the Wars of the Roses. In the stacking of the belligerent arms, we think there are rather more fans than walking-sticks, although an occasional cane is brandished. Fine dinner parties, gay balls, social gatherings of the Quality, are abandoned while the storm lasts, which is not until the people get disgusted with stormy weather, when the sunshine, at first faint, finally breaks through the mist with former bright-

ness. After that, they keep a careful watch on the salt-cellars, so that no salt is unguardedly spilled otherwise fresh tumult is sure to ensue. In fact if the truth must be told, the origin of nearly all these social feuds is the spilling of a little salt which being of such common use, it is difficult to avoid. Let us call to mind, however, that the domestic experience of ages has revealed a countercharm to repair the damage. Let a little of the upset salt be flung over the left shoulder, or cast crackling in the fire—all will be well.

These strifes, however, when begun, adjust themselves better than they can be adjusted. The most delicate diplomacy may alone venture to approach the parties, and the dreadful scratches experienced by your clerical intermeddlers may be added to the catalogue of "minor sufferings."

"What for," says my old friend again, "have I to doe with y^e combattants, save to proclaim y^e message of peace and good will to all. But and if I incline to one side or to y^e other, with y^e vain hope of putting them asunder, then I be forthwith charged with siding, and blame ensue. Unpleasantnesses not unfrequent in my parish, but though I be very stringent in my admonitions of charitie, in y^e pulpitt, I do otherwise, from a wise policie, mixed up with some experience, keep out of y^e waie, fearing lest my own fingers be burned;

lest I do no good, and my usefulness brought to an end, which God forbid. Blessed be y^e peace-makers, sayth our Divine Master, and I doe verilie believe, accursed be y^e mischief-makers, and those who from their petty feelings engender strife."

But what am I about, in thus retarding my slender story, in ceasing to finish this topic, or have I forgotten that Mrs. Spangles is waiting in the parlour? The Rector entered courteously, as he was wont, but gravely fixing his large, black eyes on the lesser orbs of Madam Spangles, sat down beside her, and after she had uneasily rustled in her silks awhile, and clicked the clasps of her reticule, she entered on the object of her mission:

"How came you," she said, with an equivocal smile, "to be so very severe on our friends, the Williwilows, last Sunday?"

"Madam, explain yourself more fully."

"Oh, yes"—for in this familiar way she was accustomed to talk—"you pretend not to know."

Mr. Admuller's eyes flashed with indignation, as he asked with some severity:

"Do you consider me capable of subterfuge, or that I would stoop to personality? I say that I am unconscious of making any remarks with reference to the Williwilows."

"Well, they think so, and I thought that it

would be an act of friendship to make you aware of the fact. They are going to give up their pew in the church, remove their family vault, and if they go, you know that many go with them."

"I had heard nothing of this before," replied the Rector: "I am ready to make apology for any offence unintentionally given. Nothing could have been farther from my mind than any assault on the Williwilows."

"Probably you might save yourself the trouble of explanation. The family are all alike in that respect. When they take a dislike they carry it to the grave with them. You are aware of the cause of the difficulty betwixt them and the——"

"Not at all; I have heard nothing of it. To such particulars——"

"Well, I will inform you, as it will throw some light on the present trouble. On Whitsunday, as Mrs. Williwillow——"

"Excuse me, but we will give these things the go-by. I think that you will agree with me, Mrs. Spangles, that such will be the wiser course for the present. To do me justice, you must have observed that I meddle not with family quarrels."

"But do you think it is right, Mr. Admuller, when they bring reproach on the Church, and give occasion to the Church's enemies to reproach her?"

Here are these people partaking of the communion monthly."

"I will do madam, whatever I conceive to be right or necessary in the premises. I ask a generous allowance for myself wherein I transgress, or fail to perform my duty. Where I am proved to be wrong, I hold myself ready to make the amplest reparation."

When Mrs. Spangles had gone away, the Rector and his wife were really disquieted and unhappy. For many years, sometimes marked by those occasional misunderstandings which embitter the current of social life, he had never come into direct collision with any. On the contrary, he had a reputation for steering through the little rapids, whirlpools, and *shallows* of society, which only want a vigilant eye, and somewhat keen tact, to enable one to get into the proper channel. Otherwise your valuable freightage of comfort is wrecked, when you might have passed over the shoals, and been floating in quiet waters. Of all affliction and disquietude in this vale of tears, that of strife is the most bitter and distressing. The angry conflict, unkind words, the averted look, the consciousness of something wrong, you know not what, destroy the pillow of repose. If Destruction flap his wings of fire over your earthly goods, from the very ashes you recover some jew-

elry and gold. When you are burying your d. ones, tears give relief, and the grave has consc tion. If sins oppress, that is between you a God, and He is merciful. But contention is gnawing worm, and the serenest sun in setting bereft of beauty if we let the sun go down up our wrath. Oh, for a dwelling on the bank whe by the stream of social and domestic life flo calm, without a ripple! where tears of gr should never swell it to a torrent, nor passic make it rough, that flowers cannot be imaged its waves! So should the beauty of the earth reflected in it, and in the night of death t shining heavens be repeated in its bosom, s for star.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH SOME MENTION IS MADE OF THE POOR OF THE PARISH—MONTHLY ALMS—THE OLD COUNTRY PEOPLE—OCCASIONAL VISITORS DISPOSED TO BE TROUBLE-SOME—THE AGED POOR.

EVERY month, when the Holy Communion was administered, the Rector collected the money from a massive silver basin. This was the affectionate gift of one of the first wardens, and bore the date of 1710, about eight years after the first endowment of the Church by the Venerable Society. The cup and flagon on the altar were from the same friend, and these his memorials which were kept brightly polished, perpetuated his good deeds more than the marble over his remains, which was now moss-grown and defaced. Once every month, after morning service, the Rector took that money where it was deposited by the sacred em-

blems, and carefully tied the same in the corner of a white cambric handkerchief. It was not the profane collection, if I may so speak, made on other Sundays, for wood, oil, lamps, sexton's wages and repairs. For what can be more uncouth and incongruous than at the moment your head is lifted up from prayers, to have a plate thrust at you for a penny, to say nothing of the tinkling sound of coppers, which have already rolled a dozen times on the floor from juvenile hands and have been ferreted out with much moving and upsetting of benches. Such harvest might better be reaped at some other season than in the sunshine of a Sabbath morning. The bustle and disturbance are almost as great as that of crying babies, and children who "speak out loud," and the only justification alleged is, that it is easy to procure the aforesaid pennies in this way, and difficult to obtain the pounds in any other. Therefore, this kind of interlude is still tolerated in many churches. I now speak of the monthly alms or offerings consecrated to the poor. When the hard knot in the corner of the rumpled handkerchief was untied, and the money emptied on a mahogany table for the better sifting of the little bits, the good Rector and his family gathered round to count it with as much alacrity as a miser tells gold. First came the bank notes, the gift of

those who rode in carriages, some of large denomination, some of small.

“Mr. A. put that one in, Mr. B. that. They always put paper in the plate.”

A small single pile of half-dollars represented the contribution of strangers, who “always like it to be supposed that they have plenty of money, and are willing to pay for the supposition.”

“Hush, my dears,” said the Rector, “never seek to trace a good deed back to an unworthy motive. How much does the charity of these liberal strangers overbalance yours.”

Then came the marshalling of the widows' mites; small seeds sure of Heaven's sunshine and a rich return. “Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.”

Apart from the results of crime, there are few poor in any of our parishes, scarce any squalidly or abjectly wretched. A sense of pride keeps the one class from the receipt of alms, and the poor-house receives the other. So that in many cases the collections of the offertory are not appropriated to their specific object, but to one which is collateral. To have no poor for such money is almost as detrimental as to have no money for the poor. They are a blessing to the Church, the most valuable elements of the parish.

If we consult the Holy Scriptures with reference

to our peculiar duty in this respect, and the reward promised, it is astonishing what multitude of passages will be found to have a direct bearing. It would be impossible to select a theme on which more positive light and commandment would be shed. For herein is involved the whole spirit and essence of the Law and Gospel. The Old and New Testament instruct us in many a succinct precept and beautiful parable. The rich, however rich, are actually bankrupt to the poor, and if the whole matter could be transferred to Heaven's chancery, the instantaneous decision, we are sure, would be a transfer of indebtedness. To the real Christian, the poor are a source of pleasure unspeakably delightful. From their bosoms well the most crystal transparent streams of gratitude. Trodden upon by scorn, wounded by your friends, or crushed by politic combination, you lift up the refreshed head the instant you set foot on their humble thresholds, and have been welcomed by their open arms, and have seen the tears trickling down their faces, and have felt the roughness of those hands, more soothing than the softest velvet. The sick child, the patriarch of eighty years, leaning on his staff on the old, broken porch, the aged woman in her bed, the poor black slave in the garret, or in the cellar, just ready to die, into whose ears you breathe the words of Christian consolation, send

you away with a portion of that serene heaven let down into their own breasts. And when their audible ejaculations go up for you to the throne of Divine grace, you return to your dwelling freighted with a richness compared with which hereditary estates are as the merest dross. I for one would not wish to be rid of such incumbents, so long as they are worthy, but would humbly ask for more, that by their thankfulness for a little, I may be sensible of my own ingratitude for much; that I may have some stimulus to follow the steps of my Divine Master, and go about doing good; that I may learn that every estate of life is equal, to those who have the spirit of Christ; that the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is maker of them all.

Among those who required assistance at the hands of the Rector of St. Bardolph's, may be enumerated, first, the Old-Country people, who, together with Bible and Prayer-Book, their only possession, brought with them a strong affection to the Church, and usually letters commendatory to the minister of the parish. These being able-bodied, and making their own living, sometimes received alms in case of severe sickness, which was not uncommon in our more changeable and trying clime. But they thought more of clerical advice than most of the laity, so that Mr. Admul-

ler's study sometimes resembled the office of counsellor-at-law. For they considered him infallible as the Pope of Rome, and resorted to him alike in temporal affairs and for spiritual comfort, whether their children were ill, or their predatory pig had broken into their neighbour's inclosures and got them into trouble. Indeed he was, perhaps, the only person bound to them by an acknowledged and sacred tie in a strange land, as the clergyman is always the intervening link which makes the chain of society unbroken, because those who are not equals of each other, alike stand on a certain equality with him. Sometimes he was a secretary to superscribe their letters, which gave the bank-note inclosed to friends at home a better chance of reaching its destination. Especially is the epistolatory correspondence of the sons of St. Patrick likely to miscarry, unless it be forwarded from port to port under the express guardianship of the Saint, or post-office officials be gifted with the genius of Champollion. At last, his time was so broken in upon by the Old-Country people, that he was compelled to bring such sort of temporal business within its proper limits, and confine himself for the most part to parochial duties, baptizing their children, visiting their sick, and burying their dead.

One class of petitioners I feel bound to mention

as very troublesome ; because, not belonging to the parish, they invariably beset the Rector, and it was hard to be rid of them. They were itinerating men out of place, sometimes professing to be clergymen, fully provided with a letter from the Rev. Mr. Nobodyknewwhom, abroad on some mission, which commended them to entertainment on their arrival, and money at their exodus. They were usually dressed in a suit of black, with white neckcloth, and collar high enough to cut their ears off. And of many of these prowlers, it might be said with justice, that they deserved to have their ears off. Sometimes they would not be a week gone before they were advertised in the papers as impostors. They fastened themselves with leech-like tenacity, and as their aspect was demure, and their language evangelical, while it was impossible to decide upon their credentials, it needed much firmness to dismiss them ; and such firmness, like a taste for some vegetables, could only be "acquired." But after a time their increasing number, intrusiveness, and the variety of their objects, made it a matter of duty to deal with them in a manner exact and peremptory. The spare bed-room was never empty of them : the clerical equipage was ousted for their pedlar-like concerns ; they consumed both time and substance ; their presence

was an inconvenience and an inconceivable bore. Mr. Admuller at last knew them by the "cut of their jib," and did not invite them, while he overhauled their papers, into his shady parlor, where, if once seated, they could not be moved, but held his official communications with them on his equally shady porch, and gave them his valedictory in a few words, without any scruples of conscience. That he was given to hospitality, has been already evinced by his welcome reception of Mr. Coolman; but hospitality has laws, while necessity has none. All of charity does not consist in giving, much less in giving to all. To give, if not with judgment, is to take away, and immediately to obey a good impulse, without reflection, is only instinct. How painful to be compelled to pause and weigh! This again inclines the heart to be cold and sceptical. What shall we do?

A very pleasing class of those who received the parish alms, were the aged people who had always lived in the bounds of the parish, who had been baptized in the church, and loved it, and who were certainly entitled more than others to receive of the few crumbs which fell from their Master's table. Their conversation afforded the best biographical sketch of the good men who had officiated for the last half century. They would remind you of the excellent traits of the Rev. Dr.

So and So, and with what pleasure they listened to the words which fell from his lips, and how he used to visit them when sick, and come and pray with them. It was a pleasure to see them enter the Church on a Sunday morning and sink into their retired seats, clasping to their breasts an old and well-worn prayer-book, the edges of whose yellow leaves were gone, or wasted almost to a razor-like sharpness. How different from the white-leaved, gilt-edged, golden-clasped books of more modern times, whose blank leaves were scribbled over with conversations in pencil. "Are you coming to dine with us after Church?" "What a dull sermon!" "I wish he would get through." "Did you ever hear such singing!" "Look at that man in the gallery." When these old people returned to their knees, having received the Holy Communion, they did so perfectly overcome, and with an awe and reverence most profound. They accepted the alms of the Church, with extreme gratitude, whether a small piece of gold or silver, or whether a pound of green tea, which they dearly loved. Then they pressed it to their face, saying it was "lovely," "God bless you."

When Mr. Admuller was troubled by the visits of such people as Lady Spangles, he recruited

himself by putting a pound of tea in his coat pocket, and by going to see an old body who lived over the hill, by a green lane, in an old cottage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WILLIWILLOWS.

THE people who bore this name were a family of plain farmers, whose ancestors, two hundred years since, lived in the same house which they now occupied, and which, even still, by careful patching and propping, bade fair to stand a century or two more. It was pleasantly shaded by old trees, and the place took the name of the family, "The Willowillies," sometimes called the "Williwillocks," twin names, just as like as two peas. A very well cultivated farm was the Williwillocks, of three hundred acres, in the very garden-spot of the State, of which many a pleasant nook and fine prospect had been desired for the last half century, as admirable for a country seat, but they kept the whole in pasture, and resolutely refused to sell a single rood. That they were very prudent, and even parsimonious, was allowed, but how can you

account for this refusal, when they could have realized a dozen fortunes by the disposal of as many acres? Probably it was founded on a safe and secure principle, the permanency of the soil, which is inherited and propagated in the blood of many families. The transient boxes and embellishments of "merchant princes" have never yet been allowed on one of the clover-grown knolls of the estate, and never will be, while the blood flows in the veins of the Willowillies.

That they were very proud is true, although they had not a fashionable prestige, and did not appear in the gaudier re-unions of Westchester any more than the surrounding country farmers. Nay, among the many upstarts of the vicinity they afforded often a copious theme for ridicule, but they enjoyed as much as any the sentiment that they were sprung from a "clean nest." And they were indeed respectable, and had been for two hundred years, and how much longer nobody knows. They did not seem to change in family traits from generation to generation. They confined themselves entirely to farming, which they followed according to the old traditional rules, and paid not the least attention to any new discoveries in agricultural science. They had never been given to letters, and almost the only books ever yet found in the old farm-house were a Bible

and Common Prayer Book. Being English in origin, they had from time immemorial been attached to the Church, of which they were valuable and sincere members, though apparently very cold in religious feelings. They did not take a newspaper, had never been candidates for any office, the children as they grew up had never entered within the walls of a college, and only received the rudiments of an education in a district school. The females of the family were very homely in appearance, very silent, very dignified, and sat as upright in the old-fashioned chairs as if impaled through the spine with an iron rod. The race was sufficiently prolific, but in the course of Divine Providence a certain quota died off, so that never, even among the family, was it necessary to subdivide the estate too much. Such were the Williwills—musical name, although not a single one of them had an ear for music.

From his first entrance into the parish, Mr. Admuller had known and esteemed this family. Many a time had he been invited to "drink tea" with them, while his dinners had been hitherto limited to the house of Mr. Van Sittart and a few others: because in the country a dinner is, as a matter of necessity and convenience, a mere shirt-sleeve, pork-and-cabbage meal, *en déshabille*, taken hurriedly, and swept off in the heat of the day,

whereas a tea is attended with ceremony, and set forth with the choicest profusion of cakes and sweetmeats.

Now, when he met these people, their faces were averted, they showed symptoms of affront, and he began to have faith in the fidelity of Mrs. Spangles, who, after her visit to the parsonage, he it observed, drove in her neat carriage to the Williwillows, and with a somewhat patronizing air, communicated much. Oh, Christian Mrs. Spangles! how truthful that remark of yours, that some people should not partake of the Holy Communion!

Mr. Admuller took no notice of the conduct of his old friends, so inexplicable, but went to see them again as usual in the course of his visitations, when he was received with the silent customary nodding, his horse tied as usual with the same hard knot to the post, and the sisters entered with the same formal air into the parlor. But whereas they could formerly be thawed into a faint smile, and some few words of the vernacular drawn from them, they remained unmoved and immovable. Their stiffness appeared to be more starched, and their upright posture more unbending. They were absolutely unapproachable. They never "opened their heads" to say that any thing was the matter; but it was too evident that

the relation of things was disturbed. The Rector took up his hat and sorrowfully bade them good bye. He went home and told his reception to Mrs. Admuller, whose cheering smile allayed the disagreeable feelings of his mind. If a man's conscience cannot comfort him in trouble, his wife can. But the Rector had a good conscience and a good wife: for he was all which I have portrayed him, and his wife even more. In a didactic discourse or sermon, he himself could perhaps provide the better argument, but in cases of this kind a woman's logic is the best. For professional men—I will not call a clergyman *merely* professional man—are very sensitive to rebuff. As much of their recompense is in affection, it almost stops the current of their life-blood if the lightest tribute be withdrawn. In the experience of other men, disaffection is enough common to make them callous: these have been so pampered by allegiance as to feel the most insignificant thing of ingratitude or neglect. How seldom is a good faculty of reason applied to topics of this kind! How seldom do those who have strength use it to upheave these little burdens! For a wounded spirit who can bear? One-tenth the intellect devoted to the analysis of such petty ills as is spent to develop a sermon, would dispel in a single hour the clouds which lower for a year.

But the strongest men writhe and suffer without reflection, when they might wear smooth faces in the daytime, and sleep quietly on their beds at night. They actually sink down into inertness, and nothing but a mighty grief inspires them with energy to bear. The Rector of St. Asaph's, for instance, would remain whole weeks under a cloud from the tittle-tattle of his tittle-tattling little parish. It was a small collection of disaffected people, whose magnificent contributions would be enough to clothe him annually in decent broad-cloth, for which they thought that they had a right to consider him as common property; and the Rector of St. Asaph's would not have taken the wealth of the parish, which was considerable, for the injury which he fancied that they did him. He could not go out of his gate that some of them were not watching his motions; his remarks were sometimes brought back to him distorted: when he meant well they appeared to misinterpret him, and where he undoubtedly erred they seized upon his conduct with avidity, while the annoyance of their surveillance was excessive. But he was weak enough to take it all to heart. He would shut up his Church for two or three weeks together, imagining that he was ill, and sank so low that it required both wardens and vestrymen to hold up his arms. He would be

found in a dark room, the very picture of the anatomy of melancholy. Half the time he walked abroad as if he had Atlas on his shoulders, instead of the quarrelsome little parish of St. Asaph's.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, wœful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.”

A wife is no Job's comforter under such circumstances. She lends a ready ear to her husband's affecting narrative, and revelation somewhat mitigates the pain. It is a comfort to dole over one's ill treatment, where you can find a patient ear, which is not common ; for grumblers are the most disagreeable of men.

The Rector's wife tried to put the best face possible on the mysterious conduct of the Willowlillies. “ They were labouring under a misconception, and would soon be convinced of their mistake. They were queer people, and the excitement of their feelings only showed the depth of their regard. At all events, this temporary dislike would somehow or other be overruled for good.” Thus, while more annoyed than her husband, she treated the matter lightly, but it soon became the staple of the parish-talk, and the am-

brosia of the tea-table. The members of the Dorcas Society, as they stitched bachelor's pin-cushions, omitted the ordinary reading of an evangelical sermon or pious book, to discuss its origin and bearings; and the little knots who were wont to assemble about the porch on a Sunday morning before service, to talk about the weather and the crops, whispered ominously together as the Rector passed by. Mrs. Spangles was on the *qui vive*. She went from house to house in the most sociable way, for fear that there might be somebody who had not heard of it, and she said "what a pity it was," for "such things brought such a reproach upon the Church. They gave so much occasion for those who were out of the pale to make remarks. Besides that, it would be no good thing for the poor man's worldly interests, for she had been informed that the Williwills had been very good to the Admullers, and sent them a great many things at the annual 'bees,' which the family could ill spare, for every body knew that they were as poor as church mice, although they managed to hold their heads up pretty high."

The Rector seated in his study took down the obnoxious sermon, to see wherein its peculiar applicability to the Willowillies lay. The paper was quite yellow, for it had been written some

time previous to the crack sermon, and passed muster several times without remark; indeed the only apprehension concerning it was that it would be recognized, with the customary remark, "there goes *another* old sermon." It had, however, the unfortunate reputation of being fresh sprung, offensively armed from the brain of its author; for peculiar circumstances made some breasts peculiarly exposed to its sharp points. When universally applicable, nobody took it, and now it was altogether monopolized by a few. But instead of having a good effect on the only sinners whom it had safely reached, they angrily drew out the weapon and charged the minister of the parish with having aimed a shot directly at them. But his intention was even more wicked, as it was, if possible, to wound every man, woman and child in the congregation. Strange inconsistency of the people! When in the heyday of youthful power, he would sometimes set all eyes a-weeping, and all hearts bleeding, from the very ranks of dismay there was but one voice of applause for the preacher. Now, for such slight havoc, they called him unkind and cruel. He had singled out one mark, and had directed only one poisoned arrow.

But what did the Rector of St. Bardolph's do in this emergency? He walked on in that habitual reserve which was natural to him, and which had

always hitherto subjected him to the charge of being cold and unapproachable. For as he sat, or conversed, his introverted look made him appear as if his soul had retired far back into some deep recess. For a long time he took no notice of this untoward event. Where an unintentional misunderstanding occurs, it is often wiser to stand negative for the present, lest explanation should only thicken the mischief, and with a patient denial wait for some happy moment when a dexterous word shall fall into the right place, or until it shall work its own cure. He who would rectify an error on the spot is apt to stammer and stumble and get himself irretrievably involved. Let him rather watch the fortunate juncture when, by the spontaneous exhibition of his real feelings, he may set the matter right.

“ Nisi dextro tempore Flacci

Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem,

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.”

This case, however, was not about to rectify itself, nor from the long night of silence was the face of good humor likely to beam forth. The Willowillies took no more notice of it than Mr. Admuller. They had as much reserve as he had, but it wore a very dogged and gloomy aspect. If he met them singly or collectively their solemnity

would have been suited to the borders of the grave. It appeared as if every earthly friend had been centred in the minister, and that they had lost them all. This aversion, if considered properly, might argue a deep-set and flattering esteem. If they so regarded the loss of a friend, how must they have valued his possession? The moment Mr. Admuller saw the real state of the case, and had probed the depth of the wound, he appealed to no mediators. One pleasant day, ordering his carriage at an early hour, he set forth on the unpleasant business of trying to bend the stubborn minds of his parishioners, and of making all the reparation in his power. He did not doubt of being able to accomplish it, and that the cords of friendship would only be strengthened by this temporary estrangement. It was a summer's morning, and all the blooming earth disposed the heart to cheerfulness and peace. The skies above were deeply and serenely blue, unsullied by a cloud. The birds sang chorally from all their cool retreats, the fresh and tender vegetation budded forth, the wood-crowned hills seemed beautiful with blended shades, and all the charming landscape rich with future hope. Oh! for the surface of a soul as tranquil as the unruffled wave, to take these images of the outer world, emblems of love and beauty in the Eternal Mind!

As he pursued his journey his reverie was disturbed by meeting Mr. Pipperell. The latter stopped for a few minutes, and discoursed with him about the unfortunate state of things which he said existed; "that that sermon of his had given great offence, and the consequences might prove very serious to him and to the parish. He felt sorry that he had been betrayed into a mistake of that kind. It was injudicious: it might produce a breach which it would take years to repair. In the course of his experience he had seen the effect of such things. He thought that no time was to be lost."

The Rector said a few words in reply, and drove on. He soon entered on the patrimonial estate of the Willowillies. It was in prime order. Extensive as it was, not a stone could be picked up in the richly cultivated uplands. The grass looked as smooth as velvet, the orchards were well trimmed, the crops promised a most plentiful yield, and all the cattle in the well-fenced fields shone with sleekness. It seemed hardly possible, by throwing in the pebble of his esteem, to bring any nearer to its margin the full tide of such a worldly prosperity. If the extent of happiness actually accorded with the possession of the extent of acres, there would then be little happiness in the world.

Disturbing causes seem to be only added by the excess of wealth, and he who has only his *quatuor jugera*—four acres—has four troubles which he would otherwise be without. Such was the case with the Willowillies, for they were involved in litigation which had been productive of hard feeling and acrimonious tempers, which, no doubt, made them sensitive to reproof. People who seem to be blessed with all things, do not take it well if reminded that there is any one thing which they still lack. Hard by stood the old homestead, itself a moral lesson of an impressive kind. How many generations, to whom it had afforded shelter, had it outlived! How strange that the humblest tabernacle, which is the work of men's hands, should be more durable than the marvellous temple of the body, and that the trees whose branches wave before his door, should be green and vigorous in many resurrections long after he is mouldering in dust. For whoever plants a tree, or builds a house, will soon find a satire upon himself. Should not this teach him the vanity of all things, but more especially the vanity of strife? Why permit our peace to be invaded by any contention, however necessary, concerning houses or lands, when in a few years we shall be satisfied with a narrow house, and with such a limited territory?

When Mr. Admuller had made the ancient,

rusted, repainted iron knocker give a number of monosyllabic raps, which could not be repeated in very quick succession, no matter how well oiled might be the wrist, he was ushered with all formality into the shaded parlour, furnished with its bright carpet, variegated rug, and antique mantel ornaments. Long time he waited with commendable patience, amusing himself with any object which happened to be within his reach: some old tapestry, a few pictures on glass, some specimens of shell-work, and flowers in wax. Then he spoke to the cat, "here, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss." Afterward he went out to look at the pony, which released from the check-rein, with an eager appetite pulled up by the roots with a craunching sound the long grass. Then he returned, and listened to any creaking on the stairway, but was many times deceived. At last, the sisters trailed in solemnly, one after the other, engulfed in sombre meditation, and sat down at a vestal distance, formally nodding, but uttering no articulate voice. Mr. Admuller inquired for the male species. They were in the field and would presently come in. He entered for a little while on heterogeneous talk, and inquired after their health, and made some commonplace remarks, to which they assented. At last, at high noon, those whom he waited for arrived, and shook his hand

with a relaxed grasp. He asked them on what account they had taken umbrage at any thing which had fallen from his lips. Had he done them injury?

They thought so.

Then he had come to make all the atonement in his power, and to assure them that no evil was intended. Had not his conduct always been friendly? Had he said anything which appeared like a direct insult to themselves?

They thought so.

Then he implored them to banish such belief from their minds, and that he entertained as ever the kindest regards. Would such declaration be sufficient?

“Oh, yes, yes.”

After a little conversation he shook hands with them, with a little warmer grasp, and departed to his own home, satisfied that this disagreeable difference was at an end. His wife asked him how he had succeeded in the object of his journey. His reply was, that he thought, “very well.” In fact he dismissed the subject from his mind, went to bed, and slept soundly and pleasantly. This little grief was indeed to him a great burden, and he was very glad to have it removed.

For several Sundays after this, the Williwillow's pew was vacant. When he inquired after them

from any member of the family, they were "indisposed," they were "engaged," they had "gone upon a journey." "Did they still think any ill of him?" "Not at all, not at all." Thus he was no means aware of the underground current which did not cease to flow from the moment that gushed up from the bitter fountain of wounded pride, or vanity, or self-esteem, and which continued to pursue its course, blasting all things upon its brink.

One day the Rector sat in the sacristy, looking over the records which went back more than hundred years, and examining the minutes made since his first institution as the Rector of St. Bartholomew's. During that time many had been baptized and received into the Church on earth, many had gone to the fellowship of the saints in heaven. Presently he strayed through the churchyard, and stood musing for a moment at the grave of Miss Clemanthe. Then taking a turn, he observed the sexton hard at work, throwing up the ground in the burial-place of the Willowillies. On drawing near and inquiring if any of the family had suddenly died, he was informed "no one."

Good Heavens! for an imaginary pique they were tumbling out the bones of their ancestors, which

had been inhumed for two hundred years. They took and buried them in a railed place in their own inclosures.

Mrs. Spangles was right. The Willowillies never forgave an injury.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE SECESSION OF THE
 WILLIWILLOWS—THE GRADUAL WORKING OF THE
 LEAVEN OF DISAFFECTION, AND THE GROWTH OF DIS-
 CONTENT—THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF MR. PIPPERE
 AND MR. TUBINGEN.

BUT they no doubt got a worse recompense for their own souls than any injustice which they did to a sincere man. Some people have a depraved pleasure in biting off their own noses. While their fancied enemy survives in full proportion they consider him to be adequately punished if they can stand before him with the absence of a nose. The Williwillocks have never crossed the porch of St. Bardolph's Church from that day to this. Perhaps they worship about the family vault; but whether they have relapsed into heathenism, or where they go, nobody seems to

know, and no body seems to care. Carpets, cushions, and gilded prayer-books were swept from their pews soon after the circumstance already narrated, and the Rector never encountered the family but once again, when the meeting was a sad one. The farm continues in prime order.

If all their friends had gone with them, their absence would have been an advantage to the parish. But they were widely connected, and every other pew was occupied by their adherents, who assembled as usual at the church-porch on Sundays, and bent the knee in public worship, but they entertained a silent and secret grudge. The most efficient sermons, much better than the ancient crack sermon, much more valuable than the ordinary "run" of sermons, passed over their heads, and were to them as so much heathen Greek. They did not even maintain the respectful attitude of listeners, but put their heads down and went to sleep, or else thought about their cattle and crops. If inquired of, they could not even tell the text. And they returned home without profit, to make disparaging remarks at dinner, and to snooze away for the rest of the day. In the course of the week, when they visited the public places, or the mill, or talked over a hedge, they dropped a word or two disparaging to the "parson." Some of the roughest boors among them

would sometimes fall in with him and insult him so grossly, that if they had so jostled a man in any other relation of life, they would most probably, and very deservedly, have been kicked. But if they were alike destitute of feeling and of decent manners, they never received in return an unkind look, nor ever was there borne to them, even by the breath of calumny, a single unkind word from the object of their enmity. The most impregnated gall administered by him was a mere negative silence, a conservative self-respect. For himself, he retreated more deeply into the recesses of his own soul than ever, and derived more real good from the contempt of men than from their approbation or applause. His wife even ceased to apply the balm of consolation, perceiving that his own philosophy was brought to bear. In the flower and prime of his age, a man often receives more encouragement than is necessary to spur his faculties and to incite him to his work. But at the very time when he is more substantial, and when he could make more use of co-operation than ever, it is suddenly in the ways of the world withdrawn. Why is this, except that life is a probation, and men are not placed here to be the means of perfecting others, or to perfect themselves? Otherwise, when they become the treasure-houses of learning, piety, and every good thing, they would

not be removed, from the earth, when to all human probability, they would be the means of doing the most good. This is one of the things called inscrutable, but after all not hard to understand.

In the decaying popularity of the Rector, some few things must be noted. Those annual assemblages called "bees," and "spinning visits," which are common in country parishes, and serve to eke out deficient salaries, and which seem to have a salutary influence in bringing the people together, were still kept up in the parish. But although tea, coffee, sugar, butter, yarn and other commodities, were deposited in the large basket which stood as a receptacle in the hall, none of these things which were formerly contributed with much generosity now came with the compliments of the Williwills: nor were they present.

The obstacle in the path of the Rector, thrown up by this case, formed a nucleus around which some minor discontents might collect and form a compact body of resistance; just as the work of insects lays the foundation of islands. Some causes of action are utterly insignificant until they combine themselves to form a cumulative argument. Before this, Mr. Tubingen was reluctantly compelled to hold his tongue; he now sought to avenge himself for his discomfiture in the choir. As he had lately been elected a vestryman, and

had otherwise risen to some importance in the community, and had married a wife not attached to the Church, he threw his dead weight into the scale against Mr. Admuller, and he lost no opportunity to make it manifest that he tolerated but did not like him. Now, also, Mr. Timmersl who fancied himself neglected, spoke boldly and said that he did not do his duty. Mr. Slats the shoemaker, declared that he was proud, and passed him by without nodding, and had his shoes made in the city. Mr. Jellicks, the tinker, who was peculiarly tenacious, and expected a great deal of attention, did not think that he visited the people or did his duty. Mr. Pickleby said that his house was too well furnished for a minister of the gospel. Mr. Sniccles remarked that he wore his hair long, which was a serious objection. A Mr. Pipperell summed up all the objections in one compact, magnificent whole, saying that he did not do his duty, that he was proud, that he passed by his parishioners without nodding, that he had his shoes made in the city, that he did not visit the people, that his house was too well furnished, and that he wore his hair long. The last item made the argument, which might have been weak, completely triumphant and irresistible.

Mrs. Spangles, dear lady, tried all in her power to mitigate this harsh judgment, and at the me

ings of the Dorcas Society brought up the several counts of the indictment, and indeed was in the act of doing so when the Rector popped in.

“ Oh, dear, we were just talking about you, and wondering what had become of you. Where is Mrs. Admuller ?”

The Rector said that she was attending to her duties at home.

“ We wish that she would come and give a little assistance to the poor heathen,” said Mrs. Spangles.

The Rector cast a glance at the sharp-nosed lady, and her eyes fell on the pincushion which she was working for the heathen.

Notwithstanding these few rebuffs, the congregation at large was not estranged from their minister, nor was the majority of them wanting in affection ; but a very slight cause is sufficient to produce a great deal of trouble, as one part sick affects the whole body. The services of the Church were as well attended as usual—a throng of carriages with well-groomed horses pawing the earth, were in attendance at the doors on every Sunday morning, and no one unacquainted with the politics of the place would have noticed the vacancy which appeared in the pew of the Williwilows.

CHAPTER XXV.

A VISIT TO THE RECTOR OF ST. JOHN-IN-THE-WILDERNESS,
WITH SOME REMARKS ON SCHOOL-TEACHING VERSUS
PREACHING, AND AN ACCOUNT OF MR. BINCKLEY'S
ACADEMY.

MR. ADMULLER was driving to the City of New York in his own carriage, for at that time roads were bad, steam had not triumphed, the genius of McAdam had not scintillated along the beaten track, and the thunder of the rolling train was not heard. He did not go for the sake of investing money, nor of receiving dividends on bank stock, but to have his eldest son entered a Sophomore in Columbia College. Strange as it may appear, there was a prevalent notion that "the parson" was rich, a vague tradition of certain mortgages and town lots, of which it was reported that he said nothing, but quietly accumulated, as one would roll a ball

in the snow. There were knowing persons who did not pick his pocket of his wallet, but could tell you what was in it by a clairvoyant faculty, as well as if they had turned it inside out. They would pout out their lips, wag their heads, and say, "Oh, he's rich—he's rich. Wait till he dies. *You'll see!*" Thus, when he went to town, which he did twice annually, it was usually noised about that he had gone to invest money. This was not strictly true, for all which he received from the parish, and beyond that he had nothing, he invested as it came to hand, in the support of his family; and a prophet only, or the son of a prophet, could divine where the overplus was to come from. But if in the course of many years, by a coercive economy, he *had* amassed comparative wealth, all the better. Let every cleric man do the same, if he can, without starving *ad interim*, without meanness, without avarice, and without distrusting God. Let him take no thought for the morrow, so far as regards fear for the future, or an over-anxious mind; but let him expect no miracles in his own behalf, or any result without means. For nothing can be more uncertain than the permanent attachment of people, and causes which are beyond his own control may throw him old and helpless, and gray-headed, on the charity of the world. If he is a very popular man, a "crack-preacher," flushed

with youth, admired and caressed by the fair, eloquent, and with lips dripping honey, above all things, let him sometimes imagine the time when there shall be no more music in his voice, and no adulation for his ear. It will probably come, and then if he have not philosophy of the right kind, and something considered even more substantial than philosophy, his head will be under a dark cloud. Let him not look for gratitude, and affection, and respect. He may still find them in all their pristine warmth, but given by those who can confer nothing else, and at the best it is a hard lot to be a hanger-on among those who are tired of your ministrations, and who are impatiently waiting for your place to be supplied by some one who now *is* what you once were.

Mr. Admuller stopped in the heat of the day, and permitted his horse to take breath on a shady knoll in a grove of locusts. Hard by stood a long building, or rather room, not ornamental in architecture, from which proceeded a buzzing sound like that of bees. The tinkling of a bell called in a detachment of boys who had been catching grasshoppers, making traps out of the lithe green stems of a certain weed, and ladies' ringlets out of the cylinders of the dandelions, and drinking with an insatiate thirst from an oaken bucket, fastened to a pole, drawn up by a weight attached to the end of

a beam. Mr. Admuller heard a furious voice within crying "or—der"—"s' down." "Class in Virgil." Then he listened to the process of scanning. *Arma vi—dactyle: rumque ca—dactyle: no Troj—spondee: æ qui—spondee: primus ab—dactyle: oris—spondee.* Presently he heard the whacking sound proceeding from the castigation of a delinquent Trojan, or Grecian, showing that the code Solomon prevailed in the school, and in a few minutes more the first class in Virgil snatched their hats from a peg and rushed out to the well, vieing with one another to get the first drink out of a tin cup.

Mr. Admuller could not doubt that he had entered on the precincts of his friend, Mr. Binckley, late Rector of the parish of St. John-in-the-Wilderness. On entering he was received with great warmth by his friend, once a member of the Convocation.

"I am here to practice what I preached," said Mr. Binckley, "that if I must be a schoolmaster, I will be nothing else. Behold my little flock," said he, with a pleasant smile, and looking through the window, "they are in yonder pasture."

And indeed they were so intent upon grasshoppers as almost to appear feeding.

"Notwithstanding what you say," replied Mr. Admuller, "I observe that you have not laid aside

the gown," for Mr. Binckley, whose coat was suspended on a peg, had on his back the identical threadbare silk gown in which for twenty and odd years he had officiated at St. John's.

"True," said he, "this was a present to me when I was a young man, by the ladies of the parish. They bought it by subscription among themselves, and made it with their own hands after a pattern. The donors are nearly all dead. The silk was still available after I myself appeared of no more use, and was liable to starve if I continued in orders. I wear it now because it is light and soft, and I am, by my present vocation, a gownsman. The robe is academic, not ecclesiastic. There is no correct authority in the Church for the black gown. I am glad to see you, my old friend. Do all things continue to work prosperously in the parish of St. Bardolph's? I need not ask—I know so."

"Indeed I am not without sources of disturbance and trouble; who is? My family is large and unprovided for."

"I am very much grieved if you encounter any annoyance. There is not a parish within fifty miles where there is not some petty feud and intestine broil, to make their incumbents miserable. With us, there is too much importance attached to the man, and too little respect for the office. At one time you are idolized; at another, for no sub-

stantial reasons, treated with contempt ; but at all times entirely dependent, according to our system, on the whim and caprices of those who, in too many instances, exact obedience to their will as the price of the very meanest and pettiest patronage."

Mr. Binckley was now getting on his hobby, and when once seated, usually took a good ride. But his friend tried to shake him from the fancied firmness of his position. He argued that an Establishment would not make men like him any more established. "You do such strange things, Binckley, and you do them in such a strange way." He agreed with him that in the English Church the Establishment was a blessing, and men might argue as much as they pleased about its attendant evils, of which there were many to be taken into account, while they seemed insensible of its great efficiency for superior good. They could not prove by any arguments which would stand a test that the roots and fibres which had become so firmly, by the growth of ages, attached to the soil, could be uptorn and not destroy the crown and glory of the tree. But with us the case was different. We had got used to, and had learned to bear, the evils of our system, which were also many, but which were in accordance with the genius of the people, of their institutions and laws. It was often as

perilous an experiment to adventure on the new as to up-tear the old. All change is accompanied by convulsion. Let him be assured that he is a wise man who institutes a change.

Mr. Binckley mounted the saddle again and went off. His usual plan was to take no notice of objections stated, but to start off anew as if nothing had been said.

Thus for a little while they beguiled the time by a renewal of the same topics which they had discussed before, rather in a serious than a discontented spirit, to see if any remedy could be suggested for positive ills, but they settled down into the conviction that there was not any, except a meek and patient disposition, and a perseverance in well doing. Mr. Binckley very candidly acknowledged that he had been much to blame.

Calling his little flock back by the tinkling bell, he dismissed them to their homes, and bare-headed, with his gauzy robe fluttering in the breeze, strolled with the Rector of St. Bardolph's along a green lane, to a small unpainted house, near at hand, which was his habitation. The fences and garden were not in very good order, and the interior of it was somewhat typical of the man. Every article within was of the homeliest and commonest kind. His theological library, containing many very good books, in plain bindings, rather lumbered than

adorned the room. Some were piled up on their sides, some were set up edgewise, and some presented their backs. In one corner of the study were thrown together many reams of yellow paper, a huge mass, the old sermons of Mr. Binckley, now of no further use. What was to become of this body of divinity, which was written in so bad a scrawl as to put short-hand at defiance? No doubt it would be piled in a somnolent bulk in a garret, or buried in a chest over which the spiders would weave a funeral pall. There were some discourses here sounder and better than nine-tenths of those which were uttered every week. What a pity that they were written by one who could not deliver them, and that they could not be delivered by some one who could do justice in reading them. They might have been very useful in some parts of the world, provided they were copied in a plain hand, or lithographed on fair paper, to deceive the eyes of those who sit in galleries, or of those who are observant in such things, and used by certain who had not learning or ability to compose any equally good, or who, perhaps, could not spare the time when the shooting season was at hand! How many humdrum discourses of the most narcotic character are pronounced every Sunday in churches, while thousands of excellent composi-

tions slumber on the shelves, feasted upon by the soulless moth, or eaten up by the corrosive ink!

Mr. Binckley pushed the pile, which had slid down, making a broad base, more compact into the corner with his foot, and begged his friend to be seated, that dinner would be shortly served and that he wanted to talk with him. He then said :

“My school is flourishing, my treasury is in good order. I can afford to give your horse some oats.”

He here called, in a full, commanding voice, (organ swell,) to a small black boy, with woolly head, aged about ten years :

“Tom—Tom—T-o-m! Why don't you hear? Take this gentleman's horse to the stable, and give him some oats.”

Dinner was presently announced, which consisted of pork and beans. Mr. Binckley, after getting on a chair and peering into a closet, also managed to draw forth from a corner a solitary bottle of Madeira wine. He, however, had no wine-glasses, to the want of which he made no allusion any more than if it were a kind of glass-ware never used, but decanted immediately in a tumbler, filling his own. He remarked that he had not tasted a drop of wine in five years; that this bottle was a present,

and he now uncorked it to the health of his good friend, the Rector of St. Bardolph's.

“Why do you put your son to college?” said he, smacking his lips. “He will forget all he ever learned. The systems of education are radically wrong. What are their degrees worth? Not that,” said he, snapping his fingers with a loud noise. “They are often bestowed, as the title of D. D. once was, on Joannes Caballus—Jack Ass. I lost all my Latin and Greek at College, and brought away as much bad Latin—miserable deformed stuff—as could be written in a flourishing hand on a bit of parchment, fastened together word by word by the rules of Syntax, and by the help of a Lexicon—the work of some starched professor, who sat up all night to accomplish it, and was at last satisfied with the composition, because he thought it would parse. Poh! poh! I knew by the look of it that it was all wrong—all wrong—all wrong—wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, rór, ror, ror, ror. Plenty of idioms—plenty of fine phrases—separate parts all well enough—well enough—but it did not stick at the joints—the whole thing ridiculous. Jackson was the best scholar I ever knew—he's gone, poo-fello! Mull, what are you going to make of your boy?”

“Not a good linguist, if what you say be correct.”

“No?—that will depend entirely on himself. I should say, let him stay at home, and go through Erasmus. At the end of six months he will know more than college-bred youths in ten years. I teach my boys by a system of my own. I don't follow the ordinary plan of looking out words in dictionaries. I compel them, before my own eyes, to go through a process, and do not merely ask them, as others, for a result. When words are to be looked out I make them all do it before my own eyes, and then I know it's done. I drill the eye, the ear, and the tongue, alike. What is the use of learning to translate a language, when you see it, if you are strangers to the same when you hear it, or if indeed you cannot speak it? None at all. Ask a college-bred youth to construe a passage in the classics, after being conversant with them for ten or fifteen years, and he will scarcely do it correctly; but if candid he will confess that he knows little Latin and less Greek. Examine the clergy; and see how much they know of Hebrew!”

Here Mr. Binckley burst into a loud laugh, and some reminiscences of his clerical brethren seemed to be suggestive of ridiculous ideas. He alluded facetiously to the few chapters in Genesis

through which they managed to plod, and the great difficulties which lay in the way of mastering the Hebrew alphabet; how they used to sit in class with King James's version open beside them, and after they had bungled over the text in such a manner, that if Moses had been present he had been tempted to kill them as he did the Egyptian—how they would begin to construe one word at a time, sometimes substituting the wrong word from King James, although the more ambitious of them, to make sure, would have it correctly over-written in pencil. At last the good-natured Professor, who was in fact ashamed of the whole set, smiling over his spectacles, used to say, with musical, ironical cadence, as if the reader had achieved a complete triumph, "That 'll do, Mr. Maginn. The next."

Mr. Admuller, in reply, took occasion to object to Mr. Binckley's mode of teaching the languages. It was a parrot-like process, by which children might be taught who were too young to reason or to reflect; a cultivation like the celebrated Mr. Blimber's, by which some very green and sappy off-shoots of intellect, as in a hot-house, might be forced to spring up. It put the industrious and the indolent, the dull and the quick-witted, on a dead level. It removed incentives to study and to good scholarship, and that happy exercise of

the mind which arises from selecting, from comparing, and in fact reasoning, on the philosophy of the tongue. Better scholars will never be made than those who toiled up the hill of learning, when the ways were not smoothed—when they had in fact to evolve their own grammar, and to compile their own dictionary. Those were indeed learned men, of whom the age might be proud!

MR. BINCKLEY.—*Bona verba! Bona verba!* brother Admuller. Our country is the place for such slow process! Such intense scholarship will not pay. Where will you find any to appreciate it? The forests which overgloom the land must first be levelled before you can begin with the Hebrew and Greek roots. Mr. Fidler came to this country, and was angry because there was no market for the sale of his Sanscrit. He brought great treasures from the Orient, he exposed his knowledge, and in all the colleges and universities, found no one who could say boo! I knew Fidler—he was a great goose! Only to think of the perfection of his reasoning powers to come to the United States for the express purpose of teaching the natives Sanscrit!

Here Mr. Binckley again burst into his own laugh, which was peculiarly rude and uncouth, at the same time, as was his custom, brushing up his long, coarse hair, with his ten fingers. He always

talked in this sarcastic vein, and differed from everybody else. This involved him in the same troubles as a schoolmaster which he had met with in the Church; when he held the crook, as when he wielded the birch. Some parents objected to his new-fangled methods, but above all, the code Solomon was resisted with might and main. The seeds of equality were already springing up in the mind of the child, and Mr. Binckley declared that it was necessary to pat his head and not to dust his back. He did not know what the world was coming to. One parent had taken him aside, and told him confidentially to be very particular in the treatment of his son, as he believed him to be a genius! "A genius!" replied Mr. Binckley, "*a genius!* My dear sir, permit me to tell you that he is remarkably stupid!"

Mr. Admuller, whose mind was sombre, felt himself amused and refreshed by this visit to his friend, but put an end to the conversation by drawing out his watch and saying that he must be off. The Professor again roared out for the diminutive, ridiculous little servant, Tom, but as he was fast asleep in the loft, he fluttered out to the stable in his black gown, and brought out the horse himself. As the carriage passed out of the gate, the schoolmaster waved his hand, saying:

“Good by, St. Bardolph, don't send your boy to College.”

The Rector laughed heartily, and said to himself, “that is a queer, perverse man! In him are learning, intelligence, and a kind heart, all rendered void, and even an innate piety is obscured to the eyes of men. Such a man, however, becomes steeled to trouble, because he is in hot water all the time.”

Mr. Admuller was very anxious with respect to his son. Had he followed the guidance of his judgment, he would have put him to a trade. Pure, ingenuous, and with a fondness for learning, he yearned for knowledge, and all his desires were toward the Church. Should he enter it, he would do so at an early age, without experience of the world, and at a time when the horizon was becoming dark. Should his father be ousted from his present place, he was too old to hope for another. Parishes are peculiarly careful not to be encumbered with a man in age. How then could he encounter the heavy expenses of educating his son, at a time when foundations and scholarships were rare, and his influence was on the wane?

Dismissing these thoughts from his mind, and ever and anon involuntarily laughing outright at the eccentricities of Mr. Binckley, he presently

entered on the paved streets of the city, and reined his horse up before the lawn as about an hundred boys emerged from the portals of Columbia College.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MISS VALEARY'S VOICE BECOMETH CRACKED, AND SHE IS REQUESTED NOT TO SING IN THE CHOIR, AND HOW AN UNTOWARD ACCIDENT BEFEL MR. PIPPERELL, AND THE FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES WHICH ENSUED, AND HOW THE RECTOR HAD TO SUFFER FOR THESE NONSENSICAL AFFAIRS, THE WHOLE BEING INTENDED TO SHOW WHAT PETTY FEELINGS MAY SOMETIMES PREVAIL IN A PARISH.

It cost me, indulgent reader, some considerable scruple and reflection before I could make up my mind to enter upon the following record, the like of which, I verily believe, is not to be found in those beautiful works, the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the "Poor Vicar." But I have concluded that by so doing, a good purpose might be subserved. He who means well may hope for pardon if he errs.

In the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the foundation of the parish, and in the thirty-fifth of the administration of the present Rector, or thereabout, a discord began in the organ-loft of a more grating character than that which on a former occasion had concerned the puffed-out cheeks of the probulgent Tubingen. The singing powers of this gentleman had not diminished with his age, and he still gloried in a guttural bass, which told on the seats whereupon the congregation sat. A great deal of new talent had been added to the choir. Moreover the little organ before which the youthful Miss Valeary used to bounce up and down as she pressed the pedals and the keys, had been replaced by one with gilded pipes more lofty and with stops more numerous. This was played upon by an organist whose style was modern and elaborate, and his eccentricities called for occasional restriction and rebuke. His voluntaries effloresced into all the bloom and luxury of his charming genius, which literally disported in the waves of sound; and as it gave up its musical ghost, just when the opening sentences were about to be read, divers of the *virtuosi* would nod and smile, while one would perhaps whisper to another, with a recognizing look, "*La Dame Blanche.*" The congregation of St. Bardolph's now prided themselves on their choir, and it was a common

remark as they passed out, "What excellent music we had to-day!" But, to tell you the plain truth, it was contemptibly poor music—unfit for the occasion—devoid of religious expression—fit only for the pomp of a village festivity—and inflated with vanity. When you heard the brass rings rattle over the iron rod to which the red curtain was attached, shutting up the choristers in the seclusion of their perched-up loft, then you might know that some grand exploits of vocalism were to come off. The sexton, who had been despatched in good season to the "sacristy," to obtain from the Rector the number of the psalm and hymn, having returned with a small slip of paper on which they were indicated in pencil, a great whispering and consultation having taken place which resulted in the selection of tunes, Mr. Tubingen placed the music book on the rack, and the bellows of the little-big organ were put in play. Never was more brilliant sparkle and scintillation elicited from the windy bellows of a blacksmith's forge. The head and shoulders of the organist swayed up and down like those of a Chinese eater of the narcotic drug, in the accompaniment of an improvisation upon the keys, which made the whole congregation involuntarily twist their necks and look aloft, and at last with a full choral blast from tenor, bass, and treble, the magical effect was

complete. There were, no doubt, many present who came expressly to "hear the music," and the knowledge of this fact inspired the artists with a desire to do themselves justice. It is true some of the old people did not like the concatenation of sounds. These, however, were considered behind the age, and the opinion of such as worthy of small respect in the onward "march of improvement." They were swept away in their slender opposition by the force of public opinion, if not by a whirlwind of sound. At any rate, Death was fast removing them, one by one, while their deaf ears were becoming sealed to such annoyance. It was to the great surprise of the Rector that the choir one day struck upon the *Te Deum*, which he had been hitherto accustomed to read, and through various turns, and windings, and repetitions, they discoursed upon it for a full half hour. It was, however, the last time that they so distinguished themselves before the musical world. There was no piece of cathedral composition which the choir at St. Bardolph's did not consider themselves competent to perform, and had they been allowed their own way, would have sung the sermon, and made more out of the *Amen* than any other part. Mr. Hivox had indeed composed something original out of the theme of an *Awmen*, full fifteen minutes long, and we are sure that when it was finished no

ran down his beard—his—down
 his robes—its costly moist—his beard
 ure shed—his—cost—his robes—his robes—ure shed
 I-t-s c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture——shed.”

was of this very composition, similarly per-
 rd, that the late Bishop Seabury on one of his
 tions was asked his opinion, and his reply
 at he had paid no attention to the music; but
 his sympathies were so much excited for poor
 that he was afraid that he would not have
 r left. A most appropriate and humorous
 on the part of the good bishop. And this, it
 be remembered, was at a time when the
 ne Cecilia came” to these benighted realms.
 e for the vocal art began to be fostered in
 western world, and especially in the parts
 ent to the Long Island Sound, and various
 on sacred music were put forth by professors
 own, and the science had just begun to
 iate a nasal twang. Is it to be wondered
 when a clergyman sometimes in the perform-
 of his duty must needs become *maestro* to
 the big-chested gentry of singers in order,
 hey should lend the compass of their voices
 ell the cry of unpopularity which may be
 l against him? If he would court favour, let
 court the music of the probulgent bass, and
 devotion to the squeaking treble, have no

sympathy for the beard of Aaron, and throw his own voice from the chancel-end into the overpowering Hallelujah-chorus. If the church has no organ, then let him defer to the opinion of the bassoon, and dance attendance on the jigging airs of the profane fiddle. So shall there be one discord less.

In the new construction of a more ambitious choir at St. Bardolph's there was one acknowledged element of discord of which it was hard to get rid. This was a matter which had long taxed the ingenuity of the members; but as it was of an exceedingly delicate nature there was no individual found with sufficient tact or boldness to suggest a plan, or, if so, to carry it into execution. The fact is, that Miss Valeary would continue to sing, and Miss Valeary was no longer what she once was. She was now an ancient maid, with all the characteristics of the lone and melancholy order to which she was attached. Her once plump throat had become sadly shrivelled, for the chin and throat, as well as the brow itself, bear the marks of mediæval time with such distinctness that no deep-cut tomb-stone can tell a truer tale. So had her voice insensibly deteriorated from a somewhat brisk and sparkling shrillness to a lamentable screech. Still the little lady, from the force of habit, when Sunday came was punctual at

post, and though conscious that she sang not in her former ease, yet in the goodness of her heart she exerted herself more strenuously than ever. And she did in truth and sincerity believe that she was no unimportant element of the choir, of which she had been a member for so many years. That her assistance was no longer required was a thought which had never come to her dreams. That it was even indispensable was what she innocently believed. Hence she was always present at rehearsals, and actually screeched in a sense of duty, when if she had consulted her own desires she would have long since retired from so conspicuous and invidious a post. But though the task had been at first disagreeable, and in the modesty of her nature she had shrunk from its performance, she had gradually trained herself to perform it. She did not hear the remarks which were made because she had recently become a little deaf; and she did not see the looks and sly glances in the choir, when she straggled upon the higher notes of the gamut, because she had begun to wear glasses and her eyes were a little dim. The other vocalists were profoundly vexed to have the effect of their execution marred. At last as no one would volunteer to sing alone, they resolved to share the responsibility, and actually appointed a committee of three to wait

upon Miss Valeary. She was practicing on an old piano when they arrived, and she rose to meet them with a chirping cheerfulness. In order to pave the way to the disagreeable business, and introduce the subject of music, they asked her to play, and Miss Valeary performed an antique piece, called in antique Latin, *Dulce Domum*. Then she inquired whether the choir had selected any new chaunts for the festival of Christmas.

"It was on some such subject that we called ;" said the big-chested Mr. Tubingen.

"Indeed !" said the narrow-chested Miss Valeary, her eyes sparkling with animation, and swinging her reticule as she turned upon the bench and looked into the abashed faces of the formidable trio. They all hemmed and hawed like the choral file in a gallery when the leader has struck his *pitch* fork on the blunt end.

"I have heard our last Sunday's performance highly praised," said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Tubingen, interrogatively.

"Indeed I have. I have been practising a new chaunt composed by the organist of St. John's, in the city, which has been much admired. If you like, we will try it."

"We hope that Miss Valeary will not be offended," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Decorus, the tenor.

“ We have all frequently remarked that no one in the congregation feels a deeper interest in the music than Miss Valeary,” said Mr. Hivox, the alto.

The little lady looked a little disconcerted, and cast a sharp, penetrating glance upon the delegation.

“ We are fully aware that you will do any thing for the interest of the church,” said Mr. Tubingen.

“ We have not entertained the least doubt of that,” said Mr. Decorus.

“ Most undoubtedly,” remarked Mr. Hivox.

“ To be sure, I will,” added Miss Valeary.

“ It has been a matter of remark,” proceeded Mr. Tubingen, “ well it has only lately—well, yes I may say, not for a length of time—but only recently—it has been, no doubt, it has been—I think I I may say mainly—I don’t know—I kind of think”——

“ People have got to be so very fastidjus,” said Mr. Decorus.

“ And so very critical,” added Mr. Hivox.

“ Indeed !” said Miss Valeary.

“ Yes,” replied Mr. Tubingen.

“ Yes,” said Mr. Decorus.

“ Yes,” said Mr. Hivox.

“ Gentlemen, you need not be afraid to say what

you wish," remarked the scrutinizing lady, who had by this time become aware of the confusion of the trio.

"We knowed that you would not be offend~~ed~~," said the gallant Mr. Tubingen, squeezing with ~~his~~ big paw the little hand of the little lady, which was full of rings.

"How you hurt me," said the offended Miss Valeary.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Will you explain yourself?" exclaimed the lady, with peremptory tone, and with flashing eyes, almost transfixing the speaker.

"A—yes—ma'am—we are sorry—we do not speak for ourselves," said Mr. Tubingen.

"Not at all," said Mr. Decorus and Mr. Hivox.

"Have I given any offence?" said Miss Valeary.

"None at all—none in the least—none whatever—far from it—on the contrary,"—exclaimed all three, with intensity.

"What then?" said the little lady.

"It is a subject which we feel the greatest delicacy in approaching," said Mr. Tubingen, the speaker, "but it may not be unevident to Miss Valeary that Miss Valeary's voice—which is, I may say—on ordinary occasions—in a room—at the social meeting—so creditable to Miss Va-

leary—does not so fully—that is, I may say—highly as we think of it—so adequately—kind of *chord* with the present composition of the choir to do that justice to Miss Valeary which Miss Valeary's voice—in the opinion of good judges, is—so—so—so——highly cap'ble of——on the part of Miss Valeary!"

"Is that it?" said the lady, bursting into an offended cachination. "You have been a long time coming to it. Put your minds perfectly at rest, gentlemen. So long as I live, if it be a hundred years, you shall never suffer annoyance on my account. I will listen to your melodies, though they should happen to come through the nose," she said, looking smilingly at Mr. Tubingen. And with that she jerked out of her seat, and began to arrange flowers in a vase with dainty judgment.

The committee bungled out of the room immediately. "A hundred years!" said Mr. Hivox, the alto, with witty cruelty, as they walked along; "If she lives a little longer, the *if* will be out of the question." As this was uttered, all three joined in an admirably-executed laughing chorus—to which Miss Valeary was only a listener.

After they had gone, she was in a state of nervous agitation, and flitted about with the agility of a grasshopper. She arranged her tidy

French bonnet on her head, and with her cheeks in a high state of inflammation, and her little eyes full of eagerness, passed out of the gate with trepidation, and speaking to no one whom she met, arrived out of breath at those headquarters for all sorrowing, complaining souls, the Village Rectory. Admitted into the study, she sat down, and with many sobs and sighs and pitiable inflections, in the midst of drowning floods and with an hystericky abruptness, told the story of her wrongs.

“She loved her church, he-he-he-hik-e-he. She always had loved her church—she n-e-l-ever would enter its doors again.” (*An overwhelming burst of feeling.*)

In vain did the Rector try his persuasive power to heal the sorrow-stricken heart of the ex-organist and now ex-singer, and alas! by her own declaration, ex-communicate. In cases of this nature he had not near as much salve as some others; not so many endearing titulets—not so much cooing gentleness. When these little hystericky storms were brewing beneath him, his head seemed to be lifted up in the regions of metaphysics. He did not become “a comforting man,” so well as he might have done to these fictitious griefs, and it was partly on this account that the late Mrs. Vosselingen did not consider him evangelical. At the time of her

disappointment about the Choctaw and Chickasaw College, she thought that he had treated her with abruptness and a want of courtesy. When Miss Valeary retired, she drew her veil closely over her face, for it was marred by grief.

Troubles go in broods. As she passed out of the gate, the head warden walked in and thumped at the door as if he would knock it down. He was in an ill-humour, as might be seen by a glance, and that he was seeking an object to vent it on was evident to the Rector's wife, whose apprehensions were excited when she saw him advance. The occasion of his displeasure was so ridiculous that I can hardly bring my mind to record it, yet the annals of St. Bardolph's parish would hardly be complete without it. On this account it shall be told, indulgent reader, though in a very brief way.

There was an old he-goat who led a vagabond life in the village, whose temper had become ruined, and his belligerent disposition increased by the teasing of mischievous boys, who sometimes attempted to ride on his back, until he scattered the whole troop like chaff before the wind. One Sunday having been inordinately vexed by the Sunday-school children of the neighborhood, he took refuge on the porch of St. Bardolph's church just as the bell was tolling. The old sexton had more than once expelled him from this position, not scrupling to throw at

him large stones, and saying that he was "the Devil's likeness." On the present occasion he remained undisturbed, and when the Rector had retired to robe himself after morning prayers, deliberately walked up the aisle and looked about with the gravity of a judge. Mr. Pipperell arose with great pomp and indignation, his cheeks puffed out, his lips pouting, and an angry scowl upon his brow. He laid down his prayer-book, placed his spectacles over his pate, and his gold-headed cane beneath his arm, and marched with indubitable courage to the attack. The venerable animal putting his head to the ground, received him in the epigastric region, and running with him violently for some distance, knocked him flat in the middle of the aisle. His spectacles went in one direction, and his gold-headed cane in another, while the spectators appeared perfectly delighted with the scene. He got upon his feet and was assisted home by Mr. Fennels in a state of mind bordering on insanity. It was one of those untoward, unhappy circumstances which sometimes occur to mar the solemnity of divine service. It is possible that such events are brought about by the agency of evil spirits, who having a spice of malicious humour, apply an unhallowed invention to disconcert the minds of those engaged in serious acts.

It was to vent his irritated feelings, and to make

complaint, that the church-warden came to the Rector's house and knocked at the door. He complained that the sexton was old and worn out, and did not do his duty, and must be dismissed, and he should take it upon him to perform that act himself. He paid fifty dollars a year for pew-rent, and it was not safe for him to enter the church. Nuisances were tolerated under the very eye of the Rector. Some change or other must take place soon, and to be very plain with the Rector, he would tell him that other people thought so too. Then he went on to describe, in detail, the assault which had been made on him by the venerable goat, during which the Rector laughed incontinently in his very face. The rage of the churchwarden was unbounded, and he discoursed, for a time, in such a spirit of vulgar insolence that had he done so in another man's house he might have run the risk of being kicked out of doors.

When he was gone, Mr. Admuller did what he had abstained from doing for a long time. He took down a long pipe, dedicated to the memory of Mr. Coolman, filled it with the best Virginia tobacco, elevated his feet, fixed his eye upon the cornice, and feeding himself with his own reflections, smoked until his head turned.

CHAPTER XXVII.

▲ SHORT EPISODE, WHICH TREATS OF MR. TUBINGEN
 . AND THE LITTLE GREEN-BAIZE ANGEL.

I HAVE some scruple, O beloved reader, about this, as I had about the preceding chapter. *But* in running my eye back hastily over the *pages* of this narrative, I find that the substance of one event which should have been recorded at an earlier stage has been inadvertently omitted. Inadvertently? Not exactly. While indicting the record in my quiet study the circumstance *did* flit athwart my remembrance, but with a sort of subdued smile and quivering of the mouth-corners, and prohibitory shake of the head, I discarded it with a flourish of the feather-end of the quill, as altogether too petty. On farther reflection, I am not quite so sure of that. It is not without use to picture forth exactly anything

which happens; and having portrayed, after some misgivings, the adventure of Mr. Pipperell and the venerable goat, I may be pardoned for narrating the circumstance of Mr. Tubingen and the little green-baize angel. It was something on account of which that gentleman owed the Rector a precedent dislike, the history of which went back beyond the choral quarrel, and was almost coeval with the date of the "crack sermon." "But if I put it down——" "By all means do it," says my reverend friend, now smoking his long pipe at my elbow. Do not disdain these little things."

"I will," said I, touching with the nib of my pen the surface of the ink.

Says Bartold, into whose MS. I have now taken a dip,

"Alwaie keep your Diarie in which you will putt down whatsoever doth Occur to you in Life, from readyng, from Nollodg, from Observatioun. Y^e Incidents may seeme to you of No Account. Record them trulie, and they will serve some true purpose before your Life's End. Yea and moreover at y^e End of Each Daie strive you to remember trulie all that hath occurred to ye during the Daie, from seeing men, from readyng Bookes, from Conversatioun, from Reflectioun, dating from y^e time that you said morning Prayer, until you lay

your head down upon y^e Pillowe. It will Com
in play.”

There is not the least doubt of it, Bartold.

Well, then, when the Rector was at the height
of his popularity, on one occasion just preceding
the Christmas holidays, he received a request that
he would come round to the church and en
courage the young ladies of the parish, by the sanc
tion of his advice and presence. For they were
engaged, and had been for some days, in decorat
ing the church with festive greens. The Rector
being also busily employed in preparing sermons
for the festival, would willingly have resigned the
whole matter to the acknowledged taste and zeal
of the fair. But when formally appealed to in
his study by a blooming deputy, whose request
was also seconded by another blooming deputy,
he could not in politeness decline, and laying down
his pen, and leaving the sermon in the midst, he
accompanied his parishioners to St. Bardolph's
Church. The ground was covered with snow,
a foot deep, and the old people, with their
fingers in mittens, said that they were glad of it,
for a “green Christmas made a fat grave-yard.”
Several loads of evergreens, running vines and
laurel, lay at the porch, covering up the graves
and monuments of the dead. The prominent
people of the parish had willingly despatched

their wagons to the neighbouring hills to procure the greens, and there would be enough left after the Church was finished to decorate the parlours of those who loved this good old custom of the Church. The procuring of Christmas greens from the woods is itself a festivity in which Pomp, and Yaff, and Cuff, and Cæsar, and Jupiter, and all the coloured people who drive the teams, combine with heart and soul. They tie the horses in a by-path, under the leafless oaks, while straying about to the neighbouring grove of hemlocks, they chop off the green branches, and dig out of the hollows with their finger-nails the running vines, which are visible above the snows. Then they pile them on the wagons, and jog down the hills, when presently they come in sight of the steeple, and the pace is quickened. At the portals of the Church, they are received by the old sexton, who makes a prudent disposition of the greens, and does not allow the wheels of the wagons to plough a furrow on the graves. Pomp, and Cuff, and Company, retreat from the grave-yard at sundown, having discharged their greenish freights, provide their horses with a comfortable bed for the night, roll the wagons under the thatched sheds in the farm-yards, enter the capacious kitchen of the old farm-house, ensconce themselves in the ample jambs of the fire-place, where

a large fire is blazing, pull off their wet mittens, eat their suppers and become somnolent. Negroes have abounded in Westchester since the settlement of the country, and their masters think a great deal of them. They are well kept, well fed, and in fact eat up more than they earn.

If you pay a visit to an old farm house you will be sure to notice two or three family servants as black as soot, who will occasionally bustle into the parlour, if it be winter, with a basket of white hickory chips, dispose them between the shining brass and irons, put down their round, woolly heads to the coals, puff out their cheeks, by the help of dry corncobs intermingled with the chips, blow up a bright blaze, then take up the basket and retire. The coloured people are, generally, attached to the Methodist persuasion; but where their affections are enlisted on the side of our church, as was the case in Westchester, while they are, perhaps, on the whole less apt to give way to religious animal excitement, they are found to be devoted and attached members.

As the Rector set his foot upon the porch his ear was greeted with peals of merry laughter from within. He opened the door suddenly, and holding the knob in his hand, remained motionless for an instant, gazing fixedly, though not repulsively, on those within, at the same time looking

as grave as a judge. He said nothing at all, but the sound of voices was immediately hushed as he gazed with a keen eye all about the church; now at that person on the topmost round of a ladder, driving a ten-penny nail into the cornice, from which to swing a festoon, now at those young ladies conversing in a gay dialogue while setting out a store of good things for lunch on the *communion-table* of the church! Then entering he closed the door, and stood by the little group of young men who kneeled at the feet of maidens assembled about the stove-pipe, assisting them in the weaving of thick green wreaths, while they discoursed of the next ball or assembly, which was to be held on New Year's Eve. Occasionally they threw the aromatic, pitchy branches into the fire, making a great blaze and crackling as each leaf crumpled up and exploded like a cockle. The old sexton crept or rather crawled silently about the aisles, now and then sweeping some rubbish out of a corner, or drawing the covering more completely over the corners of the damask curtains on the pulpit and desk, keeping a sharp look out on what was going on, and let it be remarked, paying little attention to the imperative command of Mr. Tubingen, who was the individual at the top of the ladder. "Hallo, old fellow, give us a lift, will you? How do you think my arm is strong enough

to lift up this wreath to the nail? Hold on below there!" Every now and then the sexton would go out and stand in the middle of the grave-yard, looking up at the chimney with an anxious eye. He had some regard for the interests of the Insurance Company, but more for St. Bardolph's church, which he would not see burned to the ground through any oversight or carelessness on his part. He was conscious that grave responsibility devolved upon him. He performed his duties with carefulness, with punctuality, with conscientiousness. At the end of every year he could receive his £4, the wages of his sextonship, knowing that they were well earned. Good Mr. Fenels!

The Rector, after a few significant glances at what was going on, answered to the appeal of the young ladies with a high approbation of their taste and industry. He remarked that he was delighted to see this beautiful custom, of which the moral effect was so good, and the religious associations so pleasing, carefully maintained in all our parishes.

Indeed, he made a beautiful and pointed allusion to it in his sermon on the last Christmas Eve, taking his text from the Prophet, "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto Thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the

place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

On the score of good taste, there were some extremes to be avoided. In the city where they had recently builded some very handsome churches, he thought that the decoration for Christmas had become a little slighted, for fear of injuring *the stucco*. It was thought that the moral effect of the building—which *might* be injured by the driving of a few nails into the pretended slabs of stone or marble—was of more importance than the moral effect of the old and handed-down custom. Hence, a few green twigs stuck up here and there, where it could be done without any break in the plaster, was all which remained, the reminiscence of a reminiscence. This would be like turning the monument of a great and good man of God out of doors, because the architect might modestly think that its presence would injure the general effect of the building which he had erected; in fine that the moral effect produced by gazing on the statue, and calling to mind the virtues of the good man, was nothing compared to the sublimity of his plastered edifice. "I do not like to see the time-honored usage slighted in the observance," said the Rector. "People may sneer as they will at observances like this, they have their origin in the necessities

of our composition, and he who is so spiritual or so wise as to rise above such necessity, soars often to a pride of intellect or of religion, like Infidelity itself."

On the other hand, he remarked that the decorating of churches might be sometimes a little overdone. He enquired what was that object on the wall immediately over the chancel; he did not refer to the green star of Bethlehem, nor to the green dove hovering, but it was immediately over that inscription in paste-board letters sprinkled over with the green-pointed leaves, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men." He was then informed by those present that it was a green-baize angel, cut out with a pair of scissors, by Mr. Tubingen, and intended to represent the foremost of the angelic host.

To tell the truth, it looked more like a frog than an angel. A slight chuckling and cachination was visible among the young ladies collected about the stove.

The Rector shook his head dubiously, smiled a little, and said he thought that they had better take the angel down. With that, he wished them a good morning, and returned to the composition of the sermon. The moment that Mr. Tubingen descended from the ladder, the young girls began

twit and to teaze him about the green-baize angel. They reported what had been hinted at, as the artistic merits of the angel, by the Rector of the Parish. Moreover, one of a sprightly nature began to make fun of Mr. Tubingen's design of an hour over the pulpit, and she said, "Our minister will look like a man in an ice-cream garden;" all which offended the feelings of one, who at that time was a great beau in the parish; and Mr. Tubingen with much ill-humour placed the ladder against the wall, and taking the angel by his wings, and pulling the tacks out of his trumpet, he tore him down from his altitude and burned him in the stove; having done which, he left the church in a huff, greatly piqued at the young ladies and the Rector. In course of time he forgave the former, but he did not readily forget what the other had hinted about the green-baize angel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HEALTH OF MR. ADMULLER SENSIBLY DECLINES,
AND HE IS COMMONLY SPOKEN OF AS SUPERANNU-
ATED—A FEW REMARKS ON BRONCHITIS—THE OLD
SEXTON OF ST. BARDOLPH'S—AN INCIDENT AT ST.
BARDOLPH'S, AND A FEW REMARKS UPON TRANSIENT
VISITORS.

WHEN we consider the incessant amount of preaching required of the clergy now-a-days, which is far more than their own good or that of the people demands, it is no wonder that their throats occasionally give out. What man in any other vocation would be tolerated for a single year, were he to address a stated audience in a stated harangue, two or three times regularly every week? Were there a little more praying and less preaching, it would be better for all hands. Surely one good discourse on a Sunday is

all to which the preacher can do justice, or which the audience will digest; whereas the demand is for two or three, and it is nothing but preach, preach, preach, to a set of listeners, the majority of whom, by their vacant looks, show an inexpressible weariness. The consequence is a tedious repetition of similar ideas, and of similar illustrations, which in a few years beget the desire of freshness and of change. When, presently, you have become thoroughly familiar with a man's ways of thinking; when you can anticipate exactly what he is going to say, or recognize what he has said before, though he speak from a full mind, his administration will not be agreeable. This does not conflict with what has been already said of the effect of proper study, when no opportunity is afforded for the same. A young man goes into a parish, and is immediately called upon for his two sermons on Sunday, and a "week-day lecture." He forthwith either travels in a dull round, or betakes himself to an ability for off-hand speaking. This remarkable gift will not save him; but in the other event, his health soon gives way, and when once gone, there is little hope of its being patched up. The want of a proper elocution, the amount of speaking in churches badly constructed as to acoustic principles, consumes the lungs, and tears to pieces the

throats of the clergy. The bronchial tubes become inflamed, the mouth is lined with ulcers, and in a few years consumption sets in. Bronchitis has lately become very common, especially among the city clergy. If these be popular men, they stand some chance of recovery, because their congregations are wealthy, and it is too hot for religious services in the summer. Moreover, at proper intervals, their churches must be repainted and repaired, or it may be, rebuilt on a more ambitious scale. Of these intervals they make a proper use for the benefit of their decaying throats. The first symptom is a little hoarseness, after which, although they sometimes look fat in the face, their voice is entirely suspended, and they come to a dead pause, it may be, in the middle of the service. Then an active sympathy begins lest their eloquent voices be forever hushed. It is found that a trip to Europe is a good remedy for the insidious disease, and the family physician testifies the same. The merchant princes advance the funds. They engage the meekest preachers whom they can find, to take their places while gone; and, free from care, while their salaries run on, fly away on the wings of the wind. When their furlough is up, they come back very much benefitted in body and mind. Foreign travel is no small advantage to

the clergy. Books often serve to contract the mind more, in some part where it happens to be narrow, by confirming opinions and prepossessions already formed. By pushing out into the world, the ideas are enlarged, and prejudices assuaged, and a more healthy tone is acquired. But with respect to curing the bronchitis, they would derive as much good, and be subjected to far less expense, by sojourning on Schooley's Mountain. Of that, however, no mention was made in the explicit directions of the family physician. They must obey orders, return in good health, and so remain until it becomes necessary to perform the journey again. And if they are faithful men, who would begrudge them this pleasant recreation? But with the country clergy, who work as hard, and are never out of the traces, the means of locomotion are not to be had. To jog about the parish with an old horse, the very appearance of which is enough to provoke a smile, is the extent of travel; and if their throats are blistered, they must preach away as if they were made of brass. When at last shelved, their place is supplied, and they are put upon the list of "Aged and Indigent Clergy," for whom a collection is taken up in the churches once every year. From this contingency they shrink as they would from going to the poor-house.

The cause of bronchitis has never been adequately ascertained. Some attribute it to the common use of anthracite coal, others to exposure and sudden changes of weather; but it is certainly on the increase since steam-navigation began. There are many of us who desire to get a sight of Westminster Abbey, but we stay at home and attend to our duties within sight of our deformed churches with their ugly steeples, although we are labouring under bronchitis.

Had Mr. Admuller attended to the invitation long since given, to a city church, and had he become likewise enfeebled in health, he would have been sent, like many of his brethren, by the generosity of parishioners, to foreign climes. As it was, the expenses of his family hardly permitted him to budge even on a short journey; and anxiety for their support was an additional drawback. When he was a young man, his salary and perquisites were ample; but for years past they sufficed only by a rigid economy. He had not the bronchitis, but a deep and settled cough contracted during a severe winter, and which he strove in vain to palliate or heal. His family physician, a devoted Churchman, and a good friend, began to feel no little anxiety, and enjoined his positive commands. He must cease awhile from his parochial duties, he must divest his mind from care,

he must depart upon a journey. Gladly would he have said, "Go and visit the continent of Europe for a few months. The sea voyage will abate or cure the cough, and the enlivening influence of new scenes will cause a reaction, and a renovation of the physical man." He knew that this was out of the question, and suggested it not. But when every Sunday's exertion pulled his friend back, and he lost all which had been gained during the week, he told him in plain terms that he must cease awhile from his ministrations, or he would forever cease. "Then," said the Rector, "I shall at least die in the harness. I shall wear out, not rust out. I am unable to follow your good admonitions."

The physician took up his hat, and said that such obstinacy would cost him dear. It needed little prescience to know the result. Mr. Admuller kept on. His wife hung with fond solicitude over him as he lay day by day wretched and enfeebled on a sofa, or guided the pen over the paper with a trembling hand. On Sunday morning, when the bell tolled, it was with a painful exertion that he roused himself for a short walk to St. Bardolph's Church.

The old sexton, as he arranged his surplice, shook his head, and remarked with sorrow his sunken cheeks and hacking cough. He would

say, with his hand upon the knob, as he reluctantly opened the vestry door, "your Reverence is too ill to preach to-day,"—and as he glided in like a ghost, he said to himself, "he will not long be here. He is going the way of all living. The poor will miss him sadly when he is gone." And he would go up, sit upon his chair by the bell rope, and sigh. The sexton was distinguished by a precise and formal attention to the duties of his place, which he had held for forty years. How gingerly would he glide through the aisle in softest slippers!—how delicately would he creep up on tip-toe, and whisper a message in the Rector's ear! With what official importance would he recal the physician from his pew when there was urgent need! With what sacred tutelage would he bear the basket which contained the communion-service on his arm, and as he put it down, first peep reverently under the snow-white napkin, then lift it slowly from the polished cup and paten! With what a succession of polite bows would he guide the stranger to a pew! How kindly would he up and remonstrate with the woman with the crying child, and if it kept on talking aloud take it from her arms as it struggled violently and kicked his stomach, crying all the while, "I'll be good, I'll be good!" How carefully was his eye fixed upon the crazy vaga-

bond who would sometimes stray in! How would he sit in the belfry with his corpulent silver watch in his palm, until the minute hand reached the half hour dot, and then seize the rope coiled at his feet, and placing his foot thereon, cause the bell to send forth the requisite number of vibrations on the air! How solemnly did he make it toll! When service was over, how scrupulously would he collect the contributions from the plate, place the books aright, close the pew-doors, lock and double-lock the church, and as he went out of the gate, turn round to take a look to see that the steeple was firm! While he held office, the seats were well-dusted, the tablets free from cobwebs, and the mats which lay in the portico well beaten out. When at the funera' he three times severally sprinkled the earth upon the coffin, to the touching words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he shook his solemn head, and was a standing essay on mortality. There was great weight in his words to the offending urchin who too thoughtlessly sported around graves. "Young man! remember that you must at some day come to this!"—Oh! how many and how many did he commit most decently to the dust before he was gathered to the narrow house appointed for all living. If any man had earned for himself a respectful burial, a long train

of mourners, a not too hasty committal and putting away from human sight, he was the man. But he was not so well buried at last as he buried others. The duty was committed to a raw hand, who rudely raked the earth upon his grave, and few attended his burial, and no stone marks the spot where he lies. The sexton was one of those very few who are found just in sufficient number to fulfil the wants of every community, and him could be entrusted with all confidence the sacred necessary office of laying out the dead. For he would dispose their limbs as gently and as tenderly as those of a sleeping child, and draw upon them the funereal cerements like the curtains of a couch; and when the task was done, he would stoop low, and gazing silently for a moment on the rigid features of some well-known face, go his way in lowly sorrow, and with a sigh. Oh, good Mr. Fennel! the sexton has degenerated sadly of late, because it is to be feared that reverence is on the wane. It is an old-school virtue, an obsolete quality, put aside by the rushing hurry of the age. The course of life is so precipitate that there is no time for the slow and somewhat elaborate formality which decency requires. Let the dead bury their dead!

I know not why I have made so little mention of the sexton until now, unless it naturally occurs

that I have reached a period in the narrative suggesting that his services might be required. He was one of the best friends whom the Rector had, and there was an unmistakable sincerity and sorrow in his look when he said, "Your Reverence is too ill to preach to-day." He said, "Your Reverence," because he was from the old country, and did not belong to the race of sextons who impertinently remark to the rectors that they are hired by the vestry, and who go about their business as a servant would brush out a parlour, or an hostler a stable.

When Mr. Admuller ascended the pulpit or the desk, the opening sentences were so feebly uttered, that he could scarce be heard. But as he went on he gathered more than wanted energy, and never was the cadence of his voice more sweet. Never, moreover, were his appeals more touching or eloquent, for they derived a pathos from his sorrowful estate.

He spoke as one would from the borders of the grave. There was an indescribable force and meaning conveyed even by the uplifting of his attenuated hand. Many went away in tears from his discourse, with the same feeling as if they had taken counsel of the dying, while the word spread from mouth to mouth, "How ill he looks! how he

is fallen away! It would not be surprising if he did not live a great while."

Others remarked, "what is to become of his wife and family? They have pretty high notions—they would not like to come upon the parish and even if they would, it could do little for them. It is as much as they can do now to give a suitable salary to the clergyman of the parish."

Week after week did their minister address them in the same gentle, persuasive tones, with no lack of the mental power which had distinguished his best days; but as to the disaffected part of his flock, if the Angel Gabriel had blown his trumpet it would have been without effect. Those who do not wish to be pleased, are more provoked still if they do not find any just occasion of displeasure and several persons took occasion of his precarious health to proclaim it abroad that he was *superannuated*.

One of the very best illustrations of the selfishness of human nature is in this very charge which is brought against some one or other every day. Let robust men in good position beware. Let them cut off their whiskers when they become gray, root out the silvery crop upon their heads and by all means keep their family bibles under lock and key. As they get on in life, there will be a growing and impertinent curiosity to find out

their age, and they will sometimes be asked the direct question, "how old are you?" The motive will be to detract from their merits, if they have any. But if their merits are so acknowledged that they cannot be touched, the very fact of age, if once established by the register, will be the only argument required. To-day a man is in the prime of life, to-morrow he will feel as young as to-day, but the gently gliding stream bears him along, unconscious. Those, however, who stand fixed on the bank, as it were, in the stability of youth, cry out, "there goes an old craft." For I have sometimes been amused, nay, saddened, to behold this trait in the most worldly troop of professed politicians. With what eagerness do they notch each unit upon the stick! With what an inward chuckle of delight do they chronicle an approach to the complement of years, and almost sing pœans when the ordinary terminus of life is approached by some. Nay, they shake the old man's hand, they wish him joy, they pour wine in the cups of gratulation! But let such a man once get into his bed at that age, with what would be a mere transient unwellness, and they will kill him off as surely as a butcher knocks down the king of the herd. As the veteran lies in his bed, only needing tonics, a good physician, a kind nurse, and the cheerful encour-

agement of a few friends to bring him on his legs, and reads his morning paper, which is brought to him on the wings of the wind, the first words which meet his eye are whimpering with the saddest tidings of himself. It is narrated on unquestionable authority that his end rapidly draws near. Every day as he reads the precious bulletins, his heart sinks within him, he falls back on his pillow, and faintly breathes his last. Now the next time, oh, newspapers! that we have a great man in this country, if we ever have any more, pray let him take his own time in getting old, and if he gets sick in his bed, for mercy's sake do not render the prescriptions of his physicians abortive by your insight into the future, and your foregone conclusions.

But the charge of *superannuated* is incurred by all classes as soon as the gloom of coming years affords a shadow of excuse. When other things failed, this was brought up against the Rector of St. Bardolph's. That at least he was getting pretty well along in years, that his better course would be a timely resignation—and then there were many who would see what could be done for him—what could be done for him!

Think you that such promise could be trusted on the part of those who made it? Not a word of it. They wanted but the power of the keys to make

him feel with still more poignant grief the evils of abject dependence, and to withdraw the support and allegiance which were in justice due, so long as he performed his duty.

Superannuated! There was surely as yet no ground for this unfeeling charge against the Rector of St. Bardolph's. His eye was not dimmed, nor was his natural force of intellect abated. They glowed more brightly and with a purer lustre as the vase which held the oil appeared more fragile. With what a withering sense does this insinuation come upon the ears of those who feel their hearts yet thrill with warm affections, and that the approach of age, which makes indeed the almond tree to flourish, has left their better powers unpalied. The hale old man denies the imputation by the erectness of his carriage, by his early rising to behold the sun, by his lengthened walks, by his disregard of luxurious chairs and soft cushions. He who is only elderly laughs the charge to scorn by wielding heavy weights, and by transcending exertion. But neither age nor failure are required to render void the melancholy truth. He who has outlived the friends who loved him best, or moves in the sphere where he cannot fulfil his former usefulness, may be a young man still, yet *superannuated*. The grizzly sexton was not obnoxious to the charge; but as he older grew, they liked

him better ; nor would his day be past, so long as he could dig a grave or shave the faces of the dead. But in the sense which I have mentioned, the sick and wounded Rector bowed his head, and acquiesced.

Superannuated ! Was it come to this ! Oh, Sir John ! could you return to the parish once again, where, with the exception of yon added graves and the more ancient ivy, the external state of things remained the same, what would you think of this sad defection ? It seems but yesterday since you entered with respect into yonder pew, and placing your hat before your eyes, said a silent prayer. Could another word from your Baronettish mouth restore the flush of health or meed of approbation to the once popular young man ? He was, in fact, dead, and

Cum semel occideris et de Splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitra,
Non Torquate, genus, non te facunda, non te
Restituet pietas.

To adapt this by a free and easy translation, Horatius forgive me, to the purpose :—

“ When his day is gone by, and this kind of verdict is clearly pronounced against a clergyman, it matters not how good his position, how excellent a

preacher, or how pious a man, there is no such thing as getting back to their good graces."

It was a summer day, and the church was full of people. The places of the absentees and the disaffected were occupied by strangers, for at that time (as they do now) the citizens of New York, in warm weather, eagerly pressed to the beautiful county of Westchester. This emigration, in the steady and immense increase of the city, has become very great, and all available and pleasant rustic quarters in the vicinity are pre-engaged every season for months in advance. After these people have secured rooms, from the windows of which they may look upon a fair prospect, and enjoy the sentiment of being in the country, while many experience a *coldness* and a comfort very inferior to that which they have at home, the first thing which they do is to secure a sitting in the church, for the majority of them go there in a carriage on Sunday morning. In the afternoon the ladies go to sleep, and the men sit on the piazza smoking a cigar, reading a newspaper or a novel, or lie on the grass on their backs, with their feet against a willow-tree, as they look upon the clergyman passing by, and recruiting their exhausted faculties for a drive or boating excursion, as the sun sets low. After having satisfied their appetites on

green peas, string-beans, tomatoes, broiled chickens, and so forth, and having found fault with the whole dinner, and especially the dessert, which has not been served up to them according to the fulness and etiquette of a printed bill of fare, they endeavour in this way to restore their good humour, and provide a digestion for the past, and an appetite for the coming meal. Many of these strangers, as they happen to be of the right kind, are a great acquisition, and some are not. With a few exceptions, which ought properly to be made, the permanent good which they do to the parish is not more than would be done by the flight of birds. They sometimes work a great deal of mischief, especially if important theological questions arise, by throwing themselves into one scale or other of politics, as it happens to preponderate. They ought to have the delicacy, being strangers, to mind their own business, and take advantage of the sea-bathing and pleasant drives. The half-dollars which they throw into the plate are not recompense for the evil which they do, if they do not remain perfectly quiet, according to their intentions when they came into the country. This allusion is made because it occurs just in the nick of time, for the benefit of those to whom it pertains. It does not apply to all sea-bathers or rusticating citizens, or even to a majority of them, but to some;

for mere charity's sake, let us say to a few. We think that no right-minded person will be offended, if these be characterised, to whichever sex they may belong, as busy-bodies, intruders and intermeddlers. If they be men, they are not gentlemen; if women, they have sadly transgressed their proper sphere.

It was a summer morning, and the weather was hot and stifling. Several of the windows of the church could not be raised, because the sashes stuck fast, while of others, the cords which passed over the pullies had become broken. The fanning was industrious and incessant, and the number of wands in constant motion, of palm-leaf, feathers, or paper; some of them highly ornamented and ancestral, might alone have diverted attention. One fainting fit occurred at an early stage of the service, and the subject was carried out with much commotion. Scarcely had this subsided when the Rector himself was observed to look unwell. As he read that solemn and fervent invocation of the Litany, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion"—his voice faltered, his knees trembled beneath him, and turning as pale as ashes, he sank down softly in his white vestments, within the chancel rails. Alarm spread itself through the assembly, and rising from their seats, all pressed with one consent around the

fallen man. With difficulty the physician forced his way through the anxious crowd, and then, amid cries of "fall back," "give him air," "is he dead? is he dead?"—and the weeping and lamentation of aged women, he knelt down at his side and felt his pulse. There was a solemn pause, uninterrupted for a few seconds, during which you could almost hear the tears dropping. There were old and young, manly brows wrinkled by anxiety, uplifted hands, all concentrated in one group. The Rector's wife, who looked already widowed, assiduously bathed his brow. The physician, with his head and eyes turned aslant, as if in abstraction, still held his finger at the pulse, and while this was done it was a matter of uncertainty whether the patient were alive or dead!

It would not be the first or second time that faithful men have thus breathed out their life in the very courts of the Lord's house, passing immediately from its vestibule to the golden streets, to the fuller and more transporting worship of the angels of heaven.

At last, the pulse which had fluttered feebly and stood still, gave one sudden, regurgitating throb, and life returned. A visible sensation, a long-drawn sigh, escaped from the audience, when the suspense was ended, as the pastor slowly opened his dim eyes, and smiled on those present, like

one awakened from a dream. In a moment after, when he became enough collected to know what was going on, it was observed that out of his eyes there gushed tears. He was then lifted up in the arms of the sexton and the physician, and deposited in his own bed in the Rectory. "I do not think that we will have him long," remarked one of the by-standers.

On the next Sunday the doors of St. Bardolph's church were closed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH A CURSORY REVIEW IS TAKEN OF THE
RECTOR'S HISTORY, REVEALING SOME FRESH CAUSES
OF COMPLAINT.

I MUST review briefly the Rector's career. When he first came into the parish, he was, oh! how popular!—a gifted, courted, a sincere and earnest youth, with an ardour attempered by correct judgment. Every year he improved in virtue and knowledge, and having arrived at a point of life when he could most effectually promote the cause of God and man, his availability was gone. As a few drops of colour will sully the tinge of a pure crystal goblet, so a few elements of disaffection spoil the genuine loyalty of a realm. You who are such sticklers for the “rights of the laity,” as if you were afraid of being trampled upon, gentle sheep in the wilderness, as you are! by the dra-

goon-like hoofs of the shepherd, set over you, (no doubt rendered nervous by a dim reminiscence of the Popes of Rome!)—you, pastors, on the other hand, who are apprehensive of being run over and butted down by the multitudinous flocks of your own sheep, while attempting to *drive* them, as you sometimes temerarily do, into a gate—inquire whose fault it was. Was the Rector of St. Bardolph's to blame because the distinguished Pipperell and the influential Tübingen wished him to resign—because the Williwilows forsook him—and the sweet Mrs. Spangles was but an equivocal friend—because several others were heartily tired of him, and with all his discretion, he was hardly better off than his eccentric friend of St. John's-in-the-Wilderness? Was he to blame? Somewhat, dear brethren of the clergy and the laity. After “prayerful consideration,” after having studied out the topic “on our knees,” although being forced to the conclusion with “great pain,” and we dismally “reluct” to bring any thing against our “dear brother-in-the-Lord,” we are fain to think it. “Well, how so? Was he not, in the only proper sense of the word, evangelical? that is to say, did he not preach without reserve, and in all their magnificent fulness, the doctrines of the Word of God, and that, too, after the very straitest interpretation of the Church—which by the

nature of his vows, he had acknowledged to be the pillar and ground of the Truth ?”

Oh, certainly ; he did not claim for himself exclusively to do so, which might possibly have led him to the height of an intolerably impudent spiritual pride ; but Christ was to him, and commended by him to others as “ all in all,” “ our only help in every time of need.” The whole burden of his discourse, most assuredly was—**NONE BUT CHRIST—NONE BUT CHRIST.** There were some, indeed, who did object latterly, but of that, more anon. For it is lamentable, yet true, that according to the ways of thinking which prevail, you may select two men—one will be honest, earnest, hard-working, going into his Master’s vineyard in the morning, and toiling until night, spending his strength, (for nought?) performing all the real offices and duties, as a Christian, which spring from the ordinary relations of life ; the other, alas, indolent, do-little, eleemosynary, with his hand always outstretched to receive, conferring nothing, lying upon his oars, but with soothing, comforting words for old women at their knitting ; well furnished with such expressions as “ the Lord will”—“ God willing”—“ my dear, dear friend” : and now mark ! the first will be called a mere formalist, and without the root of the matter, a man devoid of vital religion ; the other, in the language

of good old Father Martimas, (now perhaps with God,) will have the reputation of being very "*speeritual-ly* minded!" Let God be the Judge! But it might be with truth alleged against the Rector that he had not enough apparent warmth of manner. He did not, except when he ascended the sacred desk, make it sufficiently plain that his affections were outflowing continually in the direction of his fellow men; he was, in conduct, too reserved, and too much in company of his books, his duodecims, his octaves, his folios, his "darling folios"; taking the trouble, even, to discourse with them beyond midnight, when he would not talk three minutes with a living man of this generation in the middle of the day.

A clergyman must not be absent-minded, wandering among the refined spirits of a former age, when he ought to be ready to laugh and talk with the immediate generation. The people do not like it, and both for his own sake and for theirs he should have his eyes wide open, and look with vivacity on the objects which are around him. He must be ready to grasp agreeable women by the hand, and to pat pretty children upon the head, although even *that* may sometimes be used as an argument against him; for, "When you want to beat a dog, it is easy to find a stick." What a

capital old proverb that is ! I wish that I had made it.

Mr. Admuller, as I have said, had seen "men and cities." Still, by reason of temperament, his knowledge had the effect of making him too reserved. Herein, I think that he erred. But what wonder that pure and noble spirits gradually retire to an inward communing with themselves ? The most public men, growing old, yearn for a sacred privacy. One by one the strong-knit bonds of love are snapped, and the cup of pleasure dashed, before the silver cord of life is loosed, and before the golden bowl is broken.

Oh ! it is only a transient and superficial knowledge of mankind which draws forth regard ; for when you come to know them better, "familiarity breeds contempt." He who has been often stung by ingratitude, or repulsed at the threshold of his holiest and most cordial love, begins to cherish an antipathy for some, or a morbid aversion to all. This cynic feeling is not right, and ought to be repressed. Remember that as you know, so you must be known. To feel a sovereign contempt of men, is to argue that you are perfect yourself. No one lives, who if thoroughly understood, would not be severely frowned on or despised. When, therefore, you have discovered that which is very censurable in those whom you once esteemed

immaculate, keep not aloof to let the fire of affection dwindle, and the spark go out. Nay, do not stand too far behind the bars of decent formalism; let the earlier proof of something good be weighed against transgression, and in the intercourse of men, preserve a cheerful countenance with those who in the leniency of Christian charity may not have sinned as much as you.

I have already spoken of great changes in the parish; but I farther state that by this time the character of the population in the town of M—— had become almost totally changed, and for the worse. A new generation sprang up, more money-making, more heartless, less refined—and one feature in the progress of its society, or one lamentable defect was, a want of veneration, or, rather, of decent respect for the old. I do not refer to any blinded zeal or affectation for mere antiquity. This is an amiable weakness, a pleasant foible. It was an unfilial conduct, like that of a child in the plenitude of infantile strength, who, with its plumpy hands pushes away the milky bosom which has nourished it. You see this spirit, at present, still more advanced. It arises from the rancorous growth of Infidelity, not from the amazing energies and quickly succeeding phases of a new land. The young men here, are soon disposed to take matters into their own hands; they give nicknames

to their predecessors who have not adapted themselves at once to new modes ; they push aside the fixtures which are supposed to stand in their way, and mock at Elisha.

Mr. Van Sittart observed when the Rector first came to the parish, a slight peculiarity in his utterance, not unpleasant after a little acquaintance. This criticism was correct, and it is only fair to remark that this, in the progress of age had become confirmed into mannerism, and might be readily noticed by those who were disposed to finding fault. There are many preachers who were popular when they were young, who, for the neglect of some trifle like this, are turned into ridicule when they get old ; and you will often find a congregation of very shallow men whose asinine ears twitch nervously, and are arrected to a degree of sharpness by the progress of music and the ticklement of Italian airs. Therefore it is a matter of high importance to put pebbles in your mouths, to walk upon the shore, and elocutionize to the raging and roaring surf. You might as well discourse to the ocean in a storm, as to fashionable or well-cushioned seats, if there is no honey on your lips.

One day, about this period of his history, the Rector repeated his celebrated crack sermon. Its merit was not recognized at all by the disaffected

portion of his flock, but they made the same remark as usual, that it was, to them, heathen Greek. Indeed, it is really useless to attempt to analyse the petty causes why you do not admire a man, when you do not pretend that there is reason, only the fact is so.

“I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell,
 But this I know, and know full well,
 I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.”

I cannot, however, forbear to allude to one topic which had to do with the present state of things at St. Bardolph's, and that was the gradual growth of party feeling in the church. It was first engendered in the State, where it waxed more and more violent, until it pervaded all orders, reached the sacred vestibule, and, like a vindictive spirit, hovered over the very altars of Religion, and frightened away the Holy Dove. Before the Revolution, our church occupied a precarious position. The arms of the Venerable Society were stretched toward it, but from afar—and though it derived its nourishment thence, this was but equal to keep it alive. Feeble and alone, it was jostled somewhat harshly by surrounding bodies. To be tolerated, was all which was expected. The ministers who

watched over it, were but missionaries, ordained abroad. When they were cut off, the resource must be sought again from beyond the wave, unless self-ordination were resorted to.

When the clouds had cleared away from the political horizon, the prospect brightened but a little; nay, it grew darker for the churches which had been planted in this realm. The fostering hand was now withdrawn, while toleration was not greater than before. A civil liberty to worship God according to the dictates of the conscience, may be supplanted and annulled by popular, hooting prejudice, or by vindictive scorn, which "shuts the gates of mercy on mankind." The adherents of our church were looked at with rather a jealous eye, as sons of royalty, whose hearts and feelings were with the old régime. The mother-church was not untrammelled, or so free to act, that she could readily afford the boon now needed; nor were the churches here as yet prepared to receive.

When this temporary interdict was taken off, and Episcopal Ordination was obtained at the hands of the English Church, there sprang up a race of mild, beneficent, and admirable bishops, whose memories are embalmed in the earliest annals of the American Church. But with these men, owing to the necessity of the times, a-

stringent control was impossible. One by one, they passed away to their reward, when suddenly there appeared upon the church's walls a prelate, who entered upon his rightful functions with an immediate vigour of administration, and an executive ability, which startled friends and foes. He was a blending of the rarest elements of manly greatness. Emergency did not so much produce him as he produced emergency, and precipitated crisis. He seemed the very man ordained by God to rule over discordant materials, to separate the light from darkness, to restrict the overflowing floods in channels, and to proclaim the reign of Unity and Apostolic Order. There was a short silence and calm at the first splendour of his appearance, when with a most violent shock, all the waves of opposition surged and beat against this bulwark of the Church. Firm as the Rock on which he stood, he waved his hand above the troubled elements, with all the powerful will of a Dictator, but he controlled with all the tenderness of a Father his sons. He had an insight and a splendid knowledge of, and a laying to heart, of those grand and sweeping maxims, which are laid up as in a rich treasure-house in the Word of God. - He had a marvellous power to refer *at once* the commonest acts, as by divinest instinct, to some sound, and valid, and substantial,

and far-stretching Christian principle. If his bodily actions gave the idea of ubiquity, his mind travelled proportionately, fast and far. His horizon was immense. With a lightning glance, and with a scope which few eyes have, he arrived at the most remote result. Then was his position taken, and his language was like that of the warrior who placed his face to the foe :

“ Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

What wonder that the grasp and comprehension of such a mind, should provoke remark from those cooped up in prejudice, and win the name of narrow bigot from the very men who could not see as far as you could cast a stone. They battled for petty things, matters of merely apparent good, or of intrinsic indifference. He looked beyond.

Such men always will be the objects of a rasping opposition, not unfrequently on the part of others whose sincerity is genuine as their own. But this is a noble strife—an agitation which makes the elements clear. Yes, it is an angel which goes down at certain times and troubleth the waters. Perhaps no man, in sharp encounter, ever so immediately or successfully put down his foes by mere moral force. This is the best kind of tyranny, a leonine, a Napoleonic power. The

battle is not always to the strong, and those whose ultimate success is sure, too often bequeath it as a rich legacy to their heirs.

As to Envy, Hatred, and Malice, that bad trio, or Coalition, which in the way of open attack or hypocritical profession of friendship always aim at every man of mark, the new Bishop had to meet the assaults of these too, as well as of his more open and generous adversaries. And it is a part of the tactics of such, if they have not power of logic to subdue the principles, to endeavour to prostrate the *man*. This *quasi* victory is complete enough to satisfy the foe. The *man* it is who is the object of their enmity. But if it be a sorrowful sight to look upon the brave old oak succumbing to the blow, a forest of young saplings will rise up on the very spot to avenge the deed. And as one of our own poets has said :—

“ God of the forest's solemn shade,
 The grandeur of the lonely tree
 That wrestles singly with the gale,
 Lifts up imploring arms to thee.

“ But more majestic far they stand
 When side by side in ranks they form,
 And wave on high their plumes of green,
 And fight their battles with the storm.

A man of force may often mould the plastic

elements about him for the present, but truest greatness controls the ages which are to come.

Of this prelate it may be said, that he "being dead, yet speaketh," and the principles which he advocated have, and ever will have, a grappling hold on the American Church. The impress of his lofty mind is yet every where distinct and indelible, and posterity will revere the name of JOHN HENRY HOBART.

Now observe:—there were men exercising a petty tyranny, who, if they could not overcome the powerful man, were both willing and able to coerce, distress, or if need be, ruin those of the less protected sort, who as well from honest conviction, as from a principle of high-minded allegiance, were resolved to stand by their Bishop!

CHAPTER XXX.

WHICH RECOUNTS AN INTERRUPTION AT DINNER, AND THE KINDNESS OF THE REV. DR. GONIMBLES ; AND A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.

THE worthy Rector of St. Pancras Church, in the city of New-York, was entertaining a party of clerical friends at dinner, who had just seated themselves at his hospitable board. They were eight in number, and though they had all been afflicted with the bronchitis, they were at present in good health and spirits, and prepared to do moderate justice to the good fare set before them. There was hardly one of them who had not seen the inside of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, London, and of St. Peter's Church, at Rome. One, Mr. Ainslie, was the Rector of St. Barnabas' Church, to which the Rev. Mr. Admuller had

once received "a call." This worthy man was fat and healthy, and his laugh cheerful and hilarious in the extreme. He was a great favourite with his people, and the extra accumulation of fat upon his bones might have been owing to the fact that he had been enjoying a vacation of six months, during which time he had drank of various mineral waters, breathed the pure air of mountain-tops, been invigorated by the sea breeze, and travelled on the lakes. In the interim his church had been pulled down, and the ground sold, (vaults and tomb-stones included,) and a splendid Gothic edifice erected at the court end of the town. It was to be consecrated in the following week. During his absence his life had been insured by his congregation for a round sum, lest he should be blown up on board of some steam-boat, and his family, consisting of a wife and fifteen interesting children, be left destitute. I say that this company had been seated a few minutes, and the host had just inquired of the aforesaid gentleman which part of the turkey he preferred, when an alarming ring at the street-door bell was heard.

The guests exchanged glances, as much as to say—"some interruption may now be expected. One of the country clergy has arrived, bag and baggage. Some converted Israelite is here for signature to his papers. That terrible pest. Mrs.

Fardel, is going about begging ; she teases the merchants in their counting-houses, and the clergy in their closets. It is probably the Rev. Mr. Brindles, who is soliciting funds to build a new church in North Western Territory. His people have done all they can, and even made great sacrifices, and now confidently appeal to their brethren in more favoured regions of the Lord's heritage."

The good-humoured host, however, merely said, as he cut off a slice of the breast :

"John, tell them that I am at dinner."

John presently returned with a sealed note.

"Has the messenger gone?"

"Yes."

The company breathed more freely.

"Excuse me," said the doctor, running his eyes hastily over the writing. The purport of it was this :

"The Rev. Mr. Admuller is ill at Washington Hotel, and would be glad to see the Rev. Dr. Goumbles at his earliest convenience."

The host smiled. "Gentlemen, I must leave you. A case of sickness—but perhaps I shall soon return. In the mean time, make yourselves at home. Mr. Ainslie, do me the favour to preside in my stead."

And he went upon his errand with all willingness and alacrity, taking with him a portable

rosewood case, containing a beautiful golden communion service, the gift of a pious woman now with God.

He remembered Mr. Admuller well, for he was one of those who had laid their hands on his head when he was consecrated to the priesthood. He recalled the promise of his youthful and flowering talents, and the expectations entertained of him; and he knew well that he had more than fulfilled them all. It is true that his position had been comparatively humble; but he had shone in it like a fixed and central light, and "his praise was in all the churches." Doctor Gonimbles occupied a place of commanding influence, and was well deserving the respect of that large congregation to whom he administered. He was a man of the kindest heart and most correct deportment. To the multiplicity of petitioners to which a city pastor is subjected, he lent a lenient and indulgent ear. Secure of his own position, he assumed not the airs of arrogant obesity, and however unreasonable their demands, dismissed them never into the street with harshness, impatience, or disrespect. He did not abash the awkward country visitor on his eleemosynary call. He gave him a chance to be firmly and comfortably seated. He assented with an amiable "to be sure!" to every step in the *stage* of his roundabout and protracted story,

materially assisting him at every pause by the interposition and repetition, of "tubbe shoor." In fact, the guest would suppose that the object of his visit was already accomplished; that he had come to the right place and in the nick of time. Still he had the art and delicacy to soothe the dreadful disappointment of such full-blown hopes by an emollient refusal. He sent away the empty visitor beaming with smiles and charmed with his politeness. For at least having been permitted to rehearse his story, he knew it better, and departed with such freshened courage, that it is ten to one that he got the reputation of an accomplished agent by obtaining the necessary funds to build a new church, or to purchase a new organ.

Thus, while the Rev. Dr. Gonimbles refused to gratify, he even gratified in refusing, and held an enviable place without exciting envy. To the reasonable calls of friendship or of duty he never turned a deaf ear, nor attended to them with tardiness. In sickness or in trouble he was an ever-welcome guest. His presence, his cheering look, the alacrity of his conduct, the kindness of his words, and something even in the tones and quality of his voice, had consolation, while from the treasury of Holy Scripture he knew how to draw forth the most appropriate words of promise for the wounded heart.

“He is a very comfortin’ man by the sick bed,” was the testimony of the poor.

I do not mention all this as any thing remarkable. This is no more than the Rev. Doctor Gonimbles should have been. But some who can preach an admirable sermon, have not the other faculty, which is so essential, of blending a religious spirit with the cheerful intercourse of life. Moreover, there is an inclination on the part of clergy and laity to detract from merits which have been found sufficient to elevate a man to a desirable and lofty place.

While Dr. Gonimbles proceeded on his errand, the Rector of St. Bardolph’s lay alone, without a friend at his bedside, with the hum and din of the city about him, and at last fell into a confused and melancholy dream. His mind flitted with restless activity from point to point in his unambitious history. Now he argued in the pulpit, now toiled in the study on theologic subjects, until his brain ached ; then hearing a distinct knocking at his chamber door, it became a dread summons ; it incorporated itself as a circumstance in the events of a drama, which went on to evolve itself, until the same knocking was again heard. At last he aroused himself in the uttering of a faint cry, which, with a ventriloquial effect, seemed to come from some far off deep recess. The door was softly

opened, and the Rev. Dr. Gonimbles stood before him.

“My dear friend,” exclaimed the latter, in the most soothing tone, and taking him kindly by the hand, which he pressed. He was indeed shocked at the change which had come over his friend. His cheeks were hollow, and almost collapsed; his high brow was white as marble, and covered with dews, his hand was burning hot, and pulse rapid, as the pulse is apt to be shortly before it freezes and stands still.

“Why,” said he, in a tone of as gentle reproach as it was proper to convey to a sick man, “why do you come here, when you knew that my house was near at hand?”

A deeper flush tinged the cheeks of the dying Rector, and his eye glistened with a momentary tear, for he had lately become so accustomed to disaffection that his mind was morbid, and he imagined that he could trace in the faces of all men a look of aversion or disregard. Now he thought that he was uncommonly fortunate; and in a strange place, when he most needed, had encountered a real friend.

“I am going home,” he said, pausing and smiling a little, as if struck at the double meaning of the phrase—“I mean to my own family, and have been unexpectedly detained. But the fact is, that

I cannot live a great while, and it embitters my last moments that I leave my dear wife alone and unprovided for, though I have struggled for many years that this contingency should not occur. I have sent for you to prefer a last request that you will guide her in any course which she may take by your advice and counsel."

"All which you request, and more too, shall be done," said the Rev. Dr. Gorimbles.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," replied the Rector of St. Bardolph's. "Oh, how kind of you to come thus early, in answer to my request. And now, you have removed such a burden from my breast, give me the last sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. So shall I sleep tranquilly and be fitted to resume my journey on the morrow. It makes the physical life revive within me—that heavenly feast!"

The Reverend Doctor proceeded to make the few necessary arrangements. He had spread the clean white napkin, and had broken the bread, and poured the wine into the golden chalice, when a sudden interruption took place.

The postman knocked, and gave into his hands a letter.

"It is from my dear wife," said the Rector; "she is the best of women. In the most poignant griefs her words have been a balm to my wounded

spirit. I languish to have her soothing hand upon my brow. Her company in my path of duty has made life sweet; to part with her is all which makes death bitter. Give me the letter, dear Doctor. How merciful is God, to send such treasure by a good friend like you," and as Dr. Gonimble stooped down, the sick man threw his arms about his neck, and pressed him to his breast.

"How is this?" said he, "the writing is not hers." He tremblingly broke the seal open, read a few lines, threw down the missive, and buried his head in the pillows.

"I fear my dear friend has received unwelcome tidings," said the Doctor.

"Read it," replied the other, handing him the letter, "I fear I cannot."

The purport of it was, that the Rector's wife lay at the point of death.

"These are unexpected tidings," he at last remarked. "How strange!" Then fixing his eye upon the sacred vessels, he made a motion with his hand and said, "not now—not now. That holy rite must be deferred until I have nothing more to do with earth. At present I must make a journey."

Soon he cast the clothes from him, and rose up calmly from his couch with all the strength and energy of a well man. In vain his friend pro-

tested, and represented that the act was suicidal; nay, almost employed force to retard his motions. He dressed himself with his accustomed neatness, turned his key upon his trunk, and in half an hour, while suffering under a burning fever, was on his homeward journey, which was happily not long. The Rev. Dr. Gonimbles sat beside him. After riding for some distance, the Rector of St. Bardolph's broke the silence.

"If God should remove her, the separation will not be long. I have been absent for some weeks, yet it seems to me that years have elapsed. How changed do all things look in this neighborhood! But," he said, putting his hand to his head, "perhaps it may be here. Hark! methinks I hear the tolling of a bell."

"I hear nothing, my dear friend. Endeavour to keep your mind tranquil."

In a few moments after, when the carriage was compelled to pause at the base of a hill, the sound of a tolling bell was wafted distinctly on the evening breeze.

"I am too late," exclaimed the Rector, "I think that I am too late."

At last as they approached the place, a funeral procession was distinctly visible. It was very long, composed of many carriages of all descriptions, and went on at a snail's pace. It arrived at the

Foot of the hill, paused a few moments, then did not turn to the right in the direction of St. Bardolph's church-yard, but through an opening into the fields. The doubt was solved. It was the funeral of the elder Williwillow, whose body was deposited in the family vault, newly builded on his own farm. Whatever good propensities had been born with this man were hereditary, and he retained and carried them with him to the grave. Whatever evil propensities had been born with this man were hereditary, and he retained and carried them with him to the grave. There was a prayer which he repeated daily; but the spirit of one of its chief petitions he had never learned—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." For generations and for generations the Williwillows had retained possession of one distinctive trait, and the vault in which their mortal remains are deposited, is a dull, dank monument of an unforgiving heart. But God, who forbids us to judge our brother, may make allowance for an adamant nature, and who can tell but when the tongue is palsied, and cannot utter the repentant word, His Spirit, which is quick and powerful, may act upon its stubbornness as with the softest wax.

The Rector's house was full of people of the kind found on such occasions. The old family

nurse was there, with that quiet composure of mien which inspires confidence in the recovery of a sick person. There was the bustling Mrs. Spangles, with wild eye and flaring cap-strings, holding in her hands a useless bowl of calf's feet jelly, and giving peremptory orders, as if she had been constituted the head of affairs. In attendance in the hall, to answer continual inquiry, stood the aged, respectable coloured man, body-servant of the late Mr. Van Sittart, and in the parlour, with a little group of people about him, stood that rock of comfort in a household of sickness and affliction, the beloved physician, with a face serene, yet solemn. The Rector conversed with him a moment with incalculable calmness, then both ascended the stairs together.

But he had arrived too late to witness that last glow which lingers like a halo about the head of the dying; to feel that last grasp of a cold hand, which betokens of a heart yet warm and yearning; to receive those last gift-words which memory cherishes like jewels in her precious casket. He gazed upon his wife, but she was speechless. That night she died. To those who understood him not, there might have appeared something in his acquiescence at this juncture which savored more of apathy and habitual reserve than of deadness from a sudden blow, or of the sullen silence of despair.

He was, in fact, very ill indeed, but he moved about and communicated his orders as if nothing ailed him. When the lamps were lighted he sat down at his own table, pronounced a benediction, and partook of food. He then retired to his library, just as the old sexton glided with muffled step through the house and up the stairs, arranged papers and wrote. Then he took one calm and deliberate glance at the shelves, and about the room, called the family together, read evening prayers, and dismissed them to their rest, while himself and the doctor remained for a few moments. But if the Rector displayed no grief, it arose from the fact that he felt' as one who, after a long year's toil, is satisfied that it has been a golden year to him, that his losses have been all repaired, and that his books are all balanced. The silken cords of love are only lengthened, not broken. She who would have waved him a last farewell, would now beckon him a bright welcome. From yonder shore she appeared to stretch her radiant arms over the dark valley. After a long silence, as he took up his lamp to depart, he said with a smile,

“God has provided for one for whose welfare I was afraid. Shall I now mistrust Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless?”

The Reverend Doctor took his hand, and said, “I have been young, and now am old, yet

have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

"It is true as Holy Writ," replied the Rector of St. Bardolph's.

The unexpected death now recorded cast a deep gloom over all the people. In the houses of the rich and in the hovels of the poor, she had moved with equal grace and propriety. She was fitted for her station even better than her husband for his, which was no small praise, because her tact and adaptability were accompanied with the softness and delicacy of a refined woman. She acted always from that deep and settled religious faith, the want of which in any woman is a most painful and glaring deficiency. Without it, all mental endowment sheds only a baleful light; all grace and beauty are but the drapery which mock the soul. And in no wise does religion so commend herself as in the embodied charity which glides noiselessly upon her errands, with the softness of an angel's foot. A fussy spirit in the performance of good works, is a prevailing foible of the day, and not the less disgusting when found in woman. This is religionism, not religion; and as its motives are not so hidden that they cannot be divined, of this it may not be said, "its ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths of peace."

The Rector's wife was particularly observable in

This, that she shrank from observation. But the beautiful example which is given to the domestic circle has a diffusive influence, and is not lost upon the world. The light in a cottage may be seen afar off by the traveller, and though it be confined by walls, some casual eye shall peep upon the scene within. Thus, the holy secrecy is broken, that the world may profit; and she who only fills an humble sphere, or makes a happy home, lights up a spark which may extend from house to house, and from generation to generation. She is like a pure and lovely statue in a sequestered niche, toward which innumerable pilgrims turn from the uproar of the beaten track, to gaze with silent admiration. Her expression beams with an all-conquering, holy love, while graceful drapery conceals the hand uplifted to do good. Thus, far and near the matchless tone and temper of the embodiment affects the harsher world, and from that dim seclusion the light steals forth in far-extending rays. For I have sometimes seen in homes obscure and farthest solitudes, pictures of Christian grace, and while I mourned the very fact to which they owed their moral beauty, the thought has come, here on this heart the impress is engraven, and will be seen by all who look upon this heart. Home touches home, and segment crosses segment, till, link by link, the golden chain

of brotherhood is made complete. Then ye who toil upon the edge of civilized space, and in the gloom of night, making that homely, yet that holy broidery for your babes, reflect how far the taper shines which guides your humble work—through the long valley, and across the stream, and on the desolate moor, and into vacant space.

“Far as a little candle casts its rays,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

But the example of the departed more resembled that to which it is compared in Holy Scripture, even the general and diffusive light of day itself. For in its lustre it was purely negative, composed of traits so sweetly and so intimately blended, that her ordinary life might challenge no remark, employed in still, domestic duties, which do not seek for praise. Only in trial, or affliction, or in sternest need, would some peculiar virtue take its beautiful, distinctive hue; just as in darkness and in weeping clouds the beams resolve themselves into prismatic rays, and the arc of beauty spans the earth, whose key-stone is in heaven. How admirable was the wife of the Rector of St. Bardolph's! and even when the breath had left her clay, an expression of angelic sweetness hovered over her icy lips, as if the departing spirit stamped with

the image of triumphant Hope the seal which Death had set. When the last funeral rights had been performed, and the sympathetic concourse passed away from the grave of one whose memory lingered like the sweet perfume of the flowers which were to spring unbidden from the sod, the Rector still stood motionless, almost alone, and he murmured to himself those beautiful verses of the Bishop of Chichester to his deceased wife commencing thus :

“ Sleep on my love in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.”

“ See here, good Fennels,” he said to the old sexton, “ this spot is mine. Mark you, the time will not be long.” He shook his head and repeated, “ the time will not be long.” Then passing into the vacant church, which seemed to cast back a cold, damp breath, and to strike directly to the Rector's heart, he stood a moment in perfect silence, as if to collect and associate the remembrances of years. There was one design which he had cherished lately, whose attempt he now determined to forego, and that was to ascend that desk and pulpit once again, and to speak as only those can whose feet are in the grave. He relinquished it, not indeed from a sense of that weakness, which in his case would have rendered it utterly

impossible, but in accordance with a trait of that character which I have hitherto attempted to portray. For he thought to himself that occasions of this kind rather touch the feelings, call forth the transient tear, and give effect to oratory. But he had hitherto made his appeals to the calm mind, he had learned to rely little on the occasion of excitement, and if the words which he had already spoken had been disregarded, who would treasure up what he should say at last ?

In this, perhaps, the Rector was mistaken, or carried a good principle too far. It is not necessary to discuss the matter now. Passing into the small vestry-room attached to the Church, he took down the book of Records, and with that habitual method which he still retained, made a last entry with his own hand. One little incident there occurred which may not be deemed unworthy of mention, for I have considered more trifling circumstances as not amiss to illustrate the narrative of a poor Rector. He passed into his own pew, which, as the custom is, was situated near the head of the church. There, every thing reminded him of her who had so lately kneeled, a devout worshipper, a most humble listener to the Word of Truth ; the prayer-book, with a leaf turned down at the last page which she had perused, the bible marked at the proper lesson. He read for a few moments out

of this, and closed the book at these words, "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

He cast his eye upon the cushioned seat and picked up a glove swollen and moulded in the exact impress of his wife's little hand. His eyes filled with tears, and, going home, he betook himself to his bed, and laid it beside him on the pillow.

* * * * *

It was a Sunday morning, and the day was ushered in with that unclouded rising of the sun, with that beauty and serenity so often shed upon the days of rest, which makes the earth resemble heaven. How welcome to the weary and the heavy-laden this short respite from drudging toil ! this change from dust and turmoil, and discord, and corroding care, to cleanliness, and quietude, and peace. The bells rang forth a merry peal, the crowds of well-dressed people thronged the streets, and the doors of St. Bardolph's were, as usual, thrown open for the worship of God. But he whose voice had been so often heard within its walls would never more press forward to those hallowed courts, which he had loved so well. Tranquil, and suffering little, he lay upon his bed, and as the day was balmy, and the windows of his room were open to admit the air, he could hear the sound of the organ, and when the playing of the

voluntary had ceased, the low murmur of the congregation in the confession of sins. He took the book which lay beside him, and mingled his voice with theirs. Step by step he followed through the lessons and solemn Litany, until just when the "prayer for a sick person" was about to be pronounced, he turned his face unto the wall and died !

Thus, from the anthems of the Church on earth, he rose to the overwhelming music of the seraphim, and from the serenity of a Sabbath here, to that eternal rest which remains for the people of God.

Why should I further seek to disclose his merits? His career was too humble and devoid of incidents to be the theme of a romantic narrative, or to please the minds which are arrested only by the exciting tale. It was not chosen for such an end. Its scope embraces the unvarying life and duty of a country parson, which latter the godly Herbert has treated of under the several heads of—"his knowledge," "his Sundays," "his praying," "his preaching," "his charity," his comforting the sick," "his arguing," "his condescending," "on his journey," "in his mirth," "with his church-wardens," and "blessing the people;"—all matters, indeed, which have been lightly treated in the progress of this narrative, which bring into play and serve to illustrate the

profoundest principles of human action, and of nature, as well on a small theatre as upon a large. It is not expected or presumed that there will here be found a just occasion of offence, by the upholders of any *ism*, or of any *atics*; for this would afford regret to one who would not intentionally "set down aught in malice." But if these pages have been made the vehicle of inculcating in an unartistic form, and in the rambling order in which they have occurred, any just thoughts of the mutual relations which spring up between a pastor and his people—betwixt the clergy and the laity; of duty, tact and discrimination on the one part, of respect and allegiance on the other, and of forbearance upon both, then the one design will be subserved, which has been sincerely held in view in writing THE RECTOR OF ST. BARDOLPH'S.



A P P E N D I X.

IN the course of the foregoing narrative I have quoted occasionally from the good Curate, Bartoldus, where his mode of speaking seemed better adapted to express my own thoughts, thus sharing the responsibility, and it may be, fortifying myself with the opinions of a man so much older than myself. There is a Doric innocence and simplicity in the tongue which our fathers spoke, which has an advantage over the present method of *disguising thought*; and when I first began to write these memoirs, I had a mind to revert to the antique style, and attempt the whole in that way. But reflection persuaded me that it would not be judicious. The ideas of the several ages are naturally clothed upon with their own dress, which all things considered, is no doubt better suited to the constitution of the times; and although it may be well enough, now and then, for curiosity's or antiquity's sake, to draw forth as from a wardrobe the antiquated robes, the beautiful ruffles which adorned the necks of our fathers, as a general thing

to be free from affectation, it is better to clothe our bodies and our ideas according to the prevailing fashion. Whatever be the style most in vogue, it is not so stiff or arbitrary that any native peculiarity of the wearer will not still be seen. To imitate any thing merely formal, such as style, if it be a governing passion, will condemn the imitator to ultimate oblivion, in an exact ratio with his apparent success. Ideas must take on a new shape. For that reason I have not taken my cue from Bartold, but I consider his suggestions so valuable, that I am willing to let him speak for himself. I therefore append one whole chapter of his "Diarie," touching upon

Clericall Behaviour, Treatment, and Nolledge of y^e World.

"I not profess to be so wondrous wise, and have ye natural gift of prudence. At ye present fulnesse of yeres to which I am come, my head white as Soracte, my steps somewhat faltering, but my constitution unshaken, praised be God, I doe frequently those thynges which y^e very next moment I verily would were undone, and I say to myself, (my poor Dorothea be dead and gone,) Bartold, Bartold, you will never be a Solomon in wisdom; you will never speak in proverb, unless mayhap your want of wisdom be a proverb. Bartold, Bartold, wherefore said you this to-day which you will call back to-morrow, yea, so far as y^e Boreall winds be whistled back, when they have prostrated houses and uprooted y^e pine tree from its deepest roots? What good now come of it that you did let that overmastering temper get y^e better at eventide of life, when in y^e natural course y^e winds goe down? Sad spectacle to Master Sher-

locke to-day, when in argument he did sore press you, and you, forsooth, not having wherewithal to gaynsaye, must fall into an unseemlie temper, and so exhibit you as fifty years agone would have been a shame to you, when you first set foot in All-Willows parish; Master Sherlocke the meantime neither losing temper nor argument, saying only with sorrowful reproaching, as he did turn on his heel, *bona verba, bona verba*, this speech from you, Master Bartold! I am astonied out of measure! And well might he be, that I, soe meek as Moses, I, who so often counsell in y^e Convocation to bear with one another's weaknesses, suld all unprovokedly wax probulgent in my old daies, take y^e bit in my mouth, and off into a raging passyon. I much astonied mysell, and on y^e morrow I goe penitentially to Dove Cote Hall, and I say, Master Sherlocke, I do much repent me of those acrid words, whereof I hope y^e memorie hath already faded from your recollectyon. Yesternight, as I did see y^e sun goe down so calm, so glorious to his chamber, I dyd bethink me or ever he did reach y^e horozin's edge, so help me God, go down he must not on my wrath. Wherefore come I to you, Master Sherlocke, and bear you witness with y^e sun, that I did foolishly vent forth those irritabel expressions; and then Master Sherlocke he did laugh, and take me by the hand, and first in y^e librarie we did converse together, and look into great folios, works of prodigious learning, wrote by Church of England men, then to y^e garden, where we did pull Apricots from y^e wall, and talk to y^e gardyner, and so I goe home somewhat satiated and composed. This be but an ensampel, (woe is me,) of y^e headway I have made in y^e governing mine own self, reckoning betwixt y^e

tender down of juvenility and y^e hirsute beard of age. And what if it had been not Master Sherlocke, but one of y^e parish men, that I did see give way to? Should it not bring me into a world of troublell, and mayhap no end of it, as when once by quick reple I did offend my Lord of Hampton, whereatt he did spurn me with cold contempt thereafter, and did hold me excommunicate (y^e more shame for him) from his social board, until reprobate he died? And much vexation and trouble sundrie, have I passed through in y^e control of y^e parish; and if so be that y^e experience of yeres do now keep me in a measure clear, save on occasion when I do forget me, as with Master Sherlocke, most assuredly y^e experience hath been of a dear cost, and hath turned my hair grey, and hath gone over my brow with furrowes, and hath marred my countenance, as witness, y^e companions of my youth, y^e change from that sanguineous freshness to dulness of complexyon and an unbeaming eye. Had I my life to go over once again, which I am not sorrie is now so near its goal, methinks that I would do differently. Yet who shall say that experience, however painful, worketh not patience, and that through much tribulation we enter into y^e kingdom of God? That it is good to avoid strife and misunderstandynge, and altercayon, I doe yet sincerelie believe, for y^e which cause I think soberly that y^e Parish Priest should begin with more pietie, more educacyon, and more true nollodge of y^e world, than falls to y^e lot of most younge men, who enter into Holy Orders. Y^e pietie, and y^e educacyon, be presured, or be proven by y^e various ordeals, and to satisfacyon of y^e doctors; but as to y^e other

nolledge, it be not require. If y^e dogmatics be correct, and y^e thesis in tolerable Latin, y^e youth may enter upon his curacy, and for y^e rest, God help him. Howbeit, if he bungle, no miracle to be expected but he must stand y^e consequens of y^e said bungling. If he know not when to hold his tongue, or when to speak out like a true man, if he do speak to y^e common peopel as I to Master Sherlocke, (for they not able to parry, and be only wroth,) if he be not circumspect, that is to saie, looking all round y^e compass with as many eyes as y^e butterflies, but with none of y^e volatility, gaudinesse, and flower-lovyng propensitie of y^e butterfly, then he not accomplyshe y^e ends for the which he think he be truly sent. More principally should y^e countrie curate be more skillfull and accurate in y^e like attainment than y^e great metropolitan, for it be as hard to grappel with y^e littell as with y^e great, to see a mole hill as to upsett a mountain. There be no such thynges as greatness or lyttleness except by y^e standard of God. To y^e ant, his mole hill seem a mountain, and to y^e angels our high thynges seem as nought. But y^e mountain and y^e mole hill, and y^e high things, all level, so littel be their difference, in y^e infinite distance through which looks on them y^e eye of God. Hence, in worldlie matters, have we to learn neither to despise y^e littel, nor to fear y^e great, but so to demean ourselves as to come down to y^e one, and to rise with Christianlike and manlie dignitie to y^e other, if so be we wish not to do good to neither, nor to gain y^e contempt of both. For y^e countrie curate much need hath he of a nobil patience, and of a Christian forbearynge, forasmuch as he

receiveth lyttel, and there is expected of him much. But and if he be a true man, not will he grumble at y^e £50 per annum which they do vouchsafe out of their abundance, for of a suretie he hath well studied it beforehand, that he doth forswear all desire of luxuries, or great riches, in return for costlie educacyon, and mastership of arts ; and if he doe desire more than be worthie of a workman's hire, or more than be necessarie to his needs, then of a truth he be not fit for his callynge ; nay, if he be not cheerfully willing to put up with les, and to be like his master, Christ. But well must he understand that there be some few of his peopel, and these few enough to troubel y^e waters, and set y^e whole parish in commotion, who doe expect y^e full possession of his bodie and his soule, albeit y^e major part be well content if he doe set forth y^e word of God correctly, and doe reverentlie say y^e prayers on y^e Lord's Daies, and christen y^e children of y^e parish, and visit y^e sick, and burie y^e dead, and show forth y^e spirit of brotherlie kindnesse. Me thinks there be no parish in y^e land where y^e major part be not exceedinge kind and hospitabel to y^e clergy, and right willing to listen to their instruction ; but he be at y^e mercie of y^e few, who doe y^e talk, which in due time come back to his ears, and who, being disaffected for some littel cause, scatter y^e seeds of bad report, which straightway springing up, be propagated y^e countrie round. If, as we say, he be a countrie curate, soe will they mind hys businesse, not their owne, and doe hold him public property, and make y^e poor man y^e towne talk, watching all his motions when he goeth out, and when he cometh in. One sayth, trulie he goeth to

such and such a place oftener than he cometh hither, which doth show that he loveth good cheer more than is becomynge in one of his cloth; or such and such come here to be his companie who be men of y^e world; or he doth vacate y^e parish too much, going to London town to seek his own pleasaunce; or he drinketh wine, (which soon spreadeth to y^e lying rumor that he be inordinately attached to it;) or he dabble in literary thynges to eke out his insufficient stipend; or he will marry such and such an one, which be none of their businesse. Verilie, such downright impertinence be not tolerated in other callynge, and it be only tolerated to him who be not conscious of intentional offence, and be sustained by y^e right spirit. For these thynges be thorns in y^e flesh, and do show y^e cleric y^e need of greater reservation, if so be that he may avoid y^e scandal of evill tongues, for and if he doe fifty good deeds, and do slip or trespass but a lyttyl, they forthwith make y^e same a handle. But what of that since y^e others be disposed to be lenient to those frailties, and it be good for all men to be overlookit by y^e more severe censurers, whereby they be constrained to y^e most rigorous straitnesse of conduct which is becomynge. For y^e which cause y^e nolledge of men be as valuabel as book nolledge, that you may soe study their temper and disposition as give them no just occasyon of complaining. For thou knowest full well, Bartoldy, when thou tookest thy vows upon thee, that troubel must needs come, especially to him who would do his Master's bidding; therefore, gird up the loins, be cheerfull, do thy work well, repent thee of thy short comings, be

guarded; as much as lieth in thee, live peaceably with all men. These minor troubels, bear like a Christian man, meeklie, and let it be thy dailie prayer, and study both thyself and others, to avoid y^e cause of troubel."

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